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THE WORKS OF

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Library Edition

VOLUME VI

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD
BITS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

England
yhood

Autobiography

A New England Boyhood

AND OTHER

Bits of Autobiography

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1900

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PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1900

IT seems to me almost by accident that I have ever written the pages of autobiography which the reader will find in this volume. He will see that they have been gathered from many different sources; they have been written under various conditions for different classes of readers, and they make no pretence, therefore, at unity of method or literary style.

But I do not like to leave the sketch of "Boyhood" which was published under the title of "A New England Boyhood," as if my life ended when I was seventeen years old. That sketch, as the reader will see, was written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, at request of its editor Mr. Scudder, to be, in its way, a companion for the admirable study called "A New England Girlhood," by my charming kinswoman Miss Lucy Larcom. It ends with the day when I took my first degree at Harvard College. Before and after it was written, I had furnished one and another account of experiences in my life, at the request of one or another editor, or other friends.

In preparing the volume now in the reader's hands, it has proved possible to rescue these narratives from the dust of whatever graves they were buried in, to arrange them in chronological order, and then to connect them by a few stitches, or, shall one say, by a few pair of hooks and eyes.

There are few people who do not like to talk about themselves, if they are approached with sufficient craft by listeners who want to hear, and I find that almost always the fragment of autobiography which a man has written, "for his children," or "for his grandchildren" is the most entertaining part of the published history of his life. I notice also that after a man has written one such autobiography, you might catch him again, when he did not remember much of it, and he would write another, quite as entertaining, but quite different from the first. I know very well that something like this would happen, say if I should write the "New England Boyhood" over again this winter. But this I shall not do. I do not even want to do it. I have only to ask the reader to remember, as he reads, that the statement, opinion, or hopes of a man at one date in his life may rightfully differ from those written down at another date. Mr. Emerson has taught us all, if we did not know it before, that for any man who lives long, there is no desire so foolish, or so mean as the desire for Consistency.

How well I have told my part of the story, I cannot pretend to say. But I may say, that the

years which have passed since 1822, when I uttered my first appeal to a waiting world, have been crowded full of interest. And I may add, that the Massachusetts in which most of my active life has been spent, has done her full share in making these years interesting. I do not think that people of our race have much of that faculty, so hard to describe, of making their memoirs interesting. For that faculty we have to go to France. But whoever has lived here in New England in the last seventy or eighty years has enough to tell, if only he knows how.

EDWARD E. HALE.

ROXBURY, MASS., *December* 2, 1899.

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INTRODUCTION

TO "A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD"

A CHARMING writer, Miss Lucy Larcom, published a few years ago a charming book called "A New England Girlhood." She described in it her own early life, first in Beverly, opposite Salem on the seashore of Massachusetts, with its gardens and beaches and fishing boats; then in Lowell in its infant days, with its river and waterfalls and Arcadian cotton factories.

Mr. Horace Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was as much attracted by this pleasant book as the rest of us. It suggested to him the possibility of another book, which should deal with the same years, now becoming mythical, as a New England boy saw life in the little New England city of those days — the only city of New England which took that name before 1826, excepting the city of Vergennes in Vermont, that of Hartford in Connecticut, and in old days York in Maine.

Quite leaving Hartford and York out, in my earliest days it was always a joke at home, if anyone spoke of Boston as the only city, for some one to say, "Boston and Vergennes." Vergennes was incorporated in 1788, by the legislature of

Vermont, which was then an independent nation, not belonging either to the Confederacy of the United States or sharing in the deliberations for the new constitution.

Mr. Scudder asked me to furnish some chapters, with the attractive title of "A New England Boyhood," from my own memories, in such form that they might be published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. And this I was glad to do. Those chapters, published in that magazine in 1892, make more than half of the book now in the reader's hands.

I have to say this by way of introduction, because here is the only excuse for what else seems the conceit of introducing little bits of personal experience into my story, of no earthly value to anybody but myself and my children, excepting as they illustrate the simplicity and ease of a phase of New England life, which has now wholly passed away. I do not flatter myself that I have succeeded in presenting to the reader the simplicity and the dignity of that life, so curiously combined as simplicity and dignity were. Those people, in the little seaport of Boston, lived and moved as if they were people of the most important city of the world. What is more, they meant to make Boston the purest, noblest, and best city in the world. And they lived there in some forms of social life which would have become princes of sixty-four quarterings, with some which were identical with those of the log-cabin. Every man of them was an American, and believed to

the sole of his feet that there was no fit government for men but that of a republic. All the same, their leaders, men and women, were dignified, elegant, and gracious in their bearing and manner; and there was no prince in the world who better understood the bearing and the customs of gentlemen and gentlewomen.

It was a good place in which to be born, and a good place in which to grow to manhood.

From 1630, when Boston was founded by an important branch of Winthrop's colony, to 1826, when these reminiscences begin, it had grown, slowly and not very regularly, from a little hamlet of settlers, sick and half starved, to a brisk commercial town of about forty-five thousand people. There is no better description than Mr. Emerson's, which I heard him read, fresh from his own notes, on the platform of Faneuil Hall, on the centennial of the Boston Tea-Party, December 16, 1873. It was said that he had written the last verses in the train as he rode from Concord. The notes in his hand were on various bits of paper, and I believe that the poem was born on that day.

> The rocky nook, with hill-tops three,
> Looked eastward from the farms,
> And twice each day the flowing sea
> Took Boston in its arms.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The wild rose and the barberry thorn
> Hung out their summer pride,
> Where now on heated pavements worn
> The feet of millions stride.

Fair rose the planted hills behind
The good town on the bay,
And where the western hills declined
The prairie stretched away.

. . . . .

Each street leads downward to the sea,
Or landward to the west.

The first certain description of the place is that in Bradford: "We came into the bottom of the bay; but being late we anchored and lay in the shallop, not having seen any of the people. The next morning we put in for the shore. There we found many lobsters that had been gathered together."

This camping ground is Copp's Hill at the very northern end of the peninsula. The lobsters were taken near the landing of the ferry, which afterward took men to Charlestown. If Tom, Dick, and Harry had been left to their own devices, if no paternal or fraternal government had protected their industries and done better for them than nature did, if successive generations had been left to do what nature bade, as is now the theory of the "let alones," making head again in the midst of our matchless prosperity — a few hundred of us, who had survived in the struggle for existence, would be trapping lobsters at the North End to-day. Where the other hundred thousand people would be, who now inhabit the old peninsula, I do not know — or, indeed, if they would have been at all. This I know, that no considerable body of men had ever inhabited it before 1630.

A peninsula it was; but no geographer in his senses would give that name now to the bulging cape which has expanded on either side of the old almost island. At high tides, in gales, the water washed across what was then called the Neck, and is still called so by old-fashioned people. Three hills, of which the highest was 138 feet high from the sea, broke the surface of the peninsula, and of these the top of the highest was broken again by three smaller hills. This highest hill is Beacon Hill. Copp's Hill was at the north, and Fort Hill on the east. For the convenience of trade Fort Hill has been entirely removed, and a little circular bit of greensward marks the place where, in my boyhood, was a hill fifty feet high.

In old days a canal was cut across the town, separating the Copp's Hill elevation from those south of it. A tidal mill was arranged here, by retaining the water at high tide in the mill-pond, and letting it dribble out when the tide had fallen. The average rise and fall of the tide in Boston is about ten feet, so that this contrivance gave power enough for grinding corn when there was corn to grind. The mill-pond was filled up about the period to which the reminiscences in this book belong.

If this book should stray into the hands of persons who do not know the physical Boston of to-day, or the physical Boston of history, it may be worth while, "for the greater caution," as the lawyers say, to give an outline map of both. In

the sketch in the margin the white nucleus represents the Boston which Bradford found, and where we should have been catching lobsters had there been no paternal government or other government, until to-day. The outline of the larger cape, as I have called it, is the outline of Boston now, when what we called the "flats" have been filled in by successive improvements — if improvements they are. Any person, who desires to know my opinion on such improvements, may consult the study I have made on similar subjects in my book called "Sybaris." I am, however, an optimist, and after a thing has been done I accept it. I dictate these words as I lie on my back on a comfortable sofa in a comfortable room in the vestry of the church which stands where, in boyhood, I could have skated, or could have caught smelts for the next day's breakfast. For the temperature outside, at this moment, is ten degrees above zero, a temperature which was very favorable for the catching of smelts in those days.

Politically or socially, the period between 1820 and 1835 belongs to the period when Boston was turning to internal commerce and the development of manufacture, and was relinquishing that maritime commerce which had created her. The Southern and Western leaders of the country, not disinclined to thwart the maritime industries of New England, had attempted to build up what Mr. Clay called "the American system" of home manufacture. So soon as this system established

itself, the New Englanders adapted themselves to the new conditions, and set up their manufactories on the borders of their streams — Pawtucket, Waltham, Lowell, and, afterwards, Manchester, Lawrence, and Holyoke came into being. The necessity of closer communication with the interior was as distinctly felt in New England as in the Middle States. The Middlesex Canal, an elaborate system of turnpikes, and, later yet, the present system of railroads were established. But in the year 1830 Boston still retained a large East Indian and European commerce. It is interesting to see how largely the exports were still products of the forests and the fisheries.

And, not to smirch the pages of this little book with any of the ashes of theological controversy which is long since dead, it may be mentioned that, in the years between 1820 and 1840, Boston was the centre of theological discussion, which undoubtedly greatly quickened the religious life of New England. In those years there was a certain expectation of a speedy improvement, not to say revolution, in social order, such as men do not often experience. Dr. Channing was preaching the gospel of the divinity of man. Dr. Tuckerman, Frederick Gray, Charles Barnard, and Robert Cassie Waterston, with others, were introducing practical illustrations of improvement. There was plenty of money, and the rich men of Boston really meant that here should be a model and ideal city. The country was prosperous;

they were prosperous, and they looked forward to a noble future.

At the same time they had the advantage of having a university close under their lee, which they were themselves managing. They had started their Athenæum, with collections of pictures and statues, and a good library. They had a good deal of leisure; and a certain interest, not wholly the interest of dilettanti, in fine arts and literature, gave distinction to their little town.

Into such a community it was my good fortune to be born, on the morning of the 3d of April, 1822.

I do not attempt anything so ambitious as an autobiography. But a man sees with his own eyes, and a boy even more than a man; and what I remember of a New England boyhood is what mine was, not what anyone else lived through in the same time. There will be a certain convenience, then, to the reader if he knows a little of the household and family in which that boyhood was spent which in these chapters is described.

In the ship *Lion*, in the voyage of Winthrop's fleet, came to Boston Robert Hale, who was, I suppose, of the Hales of Kent. Searching in the wills of that time in Canterbury, in Kent, I found this: —

7. "To my sonne John Hales, five pounds and my best silver guilt sword, yet nevertheless and on this condition" — that he do not intercept the execution of the rest of the will.

And I have a fancy that that son was cut off with a "guilt sword" because he was a Puritan, while the rest of the Hales, or Haleses, were very High Church. So High Church have they been in later times that it was one of them, Sir James Hales, who accompanied James II. into exile. Somehow I connect him with the throwing the Great Seal into the Thames. Within my memory Hales Place, near Canterbury, has become the seat of a Jesuit school for training priests. I suppose Robert Hale to have been of his blood.

This Robert Hale is called a blacksmith, and he settled at Charlestown, opposite Boston. He seems to have had the taste for surveying or engineering which crops out in alternate generations in the family. He was of the party which was sent to Winnipiseogee to run the northern line of Massachusetts. The stone which they set there is to be seen to this day. He married Joanna Cutter. He sent his son John Hale to Harvard College, where he was the fourth in social rank of his class of eight. He became the minister of Beverly, is the John Hale who went to Quebec as chaplain and was taken prisoner, and the John Hale of the Salem witchcraft. A missal given him by a Catholic priest in Quebec is in the library of Harvard College to this day. He was the grandfather, by his oldest son, of King Hale, as Robert Hale (H. C., 1686) was familiarly called in Beverly; and by his fourth son, Samuel, was grandfather of my father's grandfather, Richard Hale, who moved to

Coventry, Conn., and died there in 1802. This Richard Hale was father of Captain Nathan Hale of Revolutionary history, and of Enoch Hale, my grandfather, alluded to in chapter vii. of this book.

In 1636 Richard Everett, or Everard, appears in Watertown, and afterwards in Springfield and Dedham. In Dedham he died. From him came a line of farmers, who are called captain, deacon, and so on till we come to Ebenezer Everett of Tiot, now called Norwood, formerly South Dedham. He was father of Rev. Oliver Everett (H. C., 1772), who was minister of the New South Church in Boston, and was my grandfather on my mother's side.

For my father, Nathan Hale, oldest son of Rev. Enoch Hale above, on a day to be marked with vermilion with me and mine, namely, September 5, 1816, married Sarah Preston Everett, my mother, daughter of Rev. Oliver Everett. On that day she was twenty years old; he was thirty-two.

It is pity of pities that we never made him write "A New England Boyhood" as he saw it. For he was born in 1784, the year after the peace with England. He grew up in the very purest conditions of the simplest and, indeed, the best life of New England. His father had been for eight years the minister of a frontier town, Westhampton, in the days when the minister was chosen by the town in open town meeting, was paid by the town, and regarded himself as personally responsible

for the moral and spiritual life of everybody in the town.

Hoeing corn or potatoes one day in the summer of 1800 my father, a boy of sixteen, was called into his father's study, where he found Dr. Fitch, then the president of Williams College, which had been established as a college seven years before. Dr. Fitch had stopped in a journey across country, to accept the hospitalities of the parsonage. The boy was told to show Dr. Fitch how well he could read Latin; then he read to him from the Greek Testament, and Dr. Fitch said he was ready to enter Williams College. His father and he had not expected that he would enter until the next year. But this fortunate visit of the president carried him to Williamstown that summer, and he graduated there in the class of 1804.

He and the other boys from that region used to ride across Berkshire County on horseback when the college terms began. A younger boy drove the horses back in a drove, and, when vacation came, took them to the college again for the students to ride back upon. A part of the road was a turnpike where tolls were collected. When they approached the gate they would all dismount, and on foot drive the horses in front of them, and demand the right of passing at the rate for a drove of horses or cattle. Nothing, as they said, was said about saddles or bridles. When I asked once if the toll-keeper submitted meekly to this, I was told that they generally had to pay the full toll,

but that the tollman expected to treat them to cider all round.

The college was divided into two societies — the Philomathian and the Philotechnian. I think the latter exists in Williamstown in some form still. I have seen the records of debates: "Question, Whether the purchase of Louisiana is desirable. Decided in the negative, 17 to 1." For they were high and hot Federalists.

I have my father's part when he graduated. It is on the improvements in social order made in the last fifty years.

So soon as he left college he engaged as tutor in the family of John J. Dickinson in Troy, not far from Williamstown. But he went home first, and on his way to Troy went to the city of New York for the first time. The population was only about seventy-five thousand. It was three years before Fulton's *Clermont*, his first steamboat, went up the Hudson, and the tradition in our family is that my father went up the river in a sloop to Troy, was a fortnight in going, and read through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" on the way.

Judging from his accomplishments Williams College must have done its work well. He read Latin well and with pleasure to the end of his life. He did not keep up his Greek with the same interest, but he was an accurate Greek scholar. He was a mathematician of high rank in the mathematics of those days, and was afterward quite the peer in those lines of the engineers with whom he

worked on the great public works of which he had the charge. He studied some Hebrew in college, and could always read a little. I asked him once if this was with any thought of being a minister, but he said, "No, but there was nothing else to study." He had to learn his French and German afterward, and did. I think that in my boyhood there were perhaps more German books in our house than in any other house in Boston. But that is saying very little; as late as 1843 I could buy no German books, even in Pennsylvania, but Goethe and Schiller and the Lutheran hymn-book.

After a year in Troy he received the appointment of preceptor in mathematics in Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. He crossed Massachusetts to Boston on his way to Exeter. Here is a memorandum of the way in which this was done:

The arrangement of the stages was that if the stages coming from Springfield and Northampton had more passengers than could go on one stage some of them had to stop; and those who got on last were the ones who had to stop.

I arrived at Brookfield at night, having left Northampton in the morning. The person who had come the shortest distance was a lady. She was in great distress that she could not go on. I had a sort of desire to stay there to see Howe and Henshaw, but I should not have thought of staying a day but to let this lady go on.

At Exeter, in the charming society of that place, he met the Peabodys and Alexander Hill Everett,

who was the other "preceptor," the preceptor of Greek and Latin. He graduated at Harvard in 1806. These two young men became very fond of each other, and when, in 1808 my father determined to leave Exeter and come to Boston to study law, he became acquainted with all Mr. Everett's Boston friends.

Meanwhile, when he was twelve years old, my mother had been born, in Dorchester, now a part of the municipality of Boston. Her father, in delicate health, had left his charge in 1792. Her mother was a Boston girl, one of the daughters of Alexander Sears Hill and Mary Richey of Santa Cruz. The tradition was that Alexander Sears Hill had gone to Philadelphia for a milder climate in winter, had fallen in love with Mary Richey, and that they had married without the knowledge of their parents. A handsome couple they were, as the full-length portraits by Copley attest to this day. They both died young. I have the love-letters which passed between Lucy Hill and Oliver Everett; it was a happy marriage until his death, but he died in consumption in 1802. After this the family lived sometimes in the North End of Boston, sometimes in the old house in Dorchester. In 1812 Edward Everett, the third son, was ordained minister of Brattle Street Church in Boston. He was not married — was, indeed, but twenty years old. His mother and sister moved into the parsonage in Court Street, where are now the offices of Adams Express.

Mr. Everett left that church in the year 1815, and my grandmother and her family established themselves in a house in Bumstead Place — a "court" which exists no longer — and there my mother was married.

The newly married couple lived first in Ashburton Place, then called Somerset Court, in a house now standing. A year or two after they removed to Tremont Street to a house which has been absorbed by Parker's Hotel, the second from where the Tremont Theatre was built in 1827. Here I was born. The family afterwards lived at the corner of School Street in a house which also has been absorbed by Parker's. In 1828 we removed to No. 1 Tremont Place, a house still standing; and in 1833 to one of Mr. Andrews's houses in Central Court, a property now covered by Jordan & Marsh's, just behind where old Judge Sewall lived most of his life. It is in the four houses last named that the scenery of the home life described in these chapters is to be placed.

To this introduction, written in 1893, I need only add a few words in 1899.

Like other people interested in the subject, I now suppose that we were all mistaken, who supposed, with Dr. Young and the older writers, that Bradford landed at and ate his lobsters at Copp's Hill. M. C. F. Adams has shown that the bluff

here described was that at Squantum. There is no reference to the landing of any man on this peninsula before William Blaxton. We do not know when he landed. We only know that he lived here.

The chapters of "A New England Boyhood," first printed in 1893, bring up the biographical narrative to 1839. For sixty years between that date and this, I add, in this edition, several papers, written and printed since then, which are, in a way, biographical.

EDWARD E. HALE.

July, 1899.

A New England Boyhood

CHAPTER I

'T IS SEVENTY YEARS SINCE

THE reader and I ought not to begin without my reminding him that the Boston of which I am to write was very different from the Boston of to-day. In 1825 Boston was still a large country town. I think someone has called it a city of gardens; but that someone may have been I. As late as 1817, in a description of Boston which accompanied a show which a Frenchman had made by carving and painting the separate houses, it was said, with some triumph, that there were nine blocks of buildings in the town. This means that all the other buildings stood with windows or doors on each of the four sides, and in most instances with trees, or perhaps little lanes, between; as all people will live when the Kingdom of Heaven comes. To people in this neighborhood to-day, I may say that the upper part of the main street in Charlestown gives a very good idea of what the whole of Washington Street south of Winter Street was then. And, by

the way, Washington Street was much more often called Main Street than by its longer name.

The reader must imagine, therefore, a large, pretty country town, where stage-coaches still clattered in from the country, and brought all the strangers who did not ride in their own chaises. Large stables, always of wood, I think, provided for the horses thus needed. I remember, as I write, Niles's stable in School Street, a large stable in Bromfield Street, afterward Streeter's, the stables of the Marlborough Hotel in Washington Street, and what seemed to us very large stables in Hawley Street — all in the very heart of the town, and on a tract which cannot be more than twelve acres. When, in 1829, it was reported that the new Tremont House was to have no special stables for its guests, the announcement excited surprise almost universal; and to us children the statement that there was to be a tavern, or a hotel, without a sign, was still more extraordinary. We were used to seeing swinging signs on posts in front of the taverns. Thus I remember "The Indian Queen" in Bromfield Street, "The Bunch of Grapes" in State Street, "The Lamb" I think where the Adams House now is, "The Lion" where the Boston Theatre is, and nearly opposite these the Lafayette Tavern. This means that large pictures of an Indian queen, a bunch of grapes, a lamb, a lion, and of Lafayette swung backward and forward in the wind. There was a sign in front of the Marlborough Tavern,

and one nearly opposite, south of Milk Street, but I do not remember what these were. All these inns would now be thought small. They were then called taverns, and to New Englanders seemed very large. Of course they were large enough for their purpose. When I was nine or ten years old my father, who was thought to be a fanatic as a railroad prophet, offered in Faneuil Hall the suggestion that if people could come from Springfield to Boston in five hours an average of nine people would come every day. This prophecy was then considered extravagant. I have told the story, in the Introduction, of his coming to Boston for the first time, in 1805, when the Northampton passengers joined the Springfield passengers at Brookfield. There was room in the carriage for six only. He therefore gave up his seat to a lady who had pressing duties, and waited in Brookfield twenty-four hours to take his chances for the next stage.

The more important business streets of this town of Boston were paved in the middle with round stones from the neighboring beaches, then as now called cobble-stones — I do not know why; but an accomplished friend, who reads this in manuscript, says that the lapstone on which a cobbler stretches his leather is a cobble-stone. I recommend this etymology to Dr. Murray and Dr. Whitney. The use of bricks for sidewalks was just coming in, but generally the sidewalks were laid with flat slates or shales from the neighbor-

hood, which were put down in any shape they happened to take in splitting, without being squared at the corners. Bromfield Street, Winter Street, Summer Street, and Washington Street (old Marlborough Street) between School and Winter seem to us now to be narrow streets, but they have all been widened considerably within my memory. Bromfield Street was called Bromfield's Lane.

On the other hand, so far as I remember the houses themselves and the life in them, everything was quite as elegant and finished as it is now. Furniture was stately, solid, and expensive. I use chairs, tables, and a sideboard in my house to-day, which are exactly as good now as they were then. Carpets, then of English make, covered the whole floor, and were of what we should now call perfect quality. In summer, by the way, in all houses of which I knew anything, these carpets were always taken up, and India mattings substituted in the "living-rooms." Observe that very few houses were closed in summer. Dress was certainly as elegant and costly as it is now; so were porcelain, glass, table linen, and all table furniture. In the earlier days of which I write, a decanter of wine would invariably have stood on a sideboard in every parlor, so that a glass of wine could readily be offered at any moment to any guest. All through my boyhood it would have been matter of remark if, when

a visitor made an evening call, something to eat or drink was not produced at nine o'clock. It might be crackers and cheese, it might be mince pie, it might be oysters or cold chicken. But something would appear as certainly as there would be a fire on the hearth in winter. Every house, by the way, was warmed by open fires; and in every kitchen cooking was done by an open fire. I doubt if I ever saw a stove in my boyhood except in a school or an office. Anthracite coal was first tried in Boston in 1824. Gas appeared about the same time. I was taken, as a little boy, to see it burning in the shops in Washington Street, and to wonder at an elephant, a tortoise, and a cow, which spouted burning gas in one window. Gas was not introduced into dwelling-houses until Pemberton Square was built by the Lowells, Jacksons, and their friends, in the years 1835, 1836, and later. It was a surprise to everyone when Papanti introduced it in his new Papanti's Hall. To prepare for that occasion the ground-glass shades had a little rouge shaken about in the interior, that the white gaslight might not be too unfavorable to the complexion of the beauties below. Whether this device is still thought necessary in ballrooms I do not know; but I suggest it as a hint to the wise.

A handsome parlor then, differed from a handsome parlor now, mostly in the minor matters of decoration. The pictures on the walls were few,

and were mostly portraits. For the rest, mirrors were large and handsome. You would see some copies from well-known paintings in European galleries, and any one who had an Allston would be glad to show it. But I mean that most walls were bare. In good houses, if modern, the walls of parlors would invariably be painted of one neutral tint; but in older houses there would be paper hangings, perhaps of landscape patterns. The furniture of a parlor would generally be twelve decorous heavy chairs, probably hair-seated, with their backs against the walls; a sofa which matched them, also with its back against the wall; and a heavy, perhaps marble-topped centre table. There might be a rocking-chair in the room also; but, so far as I remember, other easy-chairs, scattered as one chose about a room, were unknown.

Try to recall, dear reader, or to imagine, the conditions of a town without any railroads, and without any steam navigation beyond fifteen miles. The first steamboat in Boston harbor went to Nahant and back again, about 1826. The first steam railway ran trains to Newton, nine miles, in 1833. Please to remember also that everybody lived in Boston the year round, excepting a handful of rich people who had country places in Dorchester, Roxbury, Newton, Brookline, Watertown, Waltham, Brighton, Cambridge, Charlestown, or Medford, accessible by a horse and chaise. What we call buggies were unknown, and a gentleman and lady would certainly ride in a chaise, which was not the

English chaise, but a two-wheeled covered vehicle, hung on C-springs. In such a town the supplies of food, unless brought from the immediate neighborhood, came from the seaboard or the Western rivers in sloops or schooners. We drew our flour from points as far south as Richmond. I remember that, in more than one winter, when my grandmother, in Westhampton, had sent us a keg or two of home apple-sauce, the sloop which brought the treasure was frozen up in Connecticut River below Hartford, so that it was four or five months before we hungry children enjoyed her present. Great wagons with large teams of horses brought from the interior such products as did not come in this way.

For these horses and wagons there were, on "the Neck" and beyond, great sheds and stables. The country teamster left his horses and his load there while he came into town to make sure where it was to be delivered. To pick up the stray corn which was scattered in these sheds great flocks of pigeons congregated, of whom a wretched handful survive to this day. I mention these little details to give some idea of the country fashion of our lives. Two or three weeks out of town in summer was a large allowance of vacation. Nobody dreamed of closing a church in summer. The school vacation was a fortnight and three days in August, to which, in later days, was added first one week, and then two weeks in June. The summer break-up which now divides everybody's Boston year was then wholly unknown.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL LIFE

AFTER studying with great care Mr. Howell's "Boy's Town" and Miss Larcom's "New England Girlhood," I have determined not to follow a strict order of time. For better, for worse, I will throw in together in one chapter a set of school memories which range from about 1824 for ten years. At my own imprudent request, not to say urgency, I was sent to school with two sisters and a brother, older than I, when I was reckoned as about two years old. The school was in an old-fashioned wooden house which fronted on a little yard entered from Summer Street. We went up one flight of narrow stairs, and here the northern room of the two bedrooms of the house was occupied by Miss Susan Whitney for her school, and the southern room, which had windows on Summer Street, by Miss Ayres, of whom Miss Whitney had formerly been an assistant. Miss Whitney afterwards educated more than one generation of the children of Boston families. I supposed her to be one of the most aged, and certainly the most learned, women of her time. I believe she was a kind-hearted, intelligent girl of seventeen, when I first knew her. I also supposed the room to be a large hall, though I knew it was not nearly so large as our own parlors at

home. It may have been eighteen feet square. The floor was sanded with clean sand every Thursday and Saturday afternoon. This was a matter of practical importance to us, because with the sand, using our feet as tools, we made sand pies. You gather the sand with the inside edge of either shoe from a greater or less distance, as the size of the pie requires. As you gain skill, the heap which you make is more and more round. When it is well rounded you flatten it by a careful pressure of one foot from above. Hence it will be seen that full success depends on your keeping the sole of the shoe exactly parallel with the plane of the floor. If you find you have succeeded when you withdraw the shoe, you prick the pie with a pin or a broom splint provided for the purpose, pricking it in whatever pattern you like. The skill of a good pie-maker is measured largely by these patterns. It will readily be seen that the pie is better if the sand is a little moist. But beggars cannot be choosers, and while we preferred the sand on Mondays and Fridays, when it was fresh, we took it as it came.

I dwell on this detail at length because it is one instance as good as a hundred of the way in which we adapted ourselves to the conditions of our times. Children now have carpets on their kindergarten floors, where sand is unknown; so we have to provide clay for them to model with, and put a heap of sand in the back yard. Miss Whitney provided for the same needs by a sim-

pler device, which I dare say is as old as King Alfred.

I cannot tell how we were taught to read, for I cannot remember the time when I could not read as well as I can now. There was a little spelling-book called "The New York Spelling-Book," printed by Mahlon Day. When, afterwards, I came to read about Mahlon in the book of Ruth, my notion of him was of a man who had the same name as the man who published the spelling-book. My grandfather had made a spelling-book which we had at home. Privately, I knew that, because he made it, it must be better than the book at school, but I was far too proud to explain this to Miss Whitney. I accepted her spelling-book in the same spirit in which I have often acted since, falling in with what I saw was the general drift, because the matter was of no great consequence. For reading-books we had Mrs. Barbauld's "First Lessons," "Come hither, Charles, come to mamma"; and we had "Popular Lessons," by Miss Robbins, which would be a good book to revive now, but I have not seen it for sixty years.

The school must have been a very much "go-as-you-please" sort of place. So far it conformed to the highest ideals of the best modern systems. But it had rewards and punishments. I have now a life of William Tell which was given me as a prize when I was five years old. By way of showing what was then thought fit reading for

boys of that age I copy the first sentence: "Friends of liberty, magnanimous hearts, sons of sensibility, ye who know how to die for your independence and live only for your brethren, lend an ear to my accents. Come! hear how one single man, born in an uncivilized clime, in the midst of a people curbed beneath the rods of an oppressor, by his individual courage, raised this people so abashed, and gave it a new being" — and so on, and so on. My brother Nathan had "Rasselas" for a prize, and my sister Sarah had a silver medal, "To the most amiable," which I am sure she deserved, though the competition extended to the whole world.

But these were the great prizes. In an old desk, of which the cover had been torn off, in the closet at the left of the fireplace, were a number of bows made of yellow, pink, and blue ribbon. When Saturday came, every child "who had been good" during the week was permitted to select one of these bows, choosing his own color, and to have it pinned on his clothes under his chin to wear home. If, on the other hand, he had been very bad, he had a black bow affixed, willy nilly. I hardly dare to soil this page with the tale, but there was an awful story that a boy, whom I will call Charles Waters, unpinned his black bow and trod it in the dirt of the street. But I hasten to add, that in that innocent community no one believed this dreadful story. Indeed, it was whispered from one to another, rather

as an index of what terrible stories were afloat in the world than with any feeling that it could possibly be true.

It is certainly a little queer that in after years one remembers such trifles as this, and forgets absolutely the weightier matters of the law; how he learned to read and write; how he fought with the angel of vulgar fractions and compelled him to grant a blessing; how, in a word, one learned anything of importance. But so it is; and thus, as I have said, I have no memory of any time when I could not read as well as I can now. Perhaps that is the reason why I am too apt to rank teachers of elocution with dancing-masters and fencing-masters, and other professors of deportment. Dear Miss Whitney must have taught us well, or we should have remembered the process more sadly.

If this is a book of confessions I ought to tell my crimes, and one sin I certainly committed at Miss Whitney's school. But alas, I do not know what it was, and I never did. Only this I know. We were all too small to go home through Main Street alone. Fullum came for us at twelve, and again at five in the afternoon. Who Fullum was shall appear by and by. One day, when Fullum came at noon, he found me seated in a large yellow chair in the middle of the school-room. I was reading a book with perfect satisfaction. So soon as Fullum appeared, I was lifted from the chair and my "things" were put on. When we were

in the street Fullum said, "What have you been doing that was naughty, doctor?" I told him, with perfect sincerity, that I had done nothing wrong. But this he did not believe. He reminded me of what I then recollected, that that yellow chair was always a seat of punishment. I had certainly never seen any one in it before — unless it were Miss Whitney herself — excepting the sinners of the school, placed there for punishment. But alas, it had not occurred to any one to tell me why I was put there; and as my own conscience was clear, I have not known from that day to this what my offence was.

I could probably without much difficulty make a volume on Miss Whitney's school, and the various aspects of life as they there presented themselves to me. But these papers must be severely condensed, and I omit such details. To me personally they have a little value, as bearing on the question how far back our memory really runs. There is a Frenchman who says that he recollects the relief produced on his eyes when he was a baby, thirty-six hours old, and a nurse lowered a curtain to screen him from the light. I am not able to fix any facts as early as this; but I am interested in the observation that, among these early recollections of Miss Whitney, there is not included the slightest memory of my first interviews with her. I had a brother and two sisters older than myself, who were my home playmates. I saw them go to school from day to day, and I

finally cried because I wanted to go with them. Miss Whitney was therefore persuaded to receive a pupil two years old at the school. It speaks well for her, I think, that she found it possible to adapt such a young gentleman to the exercises of the academy.

This makes me think, as I have said, that those exercises must have been conducted on the individual plan. But my chief memories of the school are of conducting observations, similar to Tyndall's, on the effect produced by sunlight upon dust floating in the air. Such luxuries as window-shades or blinds were unknown; if the sun shone in on the south side of the room you shut an inside shutter. This reminds me that inside shutters are almost wholly unknown to the rising generation, but then every house of which I knew anything had them. At the top of this shutter, which was of panelled wood, a heart was cut, so as to let a little light into the room when the shutters were closed. It will readily be seen that this heart made very curious forms on the floating dust in the school-room. What with the manufacture of sand pies and other enterprises going on, there must have been a good deal of dust in the school-room, and I remember far better the aspects of this dust, as the sun lighted it and as it floated in different currents, than I do any single lesson which I acquired from books.

It will give some idea of the simplicity of manners and of the quietness of the little town if I tell

how "we four" — by which I mean the four oldest children of my father's family — went to school and returned, in the winter.

In winter Fullum put my two sisters, my brother, and myself into a little green sleigh which he had had made, in which he dragged us over the snow to school. I believe that if any Fullum of to-day should start from the upper door of the Parker House, and drag four little children down School Street, through Washington Street, to Summer Street, and stop at a door opposite Hovey's, he would attract a fair share of attention. But there was room enough for all then. The "main street" was what the chief street of a good country town would be now, and this equipage seemed strange to nobody.

"School kept" only in the morning on Saturday, and Thursday afternoon was always a holiday, in memory of the "Thursday lecture." [1] But as the lecture was delivered at eleven o'clock

[1] The Thursday lecture was a regular function, in which one of the Congregational ministers of Boston addressed such audiences as came together on Thursday. At this time the congregation consisted simply of the ministers of the town and neighborhood, and such ladies, generally past youth, as liked to go to hear the city clerk read the intentions of marriage. The law then required that these intentions should be read three times before some public assembly, and the Thursday lecture was dignified by the name of a public assembly. But in older times the lecture had been much more important. To tell the whole truth, the restrictions in England, on such week-day addresses as were made by distinguished preachers, drove the particular thorn in the side of the Puritan which did most to drive him to his new home in the West. Cotton and the other preachers had all been imprisoned,

in the morning, and every school kept until twelve, there was, of course, no real connection between the holiday and the lecture. The half-holiday was changed to Wednesday, a few years later than the time I am speaking of. It is on this account that Wednesday and Saturday appear to me, to this moment, the happiest days of the week. For I may as well say, first as last, that school was always a bore to me. I did not so much hate it, as dislike it, as a necessary nuisance. I think all my teachers regarded it as such; I am sure they made me so regard it.

Just before I was six years old I was transferred from Miss Whitney's school to another school which was in the immediate neighborhood, being in the basement of the First Church, which was then in Chauncy Street. It stood, I think, just where Coleman & Mead's great store stands. There were three or four large rooms under the church, which were rented as school-rooms; and it being thought that I was large enough to go to

or threatened with being imprisoned, because they would deliver these week-day lectures. The people who emigrated were absolutely determined that they would hear them, and that is probably the reason why the reader and I are in this country — because our ancestors chose to go to church in the middle of the week. When they came here they established the Thursday lecture. Cotton's fame and eloquence were such that the Thursday lecture gave Boston its pre-eminence in the Bay, a pre-eminence which it did not have before Cotton arrived. So that the Thursday lecture has a definite historical interest to a Boston born man. But the average Boston man long since ceased to go to hear it, and it is now discontinued.

a man's school, I was sent there, to my great delight, with my friend Edward Webster. We were very intimate from days earlier than this, of which I will speak in another chapter, and it was a great pleasure to us that we could go to school together. He had been at Miss Ayres's, so that only an entry parted us. There was no thought of sending me to a public school.

My father and mother had both very decided, and, I have a right to say, very advanced, views on matters of education; and advanced education was then a matter everywhere in the air. The Boston Latin School had been made a first-rate school for preparing boys for college, under the eye and care of Benjamin Apthorp Gould, some ten years before. But there was no public school of any lower grade, to which my father would have sent me, any more than he would have sent me to jail. Since that time I have heard my contemporaries talk of the common school training of the day, and I do not wonder at my father's decision. The masters, so far as I know, were all inferior men; there was constant talk of "hiding" and "cow-hides" and "ferules" and "thrashing," and I should say, indeed, that the only recollections of my contemporaries about those school-days are of one constant low conflict with men of a very low type. So soon as a boy was sent to the Latin School — and he was sent there at nine years of age — all this was changed into the life of a civilized place. Why the Boston

people tolerated such brutality as went on in their other public schools I do not know, and never have known; but no change came for some years after.

For the next three years the only object, so far as I was concerned, was to have me live along and get ready for the Latin School. I have always been glad that I was sent where I was — to a school without any plan or machinery, like Miss Whitney's, very much on the go-as-you-please principle, and where there was no strain put upon the pupil. I disliked it, as I disliked all schools; but here, again, I regarded the whole arrangement as one of those necessary nuisances which society imposes on the individual, and which the individual would be foolish if he quarrelled with, when he did not have it in his power to abolish it. I had no such power, and therefore went and came as I was bidden, only eager every day to exchange the monotonies of school life for the more varied and larger enterprises of the play-room or of the Common.

I have said that advanced education was in the air. It will be hard to make boys and girls of the present day understand how much was then expected from reforms in education. Dr. Channing was at his best then, and all that he had to say about culture and self-culture impressed people intensely — more intensely, I think, than was good for them. There were rumors from Europe of Fellenberg's school at Hofwyl. At Northampton

the Round Hill School was started in 1823 on somewhat similar plans. In England Lord Brougham and the set of people around him were discussing the "march of intellect," and had established a Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, whose name has lived after it. I may say here, in a parenthesis, that the first time I ever heard of the "march of intellect" was when I saw a very funny play, in which a clever boy named Burke was the hero in the "march of intellect." He appeared in half a dozen characters, to teach half a dozen subjects; and it was a capital satire on the idea that everything could be taught by professors. Mr. Webster, Mr. Edward Everett, my father, and other gentlemen in their position established the "Useful Knowledge Society" of Boston. The reign of Lyceums and Mechanics' Institutes had begun. Briefly, there was the real impression that the kingdom of heaven was to be brought in by teaching people what were the relations of acids to alkalies, and what was the derivation of the word "cordwainer." If we only knew enough, it was thought, we should be wise enough to keep out of the fire, and we should not be burned.

So it was that any novelty, when it was presented at a school-room door, was even more apt to be accepted than it is now; and, as every reader of these lines knows, such things are accepted pretty willingly now. So I remember that I was taught "geometry" when I was six years old — or that I thought I was — from a little book called

"The Elements of Geometry." I could rattle off about isosceles triangles when I was six, as well as I can now. And I had other queer smattering bits of knowledge, useful or useless, which were picked up in the same way.

At school there was a school library, from which we borrowed books, because we liked the mechanism of it. We had much better books at home; but of course it was good fun to have your name entered on a book, and to return them once a week, and so on.

My father was one of the best teachers I ever knew. When he had a moment, therefore, from other affairs to give to our education, it was always well used; and we doubtless owed a great deal to him which we afterwards did not know how to account for. Among other such benefactions, I owe it that for these three or four years, when really I had nothing to do but to grow physically, I was placed with a simple, foolish man for a teacher, and not with one of the drivers, who had plans and would want to make much of us. Among other notions of my father, right or wrong as the case may be, was this: that a boy could pick up the rudiments of language quite early in life. So the master was told that Edward Webster and I, and perhaps some other boys, were to be taught the paradigms of the Latin grammar at once. We also had given to us little Latin books, which we spelled away upon. One was a translation of Campe's German version of "Robinson

Crusoe" into Latin. It was thought that the interest of the book would induce us to learn the meaning of the words. But the truth was, we were familiar with Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and regarded this as a low and foolish imitation, of which we made a great deal of fun. All the same, the agony with which some boys remember their first studies of "*amo, amas, amat,*" is wholly unknown to me. I drifted into those things simply, and by the time I was sent to the Latin School the point had been gained, and I knew my "*penna, pennæ, pennæ,*" and my "*amo, amas, amat,*" as well as if I had been born to them.

The Latin School stood, at that time, where the lower part of Parker's Hotel is now, in School Street. School Street received its name from this school. At the beginning the school was on the other side of the street, where the Franklin statue now stands. But when the King's Chapel people had increased so much, that they wanted to enlarge their little wooden tabernacle and carry their church farther down the street, about the middle of the last century, they applied to the town for the use of the school-house lot.

This was the occasion of a fierce battle in more than one town meeting. Really, the question divided the old line Puritans, or the people who held to their traditions, from the new people, who were either conscientious members of the Episcopal Church or were quite indifferent to the matter. But the town gave its consent, by a very small

majority, to the removal of the school-house, and the King's Chapel people had to build a new school-house for the town on the southern side of the street. This stood till 1814, when a larger house was built in the same place. This school-house made the side of what is now known as Chapman Place; but in my time this was called Cooke's Court, in honor of a certain Elisha Cooke, who was a very eminent man in colonial times. There were one or two old wooden houses in the court, one of which was covered with Virginia creeper, the first I ever saw. I remember thinking that the berries of the Virginia creeper were, in some sort, discovered by me, and that no one had known of their existence before, and I was disappointed that they proved to be such poor eating.

Above the school, on School Street, was a wooden house, with a garden in front of it, and further up still a new brick house, where, in the early part of these reminiscences, my father's family lived. From the back windows of this house, when I was a very little boy, I used to look out and see the boys at play. It will amuse the boys of the present generation to know that in summer most of them wore long calico gowns, quite like the gowns which ministers sometimes wear now, only without the flowing sleeves.

Boys were then admitted into the Latin School when they were nine years old. They were examnied so far as to see if they could spell decently and whether they had some slight knowledge of arith-

metic. As for writing, we were expected to learn that after we entered the school. Once there we were all put into the same class, and were set to studying our Latin grammar.

We always came to school early, all of the fun of the school being enjoyed before the bell rang. Different classes grouped in different corners of the neighborhood, and talked of the school news or the news of the day with the other fellows. We had some South End boys, who came to school highly excited one day with the announcement that an "omnibus" had been put upon Washington Street. No one had ever seen an omnibus before. This omnibus was called the Governor Brooks, and it had four horses, and it was twice as long as any omnibus which any Boston boy has seen in our streets now for twenty years. I felt, afterwards, quite sure that I rode up the long hill at Granada in Spain in the same omnibus, and I was terribly afraid that the linchpin might give way, but this may have been a delusion of mine. The first "omnibus" in the world was put on its work in Paris. It was called "La Dame Blanche," from the White Lady of Scott's novel of "The Monastery," about the year 1821.

We had not much room for playing, but we might take a turn at tag or some other out-door game before the school-bell rang. But at last, at eight o'clock in summer and at nine in winter, the bell began to ring. It rang for five minutes, and before the end of the five minutes every boy must

be in his place. The masters, four or five of them, had been standing in the meanwhile on the sidewalk in front of the school door; as the bell rang they bowed to each other and repaired one by one to their rooms.

About this bell there were various traditions, and its experience had, indeed, been somewhat singular. I believe it had been the bell of the Huguenot Church lower down on the same street. It hung, as church bells do, on the wheel in the cupola, but it had long since been found that no rope on the wheel would give to the bell the regular stroke which for some reason was thought desirable. Some strong, quick boy was therefore sent up into the belfry, and he took hold of the tongue and struck it rapidly and sharply on the side of the bell. It may readily be seen that to do this for five minutes was quite an exhausting bit of physical labor, but, for all that, it was rather a privilege to be permitted to ring the bell. For, in compensation for doing so the boy was awarded certain credits on his conduct or recitation lists; and the boy who found himself going to the bad, in his studies or by any other bad marks, would ask to be assigned to the bell that he might work off these misdemeanors by the diligence of his bell-ringing. Some boys rang the bell well, some rang it badly, and a certain distinction attached to the business. I remember perfectly that, when on some occasion the bell-boy was absent, Mr. Dillaway, looking around for a substitute, sent me

up into the belfry; but I made wretched work of the bell, and was not sorry to be relieved before a minute was over by some more stalwart boy who was more used to the business.

By the time the bell struck its last stroke every boy would be in his seat. The boys of the present generation have little idea what such seats were. At first they were simply long benches with what we call long "forms" in front. About midway of my school career, there were substituted for these benches separate desks, somewhat like what boys have now, but with the very hardest and smallest seat which was ever contrived for an unfortunate boy to wriggle upon. Still we could open the desks and support them with our heads while we pretended to be arranging our books. No school-boy who has ever had the felicity of such a desk, needs to be told what various orgies we could carry on under such shelter of protection.

A certain good-natured courtesy assigned to our school as a teacher of penmanship one of the old masters who was supposed to have outlived his usefulness in the "grammar school." This was Mr. Jonathan Snelling. We used to call him familiarly "Old Johnny Snelling," but we always treated him with the respect which was due to an old man. The days of quill pens had not gone by, and it was then a part of a boy's or girl's education to know how to make a pen well — an accomplishment which, I am afraid, is not

now possessed by all the readers of these lines. Johnny Snelling had his own little room apart from the room of the head-master, and the boys in that room went in to him to write; but the other boys wrote in different hours assigned for the purpose, and Johnny Snelling went from room to room to give them their instruction. For me, I wrote wretchedly, and was always marked very low on the calendar, but I would persuade this good old gentleman to assign to me copies in German text or old English or the other variations from the deadly monotony of the copybook, rather in the hope that I might conciliate the masters, by the enterprise of this break out into new fields. At all events this was some variety, and as I have said it was on the monotony of school life that my dislike of it was founded. I was eventually taught how to write decently by a man named Munyan who came to Boston when I was in college.

I entered the school in 1831, being then nine years old. That was the minimum for the entrance of boys at that time, and the course was five years. I saw Mr. Leverett, who was the principal when I was admitted, but in the course of a few weeks he left the school to the charge of Mr. Charles Knapp Dillaway, who is well remembered by everyone who has had anything to do with education in Boston for the last sixty years. I may say in passing that I was permitted to speak at his funeral, and I could not but remember then

that, from the time when he entered the Latin School in 1818 till he died in 1889, he had been personally connected more or less distinctly with our system of public education. He had, therefore, seen the working of that system for more than a quarter part of the period since it was established by Winthrop and his companions in 1635.

The system of the school was rigid, but I do not think boys object to rigidity. It carried to the extreme the cultivation of verbal memory. We had a very bad Latin grammar, which I suppose was the best there was, made by Mr. Gould himself from Principal Adam's "Latin Grammar," which was used in all English schools. "Principal Adam" is the Edinburgh Adam of whom you read in Walter Scott and other Scotch books. The late Joseph Gardner, laughing about such things a few years ago, said to me, "I can remember the block on which I was standing in the Place Vendôme in Paris, when, as by a revelation, it occurred to me that Andrews and Stoddard's "Latin Grammar" was made from the Latin language, and that the Latin language was not made from Andrews and Stoddard's grammar, as up to that moment I had always supposed."

I am quite clear that I went well through the Latin School with the distinct feeling that Adam's grammar stated the eternal truth with regard to the language, and that Cicero and the rest of them had had to adapt themselves to it. I can-

not think that the masters thought so, but I doubt if they cared much about it, and certainly they left that impression on the minds of the pupils. The first year of the little boys was spent in committing the words of this grammar to memory. Unless a boy were singularly advanced he had no school-book in hand from September to the next August excepting this Latin grammar. I cannot conceive of any system more disposed to make him hate the language; and in fact about half the boys withdrew from the school, as not having "a gift for language," before they had been there two years. These were generally the boys of quick and bright minds, who went off "into business," as it was called, because they were thought not fit to be scholars. The professional lines of life thus lost those who would have been ornaments in whatever profession they had chosen, simply because those lads had not the verbal memory to remember and recall long lists of words, which Adam had noticed, such, for one instance in a thousand, as had or had not an *i* before *um* in the genitive plural.

I will say in passing, what I have often had occasion to say in public, that it would be easy to prepare a bright boy or girl of sixteen years of age to pass the Harvard Greek entrance examination in four months of interested study.

But I do not propose to go into the niceties of education in these papers. Thanks to the prescience of my father, of which I have spoken, I

was put in with the ten-year-old boys, who had ground through this mill. Till this moment I am their inferior in certain of those details of words to which I have referred, but I enjoyed life at school a great deal better than they did.

The "march of intellect" fad had not swept over Boston without bringing in the German notions about gymnasiums. Dr. Francis Lieber arrived, an exile from Germany, with Dr. Charles Beck, who was also an exile, and they established a swimming school where Brimmer Street is now, and a gymnasium in Tremont Street — then called Common Street — at the corner of West Street. That place was then called the "Washington Gardens." Mr. Hartwell, in his recent interesting essay on gymnastics in Boston, says that the first year Lieber's gymnasium in the Washington Gardens had two hundred pupils, which increased to four hundred in the second, and in the third year he had four pupils. These figures show only too fatally what was the fall of the athletic thermometer. More learned people than I must say, whether the system of gymnastics carried on by fixed machinery ever maintains its popularity for a long time, unless it is seconded by athletics such as we now class under that name, and by a certain rivalry.

My brother Nathan, to whom I owe most of what I am and have been in the world, was entered as one of the pupils in the Washington Gardens gymnasium. It must have been in the year

1827, or possibly 1828, that he took me with him there. All that I remember about it is my terror when I had climbed up a ladder and cut off my retreat. I had seen the other boys climb between the rounds and slide down the pole which supported the ladder, and I wished to do this. I got through the rounds and then was afraid to slide. But a competent teacher came up, instructed me in the business, and I won the high courage by which to loosen my feet from the rounds and slide safely down. I went home to tell this story with delight, but never repeated the experiment.

At the same time — and I think this shows the courage with which our education was carried on — I made my first essays in riding on horseback. My father owned a handsome horse, with which he took our mother and some one of the children out to ride on half-holidays. On some occasions another horse, which was called the "Work-bench" from his quiet habits — white, I recollect — was taken with us, saddled. This was that "we boys" might learn to ride. We were not permitted to ride in the streets in town, and father would ride the horse out so far, while my mother drove the chaise. But once in the country the boy mounted, and followed the chaise for the afternoon tour. At five years old I was so small that my feet would not reach the stirrups, and I rode with my feet in the straps which sustained the stirrups. All went well till, in South Boston, as we came home, some boys stoned my horse, and

he ran and I was thrown. I remember repeating the experiment with the same success and failure, and it ended in my poor father having to ride the "Work-bench" home, while I ignominiously returned in the chaise as I had started.

The drift for athletics had swept over the Latin School also, and the square yard behind the school, which seemed immense, but could have been only thirty feet in each measurement, was fitted up with a vaulting-horse, parallel bars, and so on. But, as the fad wore itself out, the boys were permitted to destroy these things; and when I entered the school, in 1831, there were only the vaulting-horse and, perhaps, a pair of parallel bars left; and these gradually disappeared from the curriculum. This play-ground was the only play-ground of the school, and was accessible only to the boys in the lowest room. Upstairs we were confined to a very limited passage-way, I might call it, at recess, in which we used to play "tug-of-war," though we never called it by that name. Practically the recesses were very short, for the simple reason that they did not like to have us in the street.

Earlier than this, I can remember, when I was only four or five years old, that we looked from the windows of the house out upon the street, to see the sports of the boys there, when rather more liberty was granted them. Among these sports I remember distinctly seeing the older boys kick their pails to pieces at the end of the school term. They would subscribe for pails in which to keep

the water which they wanted to drink in the hot days; and when the term was done, not wishing to leave the pails to their successors, they kicked them about the sidewalk and street until they were ruined.

To this school we repaired at eight o'clock in the morning for the months between April and October, and at nine o'clock from the 1st of October to the 1st of April. School lasted till twelve o'clock, excepting for the little boys, who, in the latter part of my time, were "let out" at eleven o'clock. School began again at three, and lasted, in winter, as long as there was light, and in summer till six o'clock. I remember the terror which we had one afternoon, which must have been in May, 1833, when two of us were to go and see Fanny Kemble in the evening. As it happened, the school committee chose to come that afternoon for an examination, and our class was kept in for the completion of the examination after six o'clock. We sat there terrified, in fear the examination would last until the play began in the Tremont Theatre, hard by. I am afraid the boys of to-day would consider it rather hard lines, if they were ever kept at school till the beginning of their theatrical entertainment.

In James Freeman Clarke's autobiography there is a charming passage about his stay at this school. He does not in the least overstate the admirable democratic effect of the whole thing. We were side by side with the sons of the richest and most

prominent men in Boston; we were side by side with the sons of day-laborers, I suppose. The odd thing about it is that we did not know, and we did not care, whose sons they were. They were all dressed alike, they spoke equally good English, their hands were equally clean, and what we knew of them was that one fellow was at the head of the class, and one was not. There was a charming boy named Carleton — Charles Muzzey Carleton — who was at the head of my class. He was a pure, manly, upright, gentlemanly fellow, a much better boy than any of the rest of us were, and we therefore chose to nickname him "Piety Carleton." I am afraid we made him very unhappy by the nickname, but he bore himself in just as manly a way in spite of it. I have been glad to know since these pages were first printed that he still lives, none the less prosperous or happy for our brutal unkindness.

It was a queer transition time for schools. The present murderous and absurd system of "examinations" was wholly unknown. Each master got along as well as he could with his boys, and the boys got along as well as they could with the master. There was one head-master, a sub-master, and two others, who were called ushers on the printed catalogue, but were never so called by the boys. Whatever the age of these gentlemen, they were always called "old." It was "Old Dillaway," "Old Gardner," "Old Streeter," or "Old Benjamin." I now know that the oldest of them

was not thirty-five, and that most of them were not twenty-five.

We were changed from room to room, seldom staying in one room more than three months, but the highest class was always with the head-master. I remember one occasion — I was about ten years old — when, to our delight, we were ordered upstairs from the "English room." We were pleased because it was known that the new master there was very easy, and that the "fellows did as they chose." It was so, indeed. I recollect my amazement when I saw Hancock cross the room without leave, make a snowball from the snow in a pail, and carry it back ostentatiously to place it on the front of his desk. The snow was provided for use on the stove, where there was a provision for a pan of water. From this he then made little snowballs with which to pelt the other boys, all without interruption from the master.

But other things went on with the same freedom, which were of more import. I was seated next to Hayward, whom I then met for the first time, and who has since been a life-long friend. His class was reading Cicero's orations. He asked me what I knew about Cicero; and, when I told him I knew nothing, he kindly went into a somewhat elaborate history of his life and analysis of his character as they appeared to a boy of his age. He has forgotten this, but I remember it perfectly. It seems to me that this extempore private lecture must have lasted the whole after-

noon. The poor master made no sort of interference with it, probably glad if two of his scholars were doing nothing worse than talking.

But alas, and alas! this paradise of King Log came to an end in a day or two. This amiable gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, was removed, and Francis Gardner was put in his place. For forty years after he was master in that school, and is now well known as a distinguished classical teacher and editor. That was his baptism in a school-master's life, and a baptism of fire it was. We were afterwards intimate friends, and he told me once that his first month, when he was bringing those wild-cat boys into order, was the hardest experience of his life.

In the English room, according to the absurd theory of many schools, the whole class was kept together, without any reference to what they knew of the subject. That is to say, we were classed for our knowledge of Latin, and nobody seemed to care how much or how little we knew of arithmetic. I used to do "the sums" and write down the numerical answers in advance, so far as my slate would hold them. I was fond of arithmetic, and so I would be days ahead of the class. Such was also the case with Richard Storrs Willis, the eminent musician, who sat by me. He brought to school Kettell's "Specimens of American Poetry," a book of that time, in three closely printed octavo volumes. We read the three volumes through, and a deal of trash there is

in them. Still it was better than doing nothing; and so I suppose the master thought, for he never interfered.

To me this was all a curious double life. I was on perfect terms of companionship with the fellows in school in recess and in the few minutes before school. But as soon as school was over I rushed home, without these companions, to join my brother Nathan, who has been spoken of, for the occupations vastly more important, which I will describe in another chapter. The other fellows would urge us to go down on the wharves, as they did. The fathers of most of them were in mercantile life, for Boston was still largely a shipping town. I can remember asking one of them what we should do on the wharves, with a horrified feeling which I have to this day about any vague future entertainment of which the lines are not indicated. He said, "Oh, we can go about the vessels, we can talk with the men." Perhaps they would be landing molasses, and we could dip straws in the bung-holes; or once a cask had broken open, and the fellows had gathered up brown sugar in their hands. To this day, when I hear of persons going abroad or anywhere else in search of an undefined amusement, I imagine them dipping straws into casks of West India molasses, and then drawing those straws through their mouths.

For me and my brother such temptations were idle. Till the last year of my school life we had

more attractive work at home. In that year Edward Renouf, the Dr. Renouf of to-day, told us that he had access to the wood wharves on Front Street, near where the United States Hotel now stands. He said there were no other fellows there. For some reason not known to me there were no wharfingers or other attendants. With him, and possibly with Atkins, we used to spend hours on those wharves. The Boston reader will please observe that Beach Street means a street on the beach, and that Harrison Avenue, then called Front Street, was the "front" of that part of the town. Why there were no keepers on those wharves I never asked, and do not know. Whether what we did were right or wrong in the view of magistrates I do not know. I do know that it was morally and eternally right, because we thought it was. That is one of the queer things about a boy's conscience. I do not remember that, till the time when I dictate these words, for nearly sixty years, it has once occurred to me to ask whose was the property we used on these occasions, or what the owners would have said to our use of it. But they did not suffer much, if at all. There were great stacks of hemlock bark, which was then coming into use in winter as kindling for anthracite coal. You could take one of these pieces of bark, three or four feet long, bore three holes for masts, and fit this hull with three masts made from shingles or laths. Stiff wrapping-paper made good sails, and writing-

books were big enough for topsails. Then you could sail them from wharf to wharf, on voyages much more satisfactory than the shorter voyages of the Frog Pond. I do not know but that, with favorable western winds, one might come out at Sallee, on the coast of Morocco, with the location of which we were familiar from the experience of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Xury*. We knew much more of that port than of Lisbon, Oporto, or Bordeaux.

But this is an excursus which belongs rather to the chapter on amusements. The home rule was absolute, and always obeyed, that we must report at home as soon as school was done. This rule undoubtedly interfered with excursions to the wharves, which, indeed, had my father been a shipping merchant, might have been more frequent. School life of itself had little to relieve it of its awful monotony. Saturday was better than the other days, because we all went upstairs into the master's room to hear the declamations. Every boy spoke from the stage once a month. And here I have heard William Evarts, Fletcher Webster, Mayor Prince, Thomas Dawes — ah! and many others who have been distinguished since as orators. Phillips, Hillard, Sumner, and the Emersons were a little before my time, but I have seen the prize exercises of all of them among the treasures of the school.

I remember perfectly the first time I spoke. It must have been in September, 1831. At my mother's instigation I spoke a little poem by Tom

Moore, long since forgotten by everybody else, which I had learned and spoken at the other school. It is a sort of ode, in which Moore abuses some poor Neapolitan wretches because they had made nothing of a rebellion against the Austrians. I stepped on the stage, frightened, but willing to do as I had been told, made my bow, and began:

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!

I had been told that I must stamp my foot at the words, "Down to the dust with them," and I did, though I hated to, and was sore afraid. Naturally enough all the other boys, one hundred and fifty of them, laughed at such an exhibition of passion from one of the smallest of their number. All the same, I plodded on; but alas! I came inevitably to the other line:

If there linger one spark of their fire, tread it out!

and here I had to stamp again, as much to the boys' amusement as before. I did not get a "good mark" for speaking then, and I never did afterwards. But the exercise did what it was meant to do, that is, it taught us not to be afraid of the audience. And this, so far as I know, is all of elocution that can be taught, or need be tried for.

In college, it was often very droll when the time came for one of the Southern braggarts to speak at an exhibition. For we saw then the same young man who had always blown his own trumpet loudly, and been cock of the walk in his own

estimation — we saw him with his knees shaking under him on the college platform because he had to speak in the presence of two hundred people. I owe to the public school, and to this now despised exercise of declamation, that ease before an audience which I share with most New Englanders. This is to say that I owe to it the great pleasure of public speaking when one has anything to say. I think most public men will agree with me that this is one of the most exquisite pleasures of life.

CHAPTER III

THE SWIMMING SCHOOL

Joy, joy, joy! Of a hot summer day in June, when I was nine years old, I was asked how I would like to learn to swim. Little doubt in the mind of any boy who reads this what my answer was. I and my elder brother, who was twelve, were to be permitted to go to the swimming school. This was joy enough to have that year marked with red in our history.

As I have said, Dr. Francis Lieber, who had been exiled from Germany a few years before, had come to Boston, and had established first his gymnasium and then his swimming school. Swimming schools were and are thoroughly established on the continent of Europe, and the Germans have a special reputation for skill in swimming. With the gymnasium I had little or noth-

ing to do but what I have told. I was, indeed, quite too small to be put through its exercises.

The swimming school was in water which flowed where Brimmer Street and the houses behind it are now built. It was just such a building as the floating baths are now which the city maintains, but that it enclosed a much larger space. Of this space a part had a floor so that the water flowed through; the depth was about five feet. To little boys like me it made little difference that there was this floor, for we could be as easily drowned in five feet of water as if there were fifteen.

With great delight I carried down my little bathing drawers, which were marked with my own number so that they might always hang upon my peg. With the drawers and my towels I proceeded to a little cell, just such as the bathers at South Boston have now, with the great advantage, however, that its door was made of sail-cloth. You selected a cell on the northern side, so that when you went into the water you could draw your sail-cloth into the sun, and the sun would heat it well through; then, after your bath, you stood wrapped up in this warm linen shroud, and the luxury was considered exquisite.

So soon as you were undressed and ready — and this meant in about one minute — you took your turn to be taught. A belt was put around you under your arms; to this belt a rope was attached, and you were told to jump in. You

jumped in and went down as far as gravity chose to take you, and were then pulled up by the rope. The rope was then attached to the end of a long belt, and you were swung out upon the surface of the water. Then began the instruction.

"O-n-e; — two, three:" the last two words spoken with great rapidity — "one" spoken very slowly. This meant that the knees and feet were to be drawn up very slowly, but were to be dashed out very quickly, and then the heels brought together as quickly.

Boys who were well built for it and who were quick learned to swim in two or three lessons. Slender boys and little boys who had not much muscular force — and such was I — were a whole summer before they could be trusted without the rope. But the training was excellent, and from the end of that year till now I have been entirely at home in the water. I think now that scientific and systematic training in swimming is a very important part of public instruction, and I wish we could see it introduced everywhere where there is responsible oversight of boys or girls at school.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE AT HOME

I AM certainly not writing my autobiography; but I cannot give any idea of how boys lived in the decade when I was a boy — that is, in the years

between 1826 and 1836 — without giving a chapter to home life as I saw it. In passing I will say that I first remember the figures 1826, thus combined, as I saw them on the cover of Thomas's Almanac of 1827. Here Time, with the figures 1827 on his head, was represented as mowing in a churchyard, where a new stone with the figures 1826 was prominent; 1825, 1824, and the others were on stones somewhat overgrown by grass and sunken in the ground. The conceit seemed to me admirable, and the date fixed itself on my memory.

I was born in a house which stood where Parker's larger lunch-room now fronts the Tremont House. We moved from this house to that on the corner of School Street, lately purchased by Mr. Parker to enlarge his hotel, and in 1828 we moved again to the new house, which was, and is, No. 1 Tremont Place. It is now two or three stories higher than it was then; but some parts of the interior are not changed. Behind it was a little yard, with a wood-house, called a "shed," on top of which the clothes were dried. This arrangement was important for our New England childhood.

I was the youngest of four children who made the older half of a large family. By a gap between me and my brother Alexander, — who afterwards was lost in the government service in Pensacola, — "we four" were separated from the "three little ones." It is necessary to explain this in

advance, in a history which is rather a history of young life in Boston than of mine alone.

My father, as I have said, was an experienced teacher in young life, and he never lost his interest in the business of education. My mother had a genius for education, and it is a pity that, at an epoch in her life when she wanted to open a girls' school, she was not permitted to do so. They had read enough of the standard books on education to know how much sense there was in them, and how much nonsense. Such books were about in the house, more or less commented on by us young critics as we grew big enough to dip into them.

At the moment I had no idea that any science or skill was expended on our training. I supposed I was left to the great American proverb which I have already cited: "Go as you please." But I have seen since that the hands were strong which directed this gay team of youngsters, though there was no stimulus we knew of, and though the touch was velvet. An illustration of this was in that wisdom of my father in sending me for four years to school to a simpleton.

The genius of the whole, shown by both my father and mother, came out in the skill which made home the happiest place of all, so that we simply hated any engagement which took us elsewhere, unless we were in the open air. I have said that I disliked school, and that I did not want to go down on the wharves, even with that doubt-

ful bribe of the molasses casks. At home we had an infinite variety of amusements. At home we might have all the other boys, if we wished. At home, in our two stories, we were supreme. The scorn of toys which is reflected in the Edgeworth books had, to a certain extent, its effect on the household. But we had almost everything we wanted for purposes of manufacture or invention. Whalebone, spiral springs, pulleys, and catgut, for perpetual motion or locomotive carriages; rollers and planks for floats — what they were I will explain — all were obtainable. In the yard we had parallel bars and a high cross-pole for climbing. When we became chemists we might have sulphuric acid, nitric acid, litmus paper, or whatever we desired, so our allowance would stand it. I was not more than seven years old when I burned off my eyebrows by igniting gunpowder with my burning-glass. My hair was then so light that nobody missed a little, more or less, above the eyelids. I thought it was wisest not to tell my mother, because it might shock her nerves, and I was a man, thirty years old, before she heard of it. Such playthings as these, with very careful restrictions on the amount of powder, with good blocks for building, quite an assortment of carpenter's tools, a work-bench good enough, printing materials *ad libitum* from my father's printing-office, furnished endless occupation.

Before I attempt any account of the home life which grew out of such conditions I must make a

little excursus to describe the domestic service of those days, quite different from ours. I wish particularly to describe Fullum, who outlived the class to which he belonged, and had, when he died, in 1886, long been its last representative.

The few New England children who still read the Rollo books will have pleasant remembrances of *Jonas* and *Beechnut*, in whom Mr. Jacob Abbott has presented for posterity the hired boy of New England country life. In life in a little town like Boston this hired boy might grow to be the hired man, and, as in Fullum's exceptional case, might grow to be a hundred years old, or nearly that, without changing that condition. If that happened his presence in a family became a factor of importance to the growing children. In the case of Fullum, if, as he supposed, he was born in 1790, he was thirty-two years old when, in 1822, he took me in his arms before I was an hour old.

Fullum, then, had been a country lad, who came down from Worcester County to make his fortune. I do not know when, but it was before the time of the short war with England. He expected to be, and was, the hired boy and hired man in one and another Boston family. Early in the business he was in Mr. William Sullivan's service. He was driving Mr. Sullivan out of town, one day, when they found Roxbury Street blocked up by the roof of the old meeting-house, which had been blown into the street by the gale of September, 1815. Afterward he was in Daniel Webster's service, and

here also he took care of horses and carriages. He was a born tyrant, and it was always intimated that Mr. Webster did not fancy his rule. Anyway he came from the Websters to us, I suppose when Mr. Webster went to Congress, in the autumn of 1820. And, in one fashion or another, he lived with our family, as a most faithful vassal or tyrant, for sixty-six years from that time. I say "vassal or tyrant," for this was a pure piece of feudalism; and in the feudal system, as I have often had to say, the vassal is often a tyrant, while the master is almost always a slave. So is it that the memories of my boyhood are all mixed up with memories of Fullum.

I have spoken of him in connection with Miss Whitney's school. Here was a faithful man Friday, who would have died for any of us, so strong was his love for us, yet who insisted on rendering his service very much in his own way. If my father designed a wooden horse for me, to be run on four wheels, after the fashion of what were called velocipedes in those days, he would make the drawings, but it would be Fullum's business to take them to the carpenter's and see the horse made. If we were to have heavy hoops from water-casks, Fullum was the person who conducted the negotiation for them. There was no harm in the tutorship to which we were thus intrusted. He never used a profane or impure word while he was with us children; and as he was to us an authority in all matters of gardening, of carpentry,

of driving and the care of horses, we came to regard him as, in certain lines, omniscient and omnipotent. If now the reader will bear in mind that this omniscient and omnipotent person, at once the Hercules and the Apollo of our boyhood, could not read, write, or spell so well as any child four years old who had been twelve months at Miss Whitney's school, that reader may understand why a certain scorn of book-learning sometimes stains these pages, otherwise so pure. And if the same reader should know that this same Fullum always spoke in superlatives, and multiplied every figure with which he had to do by hundreds or by thousands, he may have a key to a certain habit of exaggeration which has been detected in the present writer. "They was ten thousand men tryin' to git in. But old Reed, he would n't let um." This would be his way of describing the effort of four or five men to enter some place from which Reed, the one constable of Boston, meant to keep them out.

The reader must excuse this excursus, for I think it necessary. I think it necessary for the civilized child to be kept in touch, in his childhood, with animals and with savages. Fullum was the person through whom savage life touched ours. To Fullum, largely, we owed it that we were neither prigs nor dudes. We had no cats, nor dogs, nor birds; and Fullum'e place in these reminiscences is far more important than is that of any pet, any school-master, or any minister.

The oldest child of "us four" was but four years

and nine months older than the youngest. She had, as I have said, received, and deserved, at Miss Whitney's a medal given to the "most amiable." Next to her came a boy, then another girl, and then this writer. The movements of "us four" had much in common; but at school and in most plays the boys made one unit and the girls another, to report every evening to one another. It is to the boyhood experiences that these pages belong.

But it was a Persian and Median rule of that household, which I recommend to all other households, that after tea there were to be no noisy games. The children must sit down at the table — there was but one — and occupy themselves there till bedtime. It has been well said that the ferocity of infancy is such that, were its strength equal to its will, it would long ago have exterminated the human race. This is true. And it is to be remarked, also, that the strength of infancy, and of boyhood and girlhood, is very great. Thus is it that, unless some strict rules are laid down for limiting its use and the places of its exhibition, and kept after they are laid down, the death of parents, and of all persons who have passed the age of childhood, may be expected at any moment. One of such rules was this of which I have spoken.

Everybody of whom we knew anything dined at one or two o'clock in Boston then. After dinner men went back to their places of business. At six, or possibly as late as seven in the summer, came

"tea." After tea, as I have said, the children of this household gathered round the table. Fullum came in and took away the tea things, folded the cloth and put it away. Our mother then drew up her chair to the drawer of the table, probably with a baby in her arms awaiting the return of its nurse. We four drew up our chairs on the other sides. Then we might do as we chose — teetotum games, cards of all sorts, books, drawing, or evening lessons, if there were any such awful penalty resulting from the sin of Adam and Eve. But nobody might disturb anyone else.

Drawing was the most popular of the occupations, and took the most of our time and thought. The provisions for it were very simple, and there was only the faintest pretence at instruction. There was one particular brand of lead pencils, sold by one particular grocer in West Street at twelve cents a dozen. These were bought by us at this wholesale rate, and kept in the drawer. One piece of India rubber was also kept there for the crowd. As we gathered at the table, a quarter-sheet of foolscap was given to each child and to each guest — as regularly as a bit of butter had been given half an hour before — and one pencil.

The reader must imagine the steady flow of voices. "Who 's got the India rubber?" "Here it is under the Transcript." "This horse looks as if he were walking on foot-balls." "Oh, you must n't draw his shoes; you never see his shoes!" "I wish I knew how to draw a chaise." "I don't

see how they make pictures of battles. My smoke covers up all the soldiers." Battle pieces, indeed, were, as usual with children, the favorite compositions. We were not so far from the last war with England as the children of to-day are from the Civil War.

Perhaps two of us put together our paper, folded it and pinned it in the fold, and then made a magazine. Of magazines there were two— *The New England Herald*, composed and edited by the two elders of the group, and *The Public Informer*, by my sister Lucretia and me. I am afraid that the name "Public Informer" was suggested wickedly to us little ones, when we did not know that those words carry a disagreeable meaning. But when we learned this, afterwards, we did not care. I think some of the Everetts, my uncles, had had a boy newspaper with the same name. When things ran with perfect regularity *The New England Herald* was read at the breakfast-table one Monday morning, and *The Public Informer* the next Monday morning. But this was just as it might happen. They were published when the editors pleased, as all journals should be, and months might go by without a number. And there was but one copy of each issue. It would be better if this could be said of some other journals.

Once a year prizes were offered at school for translations or original compositions. We always competed, not to say were made to compete, by

the unwritten law of the family. This law was simply that we could certainly do anything if we wanted to and tried. I remember a long rhythmical version I made of the story of the flood, in Ovid, and another of Phaeton. Where Dryden makes Jupiter say, "Short exhortations need," I remember that my halting line jumbled along into the ten syllables, "Long exhortations are not needed here." I stinted myself in this translation to four lines before dinner and four lines after tea; and by writing eight lines thus, in fifty days I accomplished the enterprise. I would come home from the swimming school ten minutes earlier because this translation was to be made; and, while Fullum was setting the table for dinner, I would stand at the sideboard. There was always an inkstand on it, with two or three quill pens. I took out the poem from the upper drawer of the sideboard, which I never see to this moment without thinking of Ovid. Then I wrote my four lines, such as they were, put the manuscript away again, and proceeded to dinner.

Other boys and other girls liked to come in to such an evening congress as I have described, but nothing was changed in the least because the visitor came, excepting that room was made at the table. He or she had a quarter-sheet of foolscap, like the others.

This literature is connected with that of the world by one reminiscence, which belongs as late as some of the very last of these evening sessions.

One evening my father came in from his room, which was next to that we sat in, with the London *Morning Chronicle*. He pointed out an article and said: "Read that to them, Edward; it will make them laugh." And I read the first account of *Sam Weller* as he revealed himself to *Mr. Pickwick*. Of course we all laughed, as thousands have done since. But I said sadly: "What a shame that we shall never hear of *Sam Weller* again!" This must have been in the college vacation of the spring of 1837.

I must not give the idea, however, by speaking of these evenings thus that our lives were specially artistic or literary. They were devoted to play, pure and simple, with no object but having a good time. The principal part of the attics — or, as we called them, garrets — in every house we lived in was surrendered to us boys. In Tremont Place we had the valuable addition of a dark cockloft over the garret chambers. It had no windows, but was all the better place to sit and tell stories in. Then we controlled the stairs to the roof, and we spent a good deal of time, in the summer days, on the ridge-pole. There were not twenty houses in Boston on higher land, so that from this point we commanded a good view of the harbor. I was amused the other day when an infantile correspondent of a New York newspaper asked how Napoleon could have used a telegraph before what is called Mr. Morse's invention, for as early as 1831 we read all the tele-

graphic signals of all the vessels arriving in Boston harbor, and the occasional semaphoric signals on the lookout on Central Wharf.

About the year 1830, under the pressure of the "march of intellect," were published some books for young children from which the present generation is profiting largely. There were "The Boy's Own Book," "The Girl's Own Book," "The American Girl's Own Book," and "The Young Lady's Own Book," each of them excellent in its way. I think "The Boy's Own Book," which has since been published with the double title "An Encyclopædia for Boys," led the way in this affair; and I still regard it as rather the best of the series. It had subdivisions for indoor games, outdoor games, gymnastics, chemistry, chess, riddles, riding, walking, and I think driving, boxing, and fencing. Perhaps there were more heads, but these were those which occupied our attention most. Somebody made me a New Year's present of this book in the year 1830 or 1831, and from that moment it was the text-book of the attic. Professor Andrews and President Eliot would feel their hair growing gray, if for five minutes they were obliged to read the chemistry which soaked into us from this book. Whoever wrote it still used the old nomenclature a good deal. We knew nothing of HO, and little of the proportions in which they go into the constitution of things. We read of "oil of vitriol" and "muriatic acid," and had other antiquarian names for agents and

reagents. All the same, the book gave us experiments which we could try — taught us how to manufacture fireworks in a fashion, and even suggested to us the painting of our own magic lantern slides. Our apparatus was of the most limited kind. It was a high festival day when one went down to Gibbens's grocer's shop and bought for three cents an empty Florence flask; this was the retort of that simple chemistry. In connection with this, like all other boys of that time known to me, we made what were called electrical machines, which gave us good sparks and Leyden jar shocks quite sufficient to satisfy the guests who visited us.

It is in connection with one of these machines that I remember one of my mother's gospels. I was trying to catch a fly, to give him an electric shock, and she would not permit me. I pleaded in vain that it would not hurt him, but she said: "It would certainly not give him pleasure, and it might give him pain."

My father was a civil engineer, somewhat in advance of his time. He was the first person to propose the railroad system of Massachusetts; and that system would not be what it is, but for his work for it, in season and out of season. I cannot remember the time when we did not have a model railway in the house; in earlier years it was in the parlor, so that he might explain to visitors what was meant by a car running upon rails. I can still see the sad, incredulous look,

which I understood then as well as I should now, with which some intelligent person listened kindly, and only in manner implied that it was a pity that so intelligent a man as he should go crazy. His craziness, fortunately, led his associates, and in the year 1831, after endless reverses, a charter was given for the incorporation of the Boston and Worcester Railway. In the earlier proposals for such work it was always suggested that horses should be the moving power. In point of fact the first railway, which carried the Quincy granite from Quincy to the sea, was operated by the weight of the descending trains, which pulled up the empty cars. I was with him, as a little boy, sitting on a box in the chaise, when he drove out once to see the newly laid Quincy track, and I perfectly remember his trying with his foot the steadiness of the rail where it crosses the road to Quincy. His tastes, of course, led ours. There was a lathe in the house, which we were permitted to run under severe conditions; and we very early made our own locomotives, which were propelled by whalebone springs.

But the carriage we liked most was the "float." I have never seen it in the plays of other boys, though perhaps it is well known. For a good float you want a board a foot wide, an inch thick, and four feet long. You want two rollers, which had better be of hard wood, each a foot long and an inch or more in diameter; two inches would be better than one, but you take what you can get;

a broomstick furnishes two or three good ones. Placing these rollers two feet apart on the ground, you put the float upon them, with one roller at the end, and the other in the middle. You then seat yourself carefully on the board, having two paddles in your hands, made from shingles. With these two paddles you will find that you can propel yourself over any floor of reasonable smoothness. You can even pass a threshold, and you can run into the most unexpected corners. If you have a companion on another float in the same room, you can have naval battles, or you can go to the assistance of shipwrecked crews. You can go forward or you can go backward, every now and then running a roller out, but skilfully placing it under the float at such an angle as will direct you in the way in which you wish to go afterwards. For this game or sport you should not have too many companions; you should have a good large attic or barn floor, and you should have unlimited patience. You can make a float, of course, out of a museum door, or out of any plank that happens to be going. I remember once, when we were hard pressed, one of my companions went to sea in a soap box. But what I have described is the ideal float for young people.

We played all the tame games, such as checkers, chess, loto, battledoor and shuttlecock, graces, vingt-et-un, cup and ball, coronella, and the like, but I think under a certain protest. For that matter, I danced under the same protest. I re-

garded all these as concessions to the social order in which we lived, and I obeyed that social order as I did in going to school. But precisely as I looked upon school with a certain sense of condescension, I think we all looked upon these games as being something provided for an average public, while we supposed that all children of sense invented their own games.

I have never, by the way, seen in print the statement that our teetotum games of that day were a survival of games of the same kind running well back into the dark ages. In the great German museum at Nuremberg I saw such games of as early a date, I think, as the year 1300. Any boy who will look at his teetotum game of to-day, if such things still exist, will probably find that it comes out at 63. This means that 63 is the "grand climacteric," in the old theory of the climacterics; and then, if he will look back, he will find that at 7, 14, 21, 28, and so on are the other climacterics. All this belongs to those happy ages which knew nothing of modern science.

I have stated already the absolute rule that we must report at home before we went anywhere to play after school. I think this rule affected our lives a great deal more than my mother meant it should in laying it down. She simply wanted to know at certain stages of the day where her children were. I do not recollect that she ever forbade our going anywhere, where we wanted to. But practically the rule worked thus: We rushed

home from school, very likely with a plan on foot for the Common, or for some combined movement with the other boys. We went into the house to report. There was invariably gingerbread ready for us, which was made in immense quantities for the purpose. This luncheon was ready not only for us, but for any boys we might bring with us. When once we arrived at home the home attractions asserted themselves. There was some chemical experiment to be continued, or there was some locomotive to be displayed to another boy, or there had come in a new number of the *Juvenile Miscellany*. In a word, we were seduced up into the attic, and up in the attic we were very apt to stay. I once asked my mother what she supposed the mothers of the other boys said who came home with us and partook of luncheon and entered into our affairs. She simply said that that was their lookout, it was not hers. She was perfectly ready to provide luncheon for the crowd. I rather think that the other mothers knew that the boys were well off.

There were but few companions who were admitted into the profoundest mysteries of the attic. Edward Webster was one, who afterward died in command of a regiment in the Mexican War. My cousin John Durivage was one, and there were others whose companionship was not as long or as steady as that of these two. In the year 1829 my brother Nathan, who, as I have said, was my adviser, teacher, companion, and

inspirer in everything, being three years older than myself, went to the newly established English High School for two years. Here his smattering of science and taste for mechanics were fostered, and from such a laboratory as was there he brought home suggestions for our workshop. I have always known that I am thus largely indebted, at second hand, to the suggestions which he received from Mr. Miles and Mr. Sherwin there. And this is not a bad instance of the way in which the power of a great educator extends itself beyond the lives of the pupils whom he has under his eye at school.

My father was editor of the *Daily Advertiser;* and in that day this meant that he owned the whole printing plant, engaged all the printers, and printed his own newspaper. He was never a practical printer, but, with his taste for mechanics, he understood all the processes of the business. Not unnaturally this grew into his establishing a book printing-office, which did as good work in its time as was done anywhere. The first American edition of Cicero's "Republic," after the discovery of that book in a Pompeian manuscript by Mai, was printed by him. Naturally he went forward into the study of power-press printing, and, at his suggestion, Daniel Treadwell made the first power presses which worked to advantage in this country. In the years between 1820 and 1825 the Boston Mill-dam was constructed, for the purpose of

making a water power out of the tide power of the Back Bay. My father then introduced power-press printing there, and that printing-office was maintained until the year 1836. When the time came he was president of the first type foundry in New England, perhaps in America. All the arrangements for these contrivances were, of course, interesting to his sons. So, as I have said, we had type from the printing-office, and we all learned to set type and to arrange it. When, in 1834, my brother went to college, and I was left alone, I used to repair every day to the book office for my printing, and there learned the case and all the processes of imposing scientifically. I used to work off my own books on a hand press. I have never lost the memories of the case, and am rather fond of saying now that, if it were necessary, I could support my family as a compositor.

I would not have gone into this detail but that I am always urging people to let their boys have printing apparatus in early life, because I think it is such a good educator. The absolute accuracy that is necessary is good for a boy. The solid fact that 144 ems will go into a certain space, and will require that space, and that no prayers nor tears, hopes nor fears, will change that solid fact — this is most important. I do not mean the mere convenience to an author of being able to talk familiarly with the compositor who has his book in hand: that is a good thing. But

I mean that human life in general has lessons to teach which every compositor requires which few other experiences of life teach so well. I think also that, as a study of English style, the school of Franklin and Horace Greeley is a good one.

For home reading we had the better magazines of that day, including the English *New Monthly*, which was then under the editorial charge of Campbell. We had the weekly literary newspapers which were beginning, such as the *New World*, edited by Park Benjamin; the *Spirit of the Times*, which had a great deal of sporting news; the *Albion*, a weekly which was made up of extracts from good foreign papers. I remember the issue of the last of Scott's novels — "Anne of Geierstein," "Castle Dangerous," and, "Count Robert of Paris." There was a sort of grief in the family, as if a near friend had died, or as if some one had gone crazy, when "Castle Dangerous" and "Count Robert" appeared, because they were so poor. The last part of "Harry and Lucy" was published within our day, and we read of those children almost as if they were personal friends — a good deal as a younger generation has read of *Rollo* and *Jonas*, and a certain *Susy* in the Susy books. Of course the physical science in "Harry and Lucy" had its part in our philosophical experiments. Miss Edgeworth's "Helen" was published within my memory, and we had friends who occasionally brought in letters from the Edgeworths and read them.

We were all instinct with the love of nature and of the country, and of our excursions outside the old peninsula of Boston I will say something in another chapter. But we could hardly have lived without some sort of gardening at home — certainly not under my mother's lead. In the yard at the corner of School Street there was a very, very little space where we could plant seeds, and did. I still regard bur-cucumber as my own discovery, — as I do the berries of Virginia Creeper, — and I look upon it as Sir Stamford Raffles may have looked on Rafflesia. But when we came to Tremont Place there was no such space, and we were obliged to do as they did at Babylon. We each, therefore, had on the "shed," which was made for the drying of clothes, a raisin box filled with earth for our horticultural experiments. You can do a good deal with a raisin box, if you are careful and not too ambitious. Practically I planted morning-glories along one long side, with sweet peas between. These were to climb up on the posts. There is a tradition in the family that, when I was a boy of eight, I threw over a morning-glory to a baby six or eight months old, who was being carried by in the street, whom I married twenty-two years after. I need not say that this tradition, well founded as a matter of art, was invented by myself, has no foundation in fact excepting that "it might have been." Behind the vines divide your box into even parts. The right-hand side

is for agriculture: there you will plant your radishes and pepper-grass. The left-hand side is for flowers: here you can put in four rows; for instance, touch-me-nots, flytrap, Venus's looking-glass, and ten-week stocks. I think we generally selected our seeds from something which seemed romantic in the name more than with any reference to what would be produced. I do not mean that one had the same things one summer which he had the year before.

These gardens, covering perhaps a square foot and a half each, were of the greatest interest to us. I remember we were very much amused when some children on the other side of the way, who lived in one of those elegant houses where the Bellevue now stands, whose terraces ran up the grades of the old Beacon Hill, said to us that they envied us our raisin boxes on the shed. From the same shed I observed the annular eclipse of the sun in the spring of 1829.

CHAPTER V

OUT OF DOORS

WE were close by the Common. The Common was still recognized as

1. A pasture for cows.
2. A play-ground for children.
3. A place for beating carpets.
4. A training ground for the militia.

It had served these purposes, or some of them, for two hundred years, since Blackstone had first turned in his cows among its savins and blackberries and rocks to pick up a scanty living. In modern days it had not been fenced until 1815. After the war with England there was some money left from a popular subscription for fortifying the harbor, which the Virginian dynasties had, in their way, neglected. This money was used for making a wooden fence around the Common. The rails of this fence were hexagonal — two or three inches in diameter, perhaps. If a flat side were on top, as was generally the case, it made a good seat for boys, as they sat on the top rail with their feet on the second. If the corner came uppermost it was not so good. The fence was double — inside the mall and outside. When a muster took place, or Artillery Election, or when the Sacs and Foxes danced on the Common, the space within the inner fence was cleared. Then boys and girls sat on it to witness the sports within, and those taller stood in rows behind.

There cannot be a square yard of the Common on which I have not stood or stepped, and the same could be said of most boys of that time. As for the cows, we saw but little of them. I cannot think that in our time there were ever fifty at once there. They retired to the parts near Charles Street, with which we had less, though much, to do. So did the people who beat carpets. Practically the Common was ours to work our own sweet

will upon. On musters, and on the two election days and Independence Day, we shared it with the rest of the town. On those days "Old Reed" would appear with his constable's pole; but on other days it was ours, and ours only.

Even Mrs. Child, in her *Juvenile Miscellany*, gave the impression that the coasting scene, in which the Latin School boys defied General Gage, began with coasting on the Common. But she was wholly wrong there. In 1775 no boy went out of town to coast on the Common. And the famous embassy which the Latin School boys sent to General Haldimand, to complain that their rights were violated, negotiated about a coast which went down Beacon Street, across Tremont Street, and down School Street, opposite their school. The story was told me by Mr. Robins, the last survivor of the delegation, in the year 18—.

Fifty-five years later we coasted on Beacon Street when we dared. But this was in face of the ordinances of the young city. In one of Dr. Jacob Bigelow's funny poems, printed in the *Advertiser* in 1820, he made himself our spokesman:

Mr. Heyward, Mr. Heyward, be a little kinder.
Can't you wink a little bit, or be a little blinder?
Can't you let us coasting fellows have a little fun?
Were you born old, or was 't your way all childish sports to shun?

Did you ne'er know how slick it is to coast from top to bottom?
And can't we use our ironers and planers, now we've got 'em?

Five dollars makes our pas look cross — that 's proper bad, you know;
Our youth will soon be gone, alas! and sooner still the snow.

Caleb Heyward was the police officer of the day, followed at a later time by "Old Reed.". The town needed but one.

Practically we went to the Common for coasting. The smaller boys made a coast on Park Street mall. But the great coast was from the foot of Walnut Street, where a well-marked path runs now, leaving the great elm on the right as you went down.

This may be my last chance to put on paper a note of Lord Percy's encampment. His brigade, in the winter of 1775–76, and perhaps of the previous year, was encamped in tents, in a line stretching south-west from the head of West Street. As the weather grew cold the tents were doubled, and the space between the two canvas roofs was filled with straw. The circles made by such tents and the life in them showed themselves in a different color of the grass for a hundred years after Percy's time. The line is now almost all taken up by what I may call the highway from the Providence station down town.

As the snow melted, and the elms blossomed, and the grass came, the Common opened itself to every sort of game. We played marbles in holes in the malls. We flew kites everywhere, not troubled, as boys would be now, by trees on the

cross-paths, for there were no such trees. The old elm and a large willow by the Frog Pond, were the only trees within the pentagon made by the malls and the burial-ground. Kite-flying was, as it is, a science; and on a fine summer day, with south-west winds, a line of boys would be camped in groups, watching or tending their favorite kites as they hung in the air over Park Street. Occasionally a string would break. It was a matter of honor to save your twine. I remember following my falling kite, with no clue but the direction in which I saw it last, till I found that the twine was lying across a narrow court which opened where the Albion Hotel is now. There were two rows of three-story houses which made the court, and my twine festooned it, supported by the ridge-poles of the roofs on either side. I rang a door-bell, stated my case, and ran up, almost without permission, into the attic. Here I climbed out of the attic window, ran up the roof as *Teddy the Tyler* might have done, and drew in the coveted twine. For the pecuniary value of the twine we cared little; but it would have been, in a fashion, disgraceful to lose it.

Boats on the Frog Pond were much what they are now. The bottom of the pond was not paved until 1848. There were no frogs, so far as I know, but some small horned pout were left there, for which boys fished occasionally. The curb around the pond was laid in Mr. Quincy's day, in 1823; I mean when he was mayor. To provide the

stone the last of the boulders on the Common were blasted. In old days, as appears from Sewall, they were plenty; he blasted enough for the foundations of a barn. I think the old Hancock House was built from such boulders. Among those destroyed was the Wishing Stone. This stood — or so Dr. Shurtleff told me — where two paths now join, a little east of the foot of Walnut Street. If you went round it backward nine times, and repeated the Lord's Prayer backward, whatever you wished would come to pass.[1] I once proposed to the mayor and aldermen to go round the Frog Pond nine times backward and wish that the city debt might be reduced fifty per cent. But they have never had the faith to try. Mr. Quincy proposed that the Frog Pond should be called Crescent Lake. But nobody ever really called it so. I have seen the name on maps, but it is now forgotten.

Charles Street was new in those days, and the handsome elms which shade the Charles Street mall were young trees, just planted, in 1825. By the building of the mill-dam, about that time, the water was shut out from the southern side of Charles Street. There existed a superstition among the boys that law did not extend to the flat, because it was below high-water mark. On

[1] A charming friend tells me that to repeat the prayer backward, is not to say, "Amen, ever and forever, glory and power, etc., etc.," but to say, "Thou who art not our Father, who dost not live in heaven, may thy name be cursed, etc., etc."

holidays, therefore, there would be shaking of props and other games of mild gambling there, which "Old Reed" did not permit on the upland. This was, of course, a ridiculous boyish superstition. In those days, however, we had a large number of seafaring men, who brought with them foreign customs. Among others was the use of "props," a gambling game which the boys had introduced perfectly innocently as an element in playing marbles. I dare say people played props for money on the dried surface of the Back Bay.

Of all the entertainments of the Common, however, nothing, to our mind, compared with the facilities which the malls gave for driving hoop and for post-offices. The connection of the two may not be understood at first, and I will describe it. When the season for driving hoops came round — for, as Mr. Howells has remarked, such things are regulated by seasons as much as is the coming of apple blossoms — we examined last year's hoops, and, if they had come to grief, Fullum negotiated some arrangements by which we had large hoops from sea-going casks. I see none such now. These hoops were as distinguished in their way as Sufiol is to-day in hers (1892). My hoop was named Whitefoot. With these hoops it was our business to carry a daily mail.

The daily mail was made chiefly from small newspapers, which were cut from the leading columns of larger ones. In an editor's house we

had plenty. The Quebec *Gazette* was specially chosen, because its column head was a small copy of its larger head, and squares cut from that column made very good little papers. With a supply of these folded, we started at the head of Park Street, two or three of us, secret as the grave, to leave the day's mail.

No, I will not, even after sixty years, tell where those post-offices were. I have no doubt that the ashes of the Quebec *Gazette* are now fertilizing some of those elms. But one was near Joy Street, one was in a heart which some landscape gardener had cut in the turf near Spruce Street, one was half-way along Charles Street. They were holes in the ground, or *caches* between the roots of trees. At each was a box — or, in one case, two tight-fitting oyster shells — which received the mail. From it the yesterday's mail was taken to the next office.

When the mail-riders with their hoops arrived at one of these post-offices they threw themselves negligently upon the ground, as if tired; but one dug with care for the box buried below. Of course he found it, unless some fatal landscape gardener, of whom the Common knew but few, had interfered. When found, the paper or letter from the last office was left here, the sods or stones or sand were replaced, and the cautious mail-riders galloped on. At the end of a winter the chances were worse for finding a mail, or after a long rain or vacation.

There was then no mall on Boylston Street. The burial-ground, with a brick wall, ran close to the street, and there was no sidewalk on that side, so that we generally crossed by the line of Percy's encampments. And to all boys, I imagine, that little corner where the deer park is was comparatively little known.

It is, however, a waste of honest paper to be telling of such trifles about the Common, when its great importance was as a training field, or for holidays, as one may read in Sewall's Diary, and in the old votes of the town. There were four holidays in the year — 'Lection proper, Artillery Election (generally called 'Tillery 'Lection), the Fourth of July (called Independence Day, I think, more than it is now), and, in October, Muster, or the Fall Training. By good luck, of course, Lafayette might come along, or General Jackson, or the Sacs and Foxes might dance, but these could not be expected.

Since I first printed these notes, a dozen letters have informed me that people have forgotten who the Sacs and Foxes were. The Sacs and Foxes were an important branch of the great Chippewa race, and they lived in Northern Illinois, in the region which is now called Wisconsin, and farther north. Under the lead of Black Hawk, a famous fighter, and Keokuk, they made head against the settlers in that region, and their power was only broken by a military campaign, in which the United States Army repressed them. It was then

thought that it would be a good thing for the Indians of the frontier to show them the greatness of the cities of the East. So Black Hawk and Keokuk and some other braves were brought round from Washington to the Northern cities, and they appeared in Boston in the autumn of 1838. Governor Everett received them at the State House, and they made speeches to him, and he made speeches to them. After this they danced a war dance, or what was called such, on the Common, to the great delight of all the people of the neighborhood.

And alas! by a utilitarian revolution, in 1831, the real old Election Day was changed from the last Wednesday in May to the 1st of January. When my father confessed to me that he had himself voted for the change in the constitution of Massachusetts, I think he did it with a certain shame. I was at that time nine years old, so that I could not rebuke him as the vote seemed to require. But he knew, and they all knew, that if the vote had been submitted to the children of Boston, no such innovation would have been made.

Unlearned readers, unhappily not born in Massachusetts, must be informed that, under the first charter of Massachusetts, "yearly once in the year forever after, namely, the last Wednesday in Easter term yearly, the Governor, deputy governor, and assistants of the said company, and all other officers shall be in the General Court duly chosen." Under the charter of the province,

given by William and Mary, the last Wednesday in May was fixed for the beginning of the political year; and when the constitution of the State was made, in 1779, the same date was retained. The General Court then met — that is the name to this day of the legislature of Massachusetts; in the first charter it meant what we should call a stockholders' meeting. In old days the General Court elected the Governor on this day; so Winthrop, Dudley, and all the early governors were elected. Under the constitution the election returns were examined on this day, and perhaps reported on. Anyway the legislature met, referred them to a committee, and, under escort of the Cadets, who were the Governor's guard, they marched to the Old South Meeting-House to hear the election sermon.

With these intricacies of government I need not say the boys of Boston had nothing to do. What was truly important was the festivity, principally on the Common, of Election Day. Early in the morning, perhaps even Tuesday evening, hucksters of every kind began to put up their tables, tents, and stalls on each side of the Tremont Street mall, and, to a less extent, on the other malls. On the Common itself a mysterious man — in a mysterious octagonal house painted green and red, as I remember — displayed camera views of the scene. Of these I speak from hearsay, for I never had money enough to pay for admission to this secret chamber.

I found in Hawthorne's "English Note-book" some curious bits of information about fairs in England, which reminded me, queerly, of some of these customs of our New England holidays on the Common.

To prepare for these festivities every child in Boston expected "'Lection money." 'Lection money was money given specifically to be spent on the Common on Election Day. The day before Election my mother sent Fullum to the office for three or four dollars' worth of silver; for she knew that all her train of vassals, so far as they could pretend to be children, would expect "'Lection money" from her. First, she had her own children, to whom she gave twelve and a half cents each. There was a considerable number of nephews and nieces who might or might not look in; but if they did, each of them was also sure to have a "ninepence," which was the name given to the Spanish piece which was half a "quarter dollar." American silver coinage was still very rare.

It may be of use to young orators, getting ready to speak on the silver question, to know that when, in 1652, the colony of Massachusetts Bay assumed the royal privilege of the mint and coined its own silver, the leaders thought they could keep this silver at home by making the coin two-thirds the weight of the king's silver. The Massachusetts shilling, therefore, was two-thirds the weight of the English shilling. Six shillings went to the

Spanish dollar. It proved that Spanish coin became very largely the currency of the colonies, and so of the States, for long years after independence. We took the Spanish dollar for our unit when we made a national currency. Twelve and a half cents of that currency, the old Spanish real piece, became worth ninepence in the Massachusetts standard; and fourpence-halfpenny and ninepence, the half-real and real of the early time, were the coins most familiar to children. The "piece of eight" in "Robinson Crusoe" is a dollar piece, amounting to eight of our ninepences. Old-fashioned New Englanders will to this hour speak of seventy-five cents as "four-and-sixpence," or of thirty-seven and a half cents as "two-and-threepence." These measures are in pine-tree currency.

To come back to Election money. Other retainers expected it. There were families of black children, who never appeared at any other time, who would come in with smiling faces and make a little call. Mother would give each one his or her ninepence. On the other hand, if in the street I happened to meet an uncle, he would ask me if I did not want some Election money, and produce his ninepence. I never heard of "tipping" in any other connection, except when a boy held water for a horse as you rode anywhere; then you always gave him a bit of silver or a few cents.

Thus provided with the sinews of war, we went

up on the Common with such company as might have happened along — girls with girls, and boys with boys. The buying and selling were confined almost wholly to things to eat and drink; though there is a bad story told of me, that, having gone out with a quarter of a dollar one morning, I spent the whole of it for a leather purse, into which, for the rest of the day, I had nothing to put. This is my experience of Ben Franklin's whistle. Certain things were sold there which we never saw sold anywhere else, and which we should never have thought of buying anywhere else. Boston was then in active trade with the West Indies, more than it is now. You could not bring bananas in the long schooner voyages of that time, but we had cocoanuts in plenty, and occasionally a bit of sugarcane. I do not think I had ever seen a banana when I was twenty years old.

It happened oddly enough that tamarinds, in the curious "original packages," were always for sale, and dates, of which we did not see much on other occasions. At home we never had oysters, I believe because my father did not like them; but on the Common we could buy two oysters for a cent, and we ate them with rapture. To this day I doubt if a raw oyster is ever as good, as it was when eaten under the trees of Park Street mall, with vinegar and pepper and salt *ad libitum*, and this in May! Candy of all kinds then known was for sale, but the kinds were limited. There was one manufactured form which, I am sorry to

say, has died out. One or two dealers sold large medals of checkerberry stamped with a head. Whom this originally represented I do not know, but very early we all said it was John Endicott, because he was the first Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and we called them "John Endicotts." I advertised in a newspaper, a few years ago, for anybody who knew how to make these things, but I had no answer. You would see sailor-looking men eating lobsters, but those we were quite sure of at home. Ginger beer and spruce beer were sold from funny little wheelbarrows, which had attractive pictures of the bottles throwing out the corks by their own improvised action. You might have a glass of spruce beer for two cents, and, to boys as impecunious as most of us were, the dealers would sell half a glass for one cent. Why we did not all die of the trash which we ate and drank on such occasions I do not know. But we are alive, a good many of us, to tell the story to this hour.

In all this we had little thought or care for the election itself. Independence Day passed in much the same fashion. I remember, as I returned home from the Common, having expended every cent of my money, one Independence Day, I saw a procession of children going into Park Street Church. To see a church open on a week-day was itself extraordinary. To see children going in procession into a church was more extraordinary. With a disposition to find out what was

going on I followed in the train, and went into the gallery. We were not orthodox at our house, but I had been in that meeting-house before. I soon perceived that this was a Sunday-school entertainment, at which I remained as long as seemed pleasing to me, and then retired. I have no recollection of anything that passed there, but, by putting the dates together, I am fond of believing that then and there I heard Dr. Smith's national song, "My Country, 't is of Thee," sung for the first time that it was ever sung in public. Possibly my untrained voice joined in the enthusiasm of the strain.

It was at one of the first of the elections after the anniversary had been changed to January that an event took place which made quite a mark in the local history, and to which boys attached immense importance. Governor Lincoln had been escorted to the Old South Meeting-House by the Cadets, whose force was not large at that time. The escort had opened to the right and the left for the civic procession to pass in, and then, instead of following them, had repaired to the Exchange Coffee-House for refreshment. The commander had left a messenger, who was to inform him when the sermon approached its close, so that he might be ready with the escort at the door of the church to go back with the Governor to the State House. Unfortunately the preacher wound up too suddenly, the hymn which followed the sermon was too short, and when the Governor, who was the

prince of punctilio in such matters, came, with the council and the legislature, to the door, there was no escort. Governor Lincoln walked up Winter Street with the gentlemen of his personal staff, but without any Cadets. The colonel of the Cadets arrived at the church a minute too late. He put his men at double quick, and they fairly ran up Bromfield Street, and came to the corner of the Common in time to meet the Governor, and presented arms. But the Governor declined to recognize his escort, and proceeded on the sidewalk to the State House or his lodging-house, with the melancholy Cadets following as they might. A court-martial ensued, of which the proceedings are in print; and military circles and the circles of school-boys were highly excited about it. It was one of the fortunate events of my early life that I stumbled on the Governor and his staff as they walked up Winter Street on that fatal occasion.

On the evening of Independence Day there was sometimes a display of fireworks on the Common; but the science of pyrotechnics was then but little advanced in America, and there was much more waiting than there was exhibition. My recollections of these displays are of our always leaving to go home, tired out, before the successful pieces were shown. To the boys and girls of to-day it will be interesting to know that the pieces were set up either for spectators who stood on the hill and looked down toward St. Paul's Church, or near the foot of Walnut Street for groups of spectators

below, who were to look up to them there. The entire absence of trees from the Common inside the malls, enabled those in charge to make the stages for the fireworks just where they pleased.

The military system of the State in those days required two annual parades, in which every militiaman should appear with his gun and other equipments. It is by a comparatively modern arrangement that the State or the United States furnishes the arms for the militia. Under the simpler arrangements of the colony, and of the State at the beginning, every man who considered himself a man was obliged to have a gun, a cartridge-box, a belt, a "primer,"[1] and the other necessaries for an infantry soldier. We therefore had, in the attic, Fullum's gun, cartridge-box, and primer, which made good properties, in any theatricals which required the presence of an army. My father had been a member of the New England Guards, but his gun was kept in their armory.

These arms the militiaman bought with his own money, and he must produce them once a year for inspection. I believe that they were shown at a certain spring meeting, to which comparatively little attention was given by boys. But in the autumn, every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, unless he were on the list of "exempts," had to appear in person, with his gun, belt, and cartridge-box, to show that the common-

[1] Pronounce i as in "pine."

wealth had him as a soldier, and that he knew something of the art of arms.

Young men who had a real interest in the military art did as they do now. They volunteered into what were called the "volunteer companies," or sometimes the "flank companies." These companies had uniforms, had generally their own separate charters as fusileers, rangers, light infantry, or guards; they were proud of their history; the State or somebody provided them with armories — generally over Faneuil Hall — and they had frequent parades, while they had sufficient instruction for keeping up their military discipline. All this was precisely as uniformed militia companies exist to-day. But now the other militiamen are simply on a certain register, which they never see and of which they know nothing — though they are counted to the credit of Massachusetts in the quota which exists at Washington. Then, the militiaman had to appear and show himself; and this he did at the annual training. A man knew to what company he belonged. He was notified that he must attend at a certain place on the morning of the Fall Muster; he did attend there, and thence he marched to the Common for the fall training.

The military zeal of the War of 1812 had not wholly died out, but there was beginning to be a suspicion that the conditions of peace were such that it was not necessary for every man to be trained to arms. A certain ridicule, therefore,

attached itself to what was called the "militia" in distinction from the "volunteer companies." Occasionally a militia company, under spirited lead, tried to distinguish itself by its drill, but this seldom happened. Old Boston people will remember a joke of that time about the Berry Street Rangers. The particular company, which met in front of Dr. Channing's church in Berry Street, chose one year as their captain a gentleman who, they thought, would let them off lightly. But he interested himself at once in bringing up the company's equipment and drill, and gave them the name of the Berry Street Rangers, so that for some years we heard of their exploits in one way or another.

The interest among young men which now goes largely to the keeping up of military companies was then expended in great measure on the volunteer fire department. Still, when the fall training came, the interest of the boys was naturally in the companies which were in uniform; and when the parade was formed on the Common these companies always held the right of the line, either by courtesy or because they were entitled to it by law. According as the major-general commanding had more or less enthusiasm there would or would not be a sham fight. The whole Common was cleared for these exercises. Of course a considerable detail of melancholy sentinels was required to keep the boys from running in, and the principal fights, sham or real, on these occasions, were their contests with these sentinels. But as the

army to be reviewed really amounted to nearly one-third of the men of Boston, even after this large detail of sentries, there would be a considerable force in the field. It seems to me that the line always extended, with its back to the Tremont Street mall, for the whole length of that mall. The reviewing officers would pass it, as in any review to-day, and then the sham fight would begin. We boys, sitting on the fence, criticised the manœuvres of this Waterloo, with such information on tactics as we had got from reading Botta's "History of the American Revolution" or Cæsar's "Commentaries on the War with Gaul." I recollect a sham fight in which the hill — still fortified, as I have said — was defended against an attack. It appears to me, however, that the attacks were generally made by the whole force against an unseen enemy. This mode of fighting has its advantages. Practically, however, after the Rangers had been thrown out as skirmishers, and the different companies had moved backward and forward across the Common, at about five in the afternoon the whole line was formed again, and a discharge of blank cartridges began, which lasted till all the cartridges of all the soldiers were burned up. I say all the cartridges, but we would solicit Fullum to slip one or more cartridges into his pocket instead of firing them off, and on rare occasions he succeeded in doing this. Then there were superstitions that individual soldiers were afraid to burn their cartridges, and dropped them

surreptitiously on the grass, so that, the next morning, we always went over to the Common to see if we could not find some of these. I cannot recollect that any boy ever did. The actual presence of war, as it showed itself in this discharge of powder, was of course very attractive, and "Muster" had a certain value which belonged to none of the other holidays of the year.

There was great antipathy in the ruling circles at our house to boating, in any of the forms then pursued in the harbor. On the other hand, my father and mother were both country bred, and, as I believe I have said, my mother was very fond of flowers. As soon as spring opened, in the earlier days, father and mother went to drive very often on Thursday and Saturday afternoons. This drive was taken in the chaise, and, for the purpose of the ride, a little seat was fitted in, which was in fact a trunk, in which mother brought home any wild flowers which she picked. On this trunk one of "us four" went, in a regular order laid down by the Medes and Persians. This entertainment of a holiday was one of the great joys of my early life. But, for the half-holidays which were not thus provided for, my brother and I took care by using "the means which God and nature put into our hands." That is to say, we walked out of town to such woodland generally as we had not explored before, until we were personally acquainted with the whole country for a circle of five miles' radius around the State House.

An enterprising English surveyor named John G. Hales had lived in Boston long enough to make a good working map of the suburbs of Boston. He printed a little book, still known to the curious, on that region. He was rather in advance of the times, I suppose, and when he succumbed to adversity, my father bought from him all the plates and drawings of his different maps. Among these was the map of Boston and vicinity, which is still a good map, and is still regularly stolen from by anybody who wants to publish such a map, without much regard to any copyright which existed in the original surveys. Two or three times new editions of this map were published, and in such a case "we four" generally had more or less to do with the painting of the different towns, so that their lines might be the better designated. It thus happens that at this moment I could pass, with some credit, any competitive examination which should turn on the township lines of the various towns within fifteen miles of Boston.

But the personal knowledge, gained by tramping through the interior circle of such towns, was worth much more than the painting. The Hales map indicated the several pieces of scrub woodland which were then left, and to such woodland we boys regularly repaired. I need not say that such expeditions were encouraged at home. Whenever we chose to undertake one, two cents were added to our allowance for the purchase of luncheon.

We always kept for such expeditions what were

known as phosphorus-boxes, which were the first steps in the progress that has put the tinder-boxes of that day entirely out of sight. Most of the young people of the present day have not so much as seen a tinder-box, and I do not know where I should go to buy one. But, in the working of the household, the tinder-box was the one resource for getting a light. We boys, however, with the lavishness of boys, used to buy at the apothecary's phosphorus-boxes, which were then coming in. We had to pay twenty-five cents for one such box. These boxes were made in Germany; they were of red paper, little cylinders about four inches high and an inch in diameter. You could carry one, and were meant to carry it, in your breast pocket. In the bottom was a little bottle which contained asbestos soaked with sulphuric acid, and in the top were about a hundred matches, made, I think, from chlorate of potash. One of these you put into the bottle, and pulled it out aflame. We never should have thought of taking one of these walks without a phosphorus-box. When we arrived at the woodland sought we invariably made a little fire. We never cooked anything that I remember, but this love of fire is one of the earlier barbarisms of the human race which dies out latest. I suppose if it had been the middle of the hottest day in August we should have made a fire.

So soon as the morning session of school was over, in the summer or autumn months, if it were

a half-holiday, we would start on one of these rambles. Sometimes, if the walk were not to a great distance, we invited, or permitted, the two girls to come with us. We had a tin box for plants, and always brought home what seemed new or pretty. On rare occasions, when we had made up a larger party, we took the "truck" with us, that we might treat any weaker member of the party to a ride. The truck was quite a fashionable plaything at that time; I do not see it much now, excepting in the hands of boys who have to use it for freight. But in those days boys rode on trucks a good deal. A truck was a pair of wooden wheels on a stout axle — generally not stout enough — with two thills, in which the boy harnessed himself by the simple process of taking hold of them with his hands. If he chose to be jaunty he had twine reins passed under his arms, that the person who sat on the seat of the truck might pretend to be driving.

When, in 1833, the Worcester Railroad was opened, this walking gave way, for a family as largely interested in that railroad as we were, to excursions out of town to the point where the walk was to begin. The line to West Newton was opened to the public on the 7th of April, 1833, but from the day when the *Meteor*, which was the first locomotive engine in New England, ran on her trial trip, we two boys were generally present at the railroad, on every half-holiday, to take our chances for a ride out upon one of the

experimental trips. We knew the engine-drivers and the men who were not yet called conductors, and they knew us. My father was the president of the road, and we thought we did pretty much as we chose. The engine-drivers would let us ride with them on the engine, and I, for one, got my first lessons in the business of driving an engine on those excursions. But so soon as the road was open to passengers, these rides on the engine dropped off, perhaps were prohibited. Still we went to Newton as often as we could in the train, and afterwards to Needham. There were varied cars in those days, some of them open, like our open trolley-cars of to-day, and all of them entered from the side, as in England up to the present time. After this date our long walks out of town naturally ceased. Nothing was more common in our household than for the whole family to go out to Brighton or to Newton, and, with babies and all, to establish ourselves in some grove, where we spent the afternoon very much as God meant we should spend it, I suppose; returning late in the evening with such spoils of wild flowers as the season permitted.

More methodical excursions out of town took forms quite different from what they would take to-day. At our house the custom was to deride canals in proportion as we glorified railroads. All the same, I think in the summer of 1826 — still recollected as the hottest summer which has been known in this century in New England — it was

announced one day that we were going to Chelmsford, and that we were going by the canal. I have no recollection of the method by which we struck the Middlesex Canal; I suppose that we had to drive to East Cambridge and take the *General Sullivan* there. The *General Sullivan* was what was known, I think, as a "packet-boat," which carried passengers daily from Boston to the Merrimac River, where the name "Lowell" had just then been given to a part of the township of Chelmsford. Mr. Samuel Batchelder, the distinguished engineer and manufacturer, to whom New England owes so much, was one of my father's most intimate friends. He was engaged in some of the first works at Lowell, and, by way of escape from the heat, father had arranged with him that the whole family should go down to the tavern at Chelmsford and spend a few days.

The present generation does not know it, but travelling on a canal is one of the most charming ways of travelling. We are all so crazy to go fifty miles an hour that we feel as if we had lost something when we only go five miles an hour. All the same, to sit on the deck of a boat and see the country slide by you, without the slightest jar, without a cinder or a speck of dust, is one of the exquisite luxuries. The difficulty about speed is much reduced if you will remember, with Red Jacket, that "you have all the time there is." And I have found it not impossible to imagine that the distance over which I am going is ten

times as great as in fact the statistical book would make it. Simply I think a man may get as much pleasure out of a journey to Lowell on a canal which is thirty miles long as he may out of a journey of three hundred miles by rail between Albany and Buffalo. But this leads into metaphysical considerations which do not belong to the boyhood of New England.

What did belong to it was a series of very early reminiscences which have clung to me when more important things have been forgotten. Fullum, of course, was of the party. He would spring from the deck of the *General Sullivan* upon the towpath, and walk along collecting wild flowers, or perhaps even more active game. I have never forgotten my terror lest Fullum should be left by the boat and should never return. When he did return from one of these forays he brought with him for us children a very little toad, the first I had ever seen. My mother put him in her thimble he was so small. Not long after we heard that a delicate friend of hers had taken cold because she put on her thimble when it was damp. With a child's facility, I always associated the two thimbles with each other; and I think I may say I never see a little toad now, without imagining that he is carrying the seeds of catarrh or influenza to some delicate invalid.

We stayed at the old tavern on the Merrimac, which, I suppose, was long ago pulled down. A story of that time tells how Mr. Isaac P. Davis,

who was, I think, one of the proprietors of the locks and canals which made Lowell, went to this same hotel with a party, and inquired what they were to have for dinner. The keeper said that a good salmon had come up the river the night before, and he proposed to serve him — with which answer Mr. Davis was well pleased. Later in the morning he said he should like to see the salmon. But the man only expressed his amazement at such folly on the part of a Boston man. "You don't suppose I would take him out of the water, do you? He is in the water at the foot of the falls, and has been there since last night. When it is time to cook him, I shall go out and catch him."

CHAPTER VI

THE BOOKS IN THE ATTIC

THERE were, in ordinary life, but six books in our attic. The house, below us, was full of books. Most of the books published in America were sent to my father for review in the *Daily Advertiser*. There were not as many books published in the world then as are published now. He also had a well-selected library of general literature. In this collection we roved at will, and when we were downstairs we read everything.

But upstairs, in our attic, which was exclusively ours, we had but six books, or, for one period, seven. We did not select them. They selected

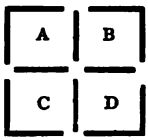
themselves. They came there by the Divine Law of Selection. Indeed, there was not room for many more, certainly not time.

For the attic was our workroom and playroom. No lights were permitted there. Practically, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, we were at school till dark. We never went to the attic on Sundays. So that, for all we had to do, there were only the two hours before dinner and after twelve, and the holy Wednesday and Saturday afternoons — holy indeed, holidays in which was so much to be done! You do not read many books when there is so little time. Think of it, only two half-holidays in a week, with so much to do!

Do you wonder that we always disliked schools! How horrible it was when once in two winters dancing-school came in and gobbled up Wednesday and Saturday! I have hated waltzing, from this association only, since those days. So much to do, and to have to go to school Wednesday and Saturday afternoons!

Nor was there much room for books. I have lately revisited the attic, by the kindness of a gentleman who now occupies it as a part of his architect's office. It was fifteen feet square. It had then a sloping roof, and in a part of it one could not sit erect. What matter! — he could lie on his back, if he had to be there. In the higher part a pair of "parallel bars," for exercise, occupied a space eight feet by three. A Luthern

(*Luzerne*) window gave the most available space. If the printer will kindly make for me a little map — though I know he will hate to: have I not set type myself? — if he will kindly make me a little map from twelve em-dashes, I can explain how the floor of the attic divided itself.



C. Hall of entrance.
A. Luthern window.
B. Under sloping roof.
D. Parallel bars.

Give about seven feet square for each of these imagined subdivisions, and you will see that there was not much room for books in the attic.

Nor was much room needed. There were but two of us — with occasional sisters. Ocasionally, also, we had John and Tom as guests, and welcome guests. I remember others as unwelcome. They did not fit in, and things had to be explained to them. Where there was so little time and so much to do, we wanted only those who could catch on, as John and Tom could.

For we had perpetual motion to discover; we had to make locomotives from whalebone, ribbon rollers, and spools; we had the dolls' school-room to furnish; many magnetical discoveries to make with black sand — anticipating Tesla and Roentgen; we had to illuminate the room with gas —

made sometimes from turpentine, sometimes from "sea coal," as, like Shakespeare, we called it. We had to make Leyden jars and to communicate by telegraph, sometimes across the attic, sometimes with Point Alderton, ten miles away. We had plays to act, scenery to paint, parts to learn, to abridge, and to expand. We had two weekly newspapers to edit. We had many experiments to try on the strength of materials. We had to calculate the weight of air so that our balloons should be of the right size. We had naval battles to fight in floats on the floor. We had to paint portraits on the walls of our belles and their friends, and landscapes representing the places we visited in summer. There was no regular order assigned for these duties. But, like all duties, they were imperative.

It will be seen that they required some books of reference. But, as has been said, there was not room for many.

For these purposes — by the law of selection, as has been said also — six books had provided themselves. They were:

1. Scott's minor poems — one thin volume in boards — of which the longest was "Search after Happiness."

2. "Scientific Dialogues."

3. "Harry and Lucy."

4. [One hesitates before he writes so great a name.] "THE BOY'S OWN BOOK."

5. "The Treasury of Knowledge."

6. That Central Book in Modern Literature, the book which explains all other books to those who cannot understand them without; the book which should have for itself a separate table, shelf, or case,

"ROBINSON CRUSOE."

Sometimes there was a stray second volume of "Don Quixote." I do not know where it came from, or where it went to. But there it was — and it did its part, and did it well.

It is of these six books, or, if you please, these six and a half, that you may now read a few words, if you choose.

1. And, very briefly — as we say in sermons — of dear Sir Walter, save him God!

The Critics may pooh-pooh as they choose. He has been, is, and ever will be Poet of Boys — and that is what he would wish to be.

Of course we knew half "Marmion" by heart, and a quarter of "The Lady of the Lake." We capped verses a great deal with the girls, and in stress of E's we were glad to give

Each had a boar-spear, tough and strong —

it was good enough poetry for us. It told what was. But most boys had not read "The Sultan of Serendib" and "MacGregor's Lament," and knew "Pibroch of Donald Dhu" only because it was in "Mother Goose." Why? Heaven only knows!

I have never seen another copy of that Philadelphia edition of those Poems. Ours was yellow,

with many stains on the covers from wet retorts which had been set on it when they were cooling. But though it was dirty, it was good. And we did not have our books for their covers. Glory and honor and immortality be to dear Sir Walter!

2. "Scientific Dialogues" had been used in the High School. It had been extolled in "Harry and Lucy." Even then we knew that half of it was wrong. Now I suppose that they have proved that half the other half is wrong.

But certain Eternal Truths, made out by Isaac Newton and others, will always prove true. And these were in Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues"— are now, if a copy lingers in any archæological museum.

And a few Eternal Truths are excellent for boy or man to possess and build upon.

3. "Harry and Lucy." Not the first part. That is only for children. The last three volumes, published in 1825 for the first time. The volumes which have JOY, JOY, JOY in them, and the tragic narrative of Harry's burn.

4. "The Treasury of Knowledge" was a very curious collection, published by Connor & Cook in New York, in the infancy of American publication. I never saw the first volume till I picked it up a few years ago in a second-hand book-store. But the second volume contained a Dictionary of Quotations, Sir Richard Phillips's "Million of Facts," and Knapp's "American Biography"— three wholly different books bound in one volume.

It was the "Million of Facts" which we loved most. Into the "Million of Facts" somebody, I know not who, had crowded a brief and inaccurate sketch of American History, and a history of American Literature. For these we did not care; but the hocus-pocus of what were called "facts," on what was called Opticks with a *k*, and Chymistry with a *y;* on the Vegetable Kingdom and the Animal Kingdom; on Mathematicks and Physicks, both with *k*'s; on Astronomy and Atmospheric Phenomena; on Acousticks and Physical Geography; in fact, on everything in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth — this "million of facts" found their fit places in youthful minds.

Truth is truth, and truth knows truth; so that fully nineteen-twentieths of these facts, being inaccurate lies of the lowest order, sank to their places. Gradually notes in pencil, by different authors, got themselves written in above and below, on the right hand and on the left hand. The inconsistencies of the book itself were thus explained, as when on one page the weight of air was represented as a thousand times as much as on another page. But, take it for all in all, it was an excellent thing that we had this brief book of reference, which would answer our questions, or would try to answer them in its poor dumb way, without our having to go downstairs to bother our mother or Fullum. My heart warmed to Jacob Abbott when I learned that his children

had a cyclopædia of their own. The existence of that cyclopædia, which I dare say had its demerits, accounts for the Abbott family of this generation, and for much of the generation bred by him and them.

5. Now let me speak, with bated breath, of the dear "Boy's Own Book." If I had seen Nansen before he started, I would have asked him to look at the North Pole to see if there were a copy there, for I cannot find a copy anywhere now in the world. There is another book with the same name, but it is not the dear "Boy's Own Book." The accurate Allibone omits it from his catalogue; it is always "out" when I go for it to the Public Library. My copy, I suppose, has long since fed the eagles and the condors, and apparently nothing is left of it but these loving impressions which it has made on grateful memory. Who made the "Boy's Own Book" I do not know, and I wish I did; I would write his grandson the most grateful letter that he has ever received. Some poor book-hack, I suppose, in London, was hired by some unsentimental publisher, who gave to him this admirable name which sombody else had invented, and bade him make this cyclopædia, as it was called, of all knowledge for boys.

So, somewhat in the inaccurate style, let me confess, of dear Sir Richard Phillips's "Million of Facts," the "Boy's Own Book" told us what boys should know. It told about checkers and chess and magic lanterns. It told about fencing and

swimming and riding and walking. It told about making carriages that would run up hill or down hill, as they were wanted to. It had its chapters on chemistry, as the other book had; and the chemistry was such as to make the technological schools of to-day go crazy! But we did not care whether it spoke of the oil of vitriol or of sulphuric acid; under one name as under the other the magic liquid would make holes in our clothes, or stain Sir Walter Scott!

This unknown hack, as I irreverently call him, had put at the head of the respective chapters some charming verses. None of these verses are now to be found in Bartlett, I do not know why. I shall say to Mr. Bartlett, the first time I see him, that he would have been well employed if he had hunted them all to their origin.

> To teach his grandson draughts, then,
> His leisure he 'd employ,
> Until at last the old man
> Is beaten by the boy.

This with a charming little drawing — I wonder if George Cruikshank himself did not make it — of the boy pointing scorn in the grandfather's face. Then these wonderful lines:

> Somebody and Somebody, Effingham and Doyle,
> In their own sphere by Biddle were outdone.
> They all with pen or pencil solved their problem,
> He with no aid but wondrous memory.
> They in maturer years acquired their fame,
> He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Bidder, be it known to this generation, was an eminent boy calculator of the beginning of the century. He appears, alas! in no biographical dictionary that I can put my hand upon. Who Effingham and Doyle were I know no more than this reader, nor do I care, nor who were the Somebodies, whose names I have forgotten. The mathematical problems which this chapter started us upon, and the encouragement which it gave to youngsters — as, indeed, the whole book did — all this is as fresh now as it was then. It was whispered that in the English edition there were chapters which were left out in the American edition; and one day Edward Webster brought round the English edition, to our astonishment. But little did we heed this; there was more in the American edition than we could digest with our limited resources. We imagined ourselves riding on those matchless chargers. We tried the swimming experiments at Braman's Baths or whenever we were in the country. In short, if we were not Admirable Crichtons, all of us, it was not because the Boy's Own Book did not show us how. Let me hope that the boys of to-day have books half as good; I am sure that they have none better.

6. As for Robinson Crusoe, this writer has devoted many separate articles to explain to an ungrateful world how much it owes, has owed, and will owe to that central book of the literature of England. There is a new Life of Daniel Defoe every five years, of which the first object is to

show that the last Life is all wrong. You might say that one school of English critics think that Defoe was either a fool, a liar, or a knave, while the other school thinks that England owes to him more than she does to any other man. But both schools have to admit that he wrote Robinson Crusoe. I believe that Robinson Crusoe is the only book of which, in the great libraries, they do not attempt to give a history of the editions. There are too many editions for that. Every publisher in England or America who receives orders from retail dealers finds it worth his while to have his own plates of Robinson Crusoe, from which to execute his own daily orders, without sending to any other manufacturer for the book. Some people would think it dangerous to ask whether more copies have been printed of the English Robinson Crusoe or of the English Bible. Nobody need be alarmed, for there is not one word in Robinson Crusoe but is pure and strong, and alive with that Life which it is the best business of the Bible to quicken. It turns out, as I send this page to press, that the book has its value in the Venezuelan Controversy.

Defoe himself said that Robinson Crusoe was but a parable relating the changes of his own moral and spiritual growth. But no one has been able to work this out; indeed, I do not think the modern biographers love their hero enough to try to.

It is very curious that Robinson Crusoe lands

upon his island at the very moment when the English Commonwealth expires; and that he returns to England, after his stay of nearly a year in Lisbon, the week before William III.'s Convention Parliament assembled. This is a very remarkable coincidence. It seems to imply that Defoe meant to take Crusoe away from England for all the years when England was under the rule of Monk or of the Stuarts.

A friend to whom I read these lines says, "Robinson is a man without a country, not only because he went back on his country, but because his country went back on him."

7. As for the half-book, the second volume of "Don Quixote," I will not trust myself to say anything now. Mr. Sedgwick, in his charming article published in the *Atlantic* has shown, better than I could show, the value of that great romance in the forming of the character of boys. I will not add a word to his admirable criticism.

CHAPTER VII

SOCIAL RELATIONS

I AM painfully aware that, to the diligent reader of the last two parts of this historical study, it may seem as if the boys described were a sort of Robinson Crusoe and man Friday who lived alone on their happy island. I feel as if I had spoken as though there were an occasional invasion of sav-

ages or Spaniards, but that practically we had little to do with the outside world. This is by no means true, and I will now try to give some idea of the social conditions which surrounded boyhood in Boston in the years between 1826 and 1837. For we were "in the swim," as the current expression puts it, and no countenance would have been given to us, either in any shyness or for any arrogance which kept us out of it.

I have already said that, while on the most cordial terms with our school companions, it seemed as if we left them in another world as soon as school was over. As I have said, I think the reason was that most of the fathers of the other boys were in mercantile pursuits, and the boys' business, therefore, called them quite regularly to the wharves to inspect the large foreign trade of Boston. As it happened, our father was in other affairs, and, as naturally, these attracted us.

In an old New England family, church-going, of course, was an element which had a great deal to do with social life. I was carried to "meeting" on the fourth Sunday after I was born, and was christened at the same time with two or three other children. I afterwards knew their names. They were in families with whom we were well acquainted, and to this hour that mystic tie seems to form a relationship between me and them and their children. I have to this moment a little bit of yellow paper which is, I fancy, the first document but one among the memoirs which form my

biography. It is the bill of the "stable man" who sent his carriage on this occasion. "For carrying three to meeting, sixty cents." My poor nine or ten pounds of avoirdupois went as nothing to the hack-driver, and no estimate is made of the cost to him or to the community of the carrying to "meeting" of the person who was, as I must still say, the most important individual in the transaction.

In those days children were taken to church for regular attendance very early. I do not see any children in my own church who are as young as those who went or were taken then. On our annual visits to Westhampton we were always interested because the young mothers carried their babies to "meeting," at all ages. They did not like, I suppose, to stay at home when all the men "went to meeting," and accordingly they went with the children. If a baby cried the mother got up, carried it out, and sat on the steps of the meeting-house until the ebullition of feeling was over, when she returned. But this was rather edifying as an interesting curiosity to us Boston children. No babies were carried to Brattle Street Church except for baptism; but as soon as the children could walk, and be relied upon not to cry, I should think the custom began. Such reliance was sometimes misplaced. I am so unfortunate that I do not remember ever hearing Dr. Channing preach; but it is among the disgraceful records of my life that once, when my mother thought she would hear him, and, because Brattle Street Church was

being painted, went to Federal Street, she took me with her. She sat with friends, far forward in the broad aisle, and I, dissatisfied with the interior arrangements of the church, I suppose — probably dissatisfied because I was not where I was used to be on Sunday — wept with such loud acclaim that in the middle of the service she was obliged to rise and take me out of the church. I think it was the last experiment of the sort that she tried. In fact, we were very loyal to our church. I think all people were loyal to the churches they went to. And to such unfortunate loyalty I owe it that, while I knew Dr. Channing personally, and he was very kind to me as a boy, I never had the pleasure of hearing him preach, excepting on the occasion named, although I was twenty years old when he died. I have, more than once, heard him speak, but never from the pulpit.

We "went to meeting" morning and afternoon always, and so, I am apt to think, did all respectable people; certainly in the earlier part of those years. I know that I never observed any distinction between the size of the congregation in the afternoon and that of the morning. I know that any person who had been seen driving out of town on Sunday, either in the morning or in the afternoon, would have lost credit in the community. Frequently Mr. Palfrey, the minister, would say, at the end of the morning's sermon, "I shall continue this subject in the afternoon." He did so with the perfect understanding that he would have

the same hearers. I wonder, in passing, whether that phrase "my hearers" is as familiar to young people now as it was then. It was a bit of pulpit slang, such as one never hears in a lecture-room or in a political meeting. The people, instead of being addressed as "you" or as "friends," or as "members of the Church of Christ," were spoken to as "hearers." I doubt if I ever hear that word now without giving it a certain ecclesiastical connection.

It was a wonder to me then, and has been ever since, why the hour and a quarter spent in "meeting" of a Sunday morning seemed as long as the four hours spent in school every other morning. I was early aware of the curiously interesting fact, which nobody has ever explained to me, that the afternoon service was ten minutes shorter than the morning service; but why that hour and five minutes should seem as long as the three hours spent in school of an afternoon I have never known, and do not know now. Besides these two services, we had the Sunday-school. It seems to me it was always after the afternoon service; I know it was in the earlier days. A Sunday-school then was a very different thing from what it is now. Then you were expected to learn something, and you did. For my own part, I have often said, and I think it is true, that fully one-half of the important information which I now have with regard to the Scriptural history of mankind — with regard to the history of the Jews, for instance, or the travels of Paul right and left, or anything else

which can be called the intellectual side of the Bible — was acquired in Brattle Street Sunday-school before I was thirteen years old. We had little books which contained facts on these subjects. We had to study these books as we did any other school-books, and we recited from them as we recited any other lesson. I do not think there was much said or thought about making Sunday-school agreeable to the children. We were told to go, and we went; we were told to learn a lesson, and we learned it. As I observe Sunday-schools now, this has been driven out, and driven out, I believe, by the pressure of the week-day school system — a pressure which I am always fighting against in every quarter without any success. For myself, I liked to go where my brother and sisters went. They went to the Sunday-school, so I expressed a wish to go.

Pupils were received there then, on the 1st of January, and on the first Sunday of the year 1827 I presented myself with the rest. But it proved that the rule of the school was that no one should be admitted before he was six. I suppose they did not want children who could not read. I could read as I have said, as well as I can now, and I was disgusted, therefore, when I was rejected on examination. I rather think I was the only child in New England who was ever told that he must not go to Sunday-school. But I was sent away on the ground that I was not six years old. I went home with the others, saying, "It is a pretty way to hear a fellow say his catechism by asking him, 'How old are

you? 'How old are you?' 'How old are you?'" And I was not permitted to go for the next year. I had already taken the first steps in the catechism. I had learned in words what I probably knew already—all, indeed, that is very important to learn in the business of theology.

Such was going to meeting on Sunday. I suppose the sons of Episcopalian families spoke of "going to church," but we did not in my earlier childhood. I make the note here, however, for the benefit of "Notes and Queries," that, in Boston, the meeting-houses were always called churches from the very beginning. I think they were not in other parts of Massachusetts. In Hales's map of this neighborhood, of the date of 1826, you will see "Rev. Mr. Gray's M. H.," "Rev. Mr. Gile's M. H.," meaning "meeting-house" in each instance.

Of week-day exercises connected with churches Boston knew almost nothing, not even in Evangelical circles. The fact was known that there was a chandelier in the Old South Church, but I do not think the chandelier was often lighted. When Park Street Church was built, as a sort of banner of a stricter dispensation for latitudinarian Boston, it had arrangements for lighting the church for an evening service. But this was all a heresy to the old Boston Puritan, whether he were Evangelical or Unitarian.

For the original theory of the Puritans is that the family is the church, and that each family is a church. The father of each family is a priest,

and is competent to carry on worship. Accordingly he does carry on worship in the morning and in the evening; and any proposal for an evening service anywhere else was regarded by the old Puritans as being, to a certain extent, an innovation, because it broke up that family worship which was so essential in their plan. I think that in every family of which I had any acquaintance the forms of family worship were maintained in this earlier period; every morning certainly, and probably every evening. When, therefore, the religion of Connecticut was introduced into Boston by the building of Park Street Church, and by the arrival of my children's great-grandfather, Lyman Beecher, and the custom of an occasional evening service on Sunday or on a week-day came with it, it was considered as an entire innovation by old-fashioned Boston. It was quite as much an innovation as calling an Episcopal minister a "rector" is now to old-fashioned Episcopalians, or as having lighted candles in the daytime would be at Trinity. To the last moment of its conscious existence the West Church was never arranged for evening service; and at this moment you will find, in old Boston families, the habit of going to visit one another on Sunday evening, but not of going to church. Where people go to church steadily on Sunday evening you may generally guess that they are not of old Boston or Essex County blood.

In the interior of the State, as at my grandfather's, for example, the observance of "the Sab-

bath" stopped at sunset. For instance, we watched at his house for the sun to go down on Sunday afternoon, and then brought out our little cannons and fired a *feu de joie* in honor of its departure. We then played blindman's-buff all Sunday evening, and this in the parsonage of a stiff Calvinistic minister. No such excesses as this would have been permitted in Boston. But gradually Sunday evening concerts came in, if only they were religious concerts; and the Händel and Haydn Society, I think, would hardly have been in existence now but for the midway opportunity which Sunday evening gave for their performances. The theatres, on the other hand, were compelled to be closed on Saturday evening and on Sunday, until a period later than that I am describing, when some of the more enterprising managers defied the State and the city, and our statutes were changed so that performances on Saturday evening were possible. After they had gained the point as a matter of right I think they generally found it more convenient to have the performances of Saturday in the afternoon. Our present statute, which defines the Lord's Day as from midnight to midnight, is as late as 1844. Before that time there were certain restrictions on Saturday evening, such as the theatrical licenses indicated.

Perhaps the great central day which gave distinction and hope to the duty of going to meeting was the proclamation of Thanksgiving. Let me describe a scene in Brattle Street Meeting-House.

The time is the middle of November, on a Sunday morning. A boy of four years old, who has the fortunate privilege of sitting on the cross-seat of the pew, is the person who describes, after sixty-six years, what he remembers. Be it understood by architectural readers that Brattle Street Meeting-House was a fine old church in Boston, built after the best traditions of Wren's churches in London. It has been well said that in the social life of London in the days of Wren there were reasons for the high walls, as they might be be called, which in those churches concealed the worshippers in one pew from those in the next. Whatever was the reason, such high pew walls were the effect. The little boy, whose self and successor is now trying to reproduce him, could sleep, if he chose, extended on the cross-seat with his head in his mother's lap, while she listened to the minister. I will not say that on this particular day, he, or I, had been asleep. What is important to the present business is that she whispers to him that he had better listen now, for the minister is going to read the proclamation. The boy stands up on his seat, and with that delight with which even conservative childhood sees any custom defied watches with rapture Mr. Palfrey unfolding the large paper sheet, which might have been a large newspaper, and sees the sheet cover even the pulpit Bible.

Mr. Palfrey is a young man of thirty or thereabouts, who is afterwards to be the distinguished

Dr. Palfrey, a leader of the Anti-Slavery opinion of Massachusetts. He reads the Governor's proclamation with sense and feeling, so that even a child follows along, about the taking care of the poor, the happiness of home, but specially about the success of the fisheries. It is only in the latest times that any Massachusetts Governor is so disloyal to that ocean from whose breasts she has drawn her life that he fails to mention The Fisheries in his proclamation. But home, poor people, fisheries, and all sink into their own insignificance when with resonant voice the minister ends — with the grand words:

Given in the Council Chamber at Boston, in the year of our Lord, 1826, and of the Independence of the United States the fiftieth.

LEVI LINCOLN, *Governor.*

This fine relationship between "Thanksgiving Day" and "Independence Day," of which the glories, six months ago, are a certain hazy dream, is not lost upon the child. And then follow the words, most grand in all rituals:

By his Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

EDWARD *D.* BANGS, *Secretary.*

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS!

That words so inspiring, pronounced with such a clarion voice, should be uttered in a church on Sunday — this was indeed something to fill high

the cup of wild, intoxicating joy. That Edward D. Bangs, the secretary, should be sitting himself, watching, as it were, his own petard, on the other side of the aisle, with his finger resting on his right ear, in a peculiar manner such as was unknown to others — he clad in a brown coat with a velvet collar — that he should see and hear all this unmoved — this added to the grandeur and solemnity and high dignity of the whole. A certain emphasis on the D added to the effect. The minister said that, in accordance with the instructions of the Executive, the church would be open on Thanksgiving Day, and that, before that day — namely, on the next Sunday — a contribution would be taken for the poor. The boy asked his mother if he might bring some money — and was told that he should have a fo'pence for the occasion. "Fo'pence" in the language of the time meant fourpence-halfpenny of the currency of New England. But New England, though she coined threepences with her own pine-tree, never coined fourpence-ha'penny pieces. She used instead the half-real of the Spanish coinage. The boy was to put in the box, and did put in for many years at Thanksgiving, one of these coins, small to kings, but almost the largest known in familiar use to children.

Passing by the contribution, and the vague ideas which the children had of the immense results to be obtained by the distribution of their wealth among the poor, I will come directly to

Thanksgiving Day itself. Had we children been asked what we expected on Thanksgiving Day we should have clapped our hands and said that we expected a good dinner. As we had a good dinner every day of our lives this answer shows simply that children respect symbols and types. And indeed there were certain peculiarities in the Thanksgiving dinner which there were not on common days. For instance, there was always a great deal of talk about the Marlborough pies or the Marlborough pudding. To this hour, in any old and well-regulated family in New England, you will find there is a traditional method of making the Marlborough pie, which is a sort of lemon pie, and each good housekeeper thinks that her grandmother left a better receipt for Marlborough pie than anybody else did. We had Marlborough pies at other times, but we were sure to have them on Thanksgiving Day; and it ought to be said that there was no other day on which we had four kinds of pies on the table and plum pudding beside, not to say chicken pie. In those early days ice creams or sherbets or any other kickshaws of that variety would have been spurned from a Thanksgiving dinner.

Every human being went to "meeting" on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, the boy of four years included. At that age he did not know that the sermon was, or might be, political. Still an attentive ear might catch words from the pulpit which would not have been heard on Sun-

day. It was when all parties came home from "meeting" that the real festival began. Not but what frequent visits to the kitchen the day before had familiarized even Young Boston with the gigantic scale on which things were conducted. For it was the business of the kitchen, not simply to supply the feast in that house but the other feasts in the houses of feudal dependents of different colors, who would render themselves for their pies and their chickens.

The hours absolutely without parallel in the year were the two hours between twelve and two. We were in our best clothes and it was Thanksgiving Day. We therefore did not do what we should have done on other days, and we were the least bit bored by the change. On other days we should have gone and coasted had the snow fallen; or we should have gone into the "garret" and fought an imaginary battle of Salamis on the floats. But this was Thanksgiving Day, and we therefore went into the best parlor, not very often opened, and entertained ourselves, or entertained each other, by looking at picture-books which we could not always see. The Hogarths were out, the illustrated books of travel, the handsome annuals which were rather too fine for our hands at other periods. We were in the position of the boy and girl invited to a party where they know nobody, standing in a corner and pretending to be interested by photographs. But before a great while the cousins would begin to arrive, and then

all would be well. The cousins also were in their best clothes, to which we were not accustomed. But if we could show them the Hogarths, or they could tell us some experience of theirs in private theatricals, then the joys of society began. And at two the party, larger than we ever saw it at any other time, went into the back parlor, where the large table was set. Observe that this large table never appeared, unless the "club" met with my father, except on Thanksgiving Day. Christmas Day, as a holiday of this sort, was absolutely unknown in this Puritan family.

There would be a side-table for the children at which the oldest cousin in a manner presided, with his very funny stories, with his very exciting lore about the new life on which he was entering, either in the first class at the Latin School or possibly after he had left the Latin School. Occasionally the revelry at the side-table became so loud that it had to be suppressed by a word from the elders. At the elders' table great talk about genealogy: whether Gib Atkins did or did not leave a particular bit of land to certain successors who now own it; whether the Picos and the Robbs were on good terms after the marriage of one of them to an Everett. I will say, in passing, that, as we grew older, we children had the wit to introduce these subjects for the purpose of seeing the mad rage with which different aged cousins advanced to the attack, as a bull might to a red flag.

It may readily be imagined that, with twenty or thirty guests and the innumerable courses, the company, who were indeed in no haste, sat a good while at the table. This was one of the marvels to us children, that it was possible to be at dinner two hours. There was no desire to slip down from the chair and go off to play. There was no soup dreamed of, and I think, to this day, that there never should be any at a Thanksgiving dinner. Neither did any fish follow where no soup led the way. You began with your chicken pie and your roast turkey. You ate as much as you could, and you then ate what you could of mince pie, squash pie, Marlborough pie, cranberry tart, and plum pudding. Then you went to work on the fruits as you could. Here, in parenthesis, I will say to young Americans that the use of dried fruits at the table was much more frequent in those days than in these. Dates, prunes, raisins, figs, and nuts held a much more prominent place in a handsome dessert than they do now. Recollect that oranges were all brought from the West Indies or from the Mediterranean in sailing vessels, and were by no means served in the profusion with which they are served now. It has not much to do with a Thanksgiving dinner, but bananas as I have said above, somewhere, were wholly unknown.

With such devices the children at the side-table and the elders at the large table whiled away the time till it was quite dark, and it might well be

that the lamps were lighted. Observe, gas was wholly unknown in private residences. And when at last the last philopoena had been given between two of the children, or the last "roast turkey" had been broken out of an English walnut and saved as a curiosity, all parties slid from their chairs, or rose up from them, as the length of their legs might be, and adjourned to the large parlor again.

At the bottom of my heart I think that here came a period in which the elders quailed. I think it was rather hard for them to maintain the conversation about genealogy and lost inheritances. But we children never quailed. We either returned to the picture-books or we sat in the corner and told stories, or possibly the expert cousins, who were skilled in the fine arts, drew pictures for us. I have not the slightest recollection, either at that first Thanksgiving or on any subsequent Thanksgiving of childhood, of any moment of tediousness or gloom, such as I have since found to hang over even the bravest in the midst of a high festivity. Before long we would be in the corner playing commerce, or old maid, or possibly "slap everlasting"; or the Game of Human Life would be produced, with the teetotum, and one would find himself in the stocks, or in a gambling-room, or in prison perhaps, or happily, at the age of sixty-three years, in glory. Memorandum: It is seven years since I passed that grand climacteric of 7 x 9 with which the teetotum games ended, and I am not in glory yet,

unless the beauty of an October day, when leaves of gold shine out between me and the blue heavens may be considered glory enough for one who believes that this world was made by a good God.

There was nothing to prevent blind-man's-buff, but that the elders had to have their share of the room. In later days charades came in, and it is now forty years since I have assisted at a Thanksgiving, without annually acting the part of *Young Lochinvar*, or *Lord Ullin*, or of the "Captain bold of Halifax." But this I did not do when I was four years old. Of those first Thanksgiving Days my memories are simply of undisguised delight. I wonder now that I did not die the day after the first of them from having eaten five times as much as I should have done. But there seems to be a good Providence which watches over boys and girls, as over idiots and drunken people. This is sure, that I have survived to tell the story.

Social existence in all forms of civilization requires a certain knowledge of dancing; and in conventional civilization this dancing is, alas, not left to the spontaneous joy of children, but, willingly or unwillingly, they have to be taught to dance. This fell upon us as upon other children, and to the very end of his life Mr. Lorenzo Papanti, cordial, graceful, and dignified old man, remembered kindly that I was one of the first four pupils whom he had in Boston. He has become so far an historical character to many of the best in

Boston that the reader will excuse me if I give a few words to his dancing-school. It was in Montgomery Place, now Bosworth Street; I think in the very house which was removed to open the passage through to what we called Cooke's Court, and what the present generation calls Chapman Place. It was in the third story of that house, where a partition had been cut away to make a hall large enough for a dancing-school. The papering at one end still differed from the papering at the other. To this hall of Terpsichore I repaired with three others, and we were the only pupils on the first Thursday afternoon of our attendance. On the next Saturday there arrived more, one of them one of my brothers in baptism, of whom I have already spoken; and from that time the school increased, and, as one is glad to say, maintains at this moment, under the direction of another generation, the high and well-deserved regard and esteem of everybody in Boston who knows anything about it. This hall was near our house, so that we could always go on foot. But there was a rather tragic story in the family of the school of M. Labassé, to which my older brother and sister went, which was so far away that they had to be sent in a carriage. Unfortunately in the jolting of the carriage they were shaken off the seats, and they were so small that they could not climb up on them again before they arrived at their destination. Thus early was the art of graceful movement impressed upon them.

For me, dancing-school shared in the dislike

with which I regarded all other schools. Dear Mrs. Papanti — I remember her with gratitude to this moment — did her best for me, but never was a pupil less likely to add to the reputation of an institution. The school was afterwards removed to Bulfinch Place, where the Papantis had an elegant house. I was at that time bribed to attend by being told I might take a book with me to read. One afternoon, when the boys were carrying on awfully, dear Mrs. Papanti bore down upon us, and said, "Why is it that Master Hale is so quiet, while Master Champernoon behaves so badly?" and looked over my shoulder, to see that I was reading "Guy Mannering." "Ah!" she cried, "I will give Master Champernoon a set of the Waverley novels if he will behave as well as Master Hale does!" But alas, Master Champernoon was one of the boys who enjoyed dancing, and wanted to dance, and had unwarranted arrangements with the girls with regard to partners, and so on, while Master Hale detested the whole thing. Good soul, she did her best in dragging me about, as a favorite pupil, in the waltz; but my poor head swam, and I think my partners, from that day to this, have generally preferred to "stand through a waltz," when they have found the alternative was sharing it with me.

All this led, of course, to little evening parties of the boys and girls, just as it does now. The boys would stand at the foot of the stairs and in

the entries, just as they do now, and maiden aunts would make incursions upon them to tell them that they must take partners, just as they do now. They took these partners, and then retired from the field to similar clusters, to be broken up again, just as they do now.

I have tried to describe in my story "East and West" the way in which refreshments were generally served at evening parties, unless these were on the grandest scale. There would frequently be such a party without a proper supper-table. I believe this was largely due to the fact that, in very few houses in Boston then, was there a special dining-room. People dined in their back parlors, and when the house was given up to dancing the back parlor was not available as a supper-room. At the simpler parties to which boys and girls went, in place of the supper a little procession of servants brought in large trays with cake of different kinds, even with ice cream, perhaps with jelly or blanc mange, with wine or lemonade; and these processions recurred half a dozen times in the course of the evening.

Another function which brought young people together, and brought them together with older people, was the arrangement for evening lectures. These were much more familiar and homelike than the lectures of to-day, to which we go hardly with any idea of social enjoyment. But, as I have intimated, the "march of intellect" had begun. One feature of the march of intellect was the in-

troduction of lectures for people who wanted to learn something. They were exactly what is called the university extension system to-day, which I observe, however, is spoken of everywhere as if it were an entirely new invention. A lecture course is now undertaken by a director, or *entrepreneur*, who means to provide entertainment for the people. He does not pretend to teach the people; he proposes to entertain them. Therefore, if his course consists of eight lectures, he provides eight different entertaining speakers; and this makes almost a class of men, each of whom has a few entertaining addresses prepared with this definite purpose. But in the earlier days of what we called the lecture system, or the lyceum, a body of public-spirited men, who really wanted to improve the education of the community, banded themselves together into a society for that purpose. This society, among other instrumentalities, established courses of lectures, generally in the winter, for the instruction of the people.

In Boston such lectures had been heralded by courses arranged by individuals. Dr. Jacob Bigelow had courses on botany; Henry Ware gave a course of very popular lectures on Palestine; Edward Everett delivered lectures on Greek antiquities; and there were other similar courses, just as there might be now, if anybody would attend them. The success of these courses showed that a systematic arrangement might be

made for courses of popular lectures in the evenings, and such were, in fact, carried on by different societies for a period of years. They culminated in the great success which Mr. John Lowell, Jr. achieved, in the establishment of the Lowell Institute; and I suppose it was this foundation which broke down at once all weaker foundations with the same purpose. It does its work so well that nobody in Boston need have any tears for them. I remember the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, the Mercantile Library Association, the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association, the Natural History Society, and the Historical Society, as maintaining such courses of lectures as I describe. There would be from ten to fifteen lectures in a course. The tickets for the cheapest were fifty cents a course; for the others they were a dollar, or even two dollars. At our house this made no difference, because tickets to everything — concerts, lectures, and the rest — were sent to the newspaper office, and practically we children went to any such entertainments as we liked.

One of these societies would arrange a course of lectures. The whole course might be on chemistry. I remember such a course from Professor Webster. It was conducted with all his brilliant power of experiment, and listened to with enthusiasm by four or five hundred people. I remember another course by John Farrar on the steam-engine. I heard in the Useful Knowl-

edge course several of Mr. Waldo Emerson's biographical lectures. The Useful Knowledge course would be perhaps on Tuesday evening, the Mercantile Library on Wednesday, the Mechanics' on Thursday. Eventually halls were built specially for such lectures. There was one favorite hall in the Masonic Temple, which is now occupied, as rebuilt, by Messrs. Stearns. I suppose this hall would hold five hundred people. The seats rose rapidly, as in the lecture-room of a medical college, so that people could see all the experiments or pictures on the platform.

To such an entertainment you went, and if you were old enough you took a friend of the other sex. You arrived there half an hour before the lecture began, and walked from seat to seat, talking with the people whom you found there. After the lecture had gone on half an hour or more there was a recess, and again you walked about from seat to seat, perhaps chose another seat, if the first had not been satisfactory. At the end of a lecture of maybe an hour and a half in length you went home with anybody who chose to invite you. At the house you went to there was the invariable dish of oysters, or crackers and cheese, or whatever was the evening meal of that particular evening. And thus the lyceum lecture of that time played a quite important part in the social arrangements of growing boys and girls.

Of its advantage as a system of instruction I can say hardly too much. Of course the

instruction given was superficial. I have lived seventy years in the world, and I have never found any instruction that was not superficial. But it was instruction; it was instruction given by first-rate men, who knew how to teach; and it was systematic instruction. The lecturer of to-day takes an epigrammatic phrase for his subject, as he calls it; it is the "Philosophy of Mathematics," or it is the "Mathematics of Philosophy." He speaks well, he brings in interesting stories, he gives a little information, and the public which sees him and hears him is amused. Someone asked James Russell Lowell once whether he supposed that the average audience of an interior town in New York cared much for Beaumont and Fletcher. He said very frankly: "I do not suppose they care for Beaumont and Fletcher at all. But I suppose they have heard of me and want to see me, and a good way to see me is to pay for my lecture, sit in front of me, and see and hear me for the hour in which I am reading something which interests me." This is very genuine; it is all right; it is a good bit of public entertainment for people who have been tired to death by the work of the day. But it is not instruction. Dear Starr King used to say: "A lyceum lecture consists of five parts of sense and five of nonsense. There are not more than five people in New England who know how to mix them. But I am one of the five." All lecturers do not keep to his recipe.

On the other hand, I believe that if we could wipe out the whole nonsense of the evening lessons from the school curriculum; if we could make teachers teach, where now they simply hear the lesson which somebody else has taught; if then we would reserve our evenings for instructing intelligent boys and girls in the fundamental principles of a good many things which are best taught by lectures, I believe that we should improve the system of public instruction to-day. It would require a good deal of work on the part of a great many intelligent people. Possibly some time there will be a school committee which will think such an enterprise worthy of attention.

A few years ago I looked in, late in the evening, upon a pretty little party of one of the largest classes in my own Sunday-school. I met there perhaps thirty of the sweetest and most charming of the younger women in Boston. They had assembled at the invitation of their teacher, who had recently travelled in the East, and they had been spending the evening in conversation with one another and with her, and in examining the curiosities, and especially the photographs, which she had brought from Egypt, Syria, and Greece. In this large and brilliant company I was the only gentleman. At half-past ten, after a little supper, we all gathered to go home. Comparing the detail of Boston life with what it would have been fifty years before, I was interested to see that these young ladies all went home without escort

from the other sex. Some of them had ordered their carriages; many took street cars, which passed the house in one direction or the other, and which would leave them within a block of their own residences. It is certainly highly creditable to Boston that a body of women, young or old, can use the evening in such a way, and can disperse to their homes at such an hour with no companionship but what they give to one another, and with no hazard of insult.

But I thought then, and I have often said since, that such a social order was wholly unlike the social order in which I grew up. When I was a boy of eight, or nine, or ten, no sister of mine would have gone to take tea with a friend but one of her brothers would have been detailed to go for her and bring her home at eight or nine o'clock. I am quite clear that in those days the life of young people involved a great deal more of the visiting of both sexes together than it does now. I do not mean to speak of the life of boys of fifteen years old and over. I speak of the life of boys of all ages, from five or six years upward.

The function of tea-parties was quite different from that of dinner-parties. You would invite two or three boys and girls who were friends of your children to come and take tea, where now you would hardly invite children of the same age to come and dine. Now if this function happened to be exercised in the house of old-fashioned people it had some rather queer attendants — or what

would seem queer to the boy of the present day. For instance, one of the relics of Revolutionary times was the general impression that no boy could ever serve his country, unless he were trained as a public speaker. I think this is true now, and it was known to be true then. Consequently when you were at such a party as I have described, the evening's entertainment of playing old maid, teetotum games, jack-straws, or whatever might occupy the young people, would be interrupted, from time to time, by an appeal to the boys of the party to "speak a piece" for the benefit of the elders. There was a certain compliment implied in being asked to "speak a piece," but it was not a great compliment, for every boy was asked, not to say compelled, to do so. It would have been bad form to decline to speak, quite as much as it would be to sit at a dinner-table and decline to eat anything before you, as if it were of a quality poorer than that to which you were accustomed.

Accordingly you had one or two "pieces" in mind which you were prepared to "speak." When you were called upon — when the old ladies, at their side of the room, had made up their minds that it was time for this exercise to go forward — you were told, "Master Edward" (or Master Oliver, or Master Alexander), "the company would like to have you speak a piece." You demurred as little as you could, you went into a corner, you made a bow, and you spoke a piece. You then went back to your cards or other enter-

tainment. I do not remember that the girls sang songs, as it seems to me they should have done, under the circumstances.

At such a little party, again, invariably the tray was brought in as the evening went by, and you ate the nuts and raisins or figs, which were generally something you did not have at home. Perhaps this is always one of the charms of social life.

There may be, by the way, no other opportunity in these papers to quote the amusing passage from Dr. Palfrey on salt codfish. It is in his admirable chapter on New England life, in which he followed the example of Macaulay's celebrated chapter describing the family institutions of England.

Forty years ago I was so situated as to know uncommonly well the habits of different classes of people in different parts of the country. Till a later period than this the most ceremonious Boston feast was never set out on Saturday (then the common dinner-party day) without the dunfish at one end of the table; abundance, variety, pomp of other things, but that unfailingly. It was a sort of New England point of honor; and luxurious livers pleased themselves, over their nuts and wine, with the thought that, while suiting their palates, they had been doing their part in a wide combination to maintain the fisheries and create a naval strength.

There was one function of those days which has been admirably improved in the customs of later

days. Franklin left a small fund to the city, to be expended in medals for the most deserving scholars. The Franklin medal was first awarded in 1792, is awarded to the present time, and is a good badge of honor to the genuine Boston boy. The school committee and the government of the city dined together, on the day of the school anniversary, in Faneuil Hall, and the boys who received the Franklin medals were then first initiated into the forms of a public dinner. There must have been some sort of a procession — I do not know, for I never had a Franklin medal — and the boys sat in Faneuil Hall and heard the speaking. But as years went on, after the time of which I speak, and particularly after the girls began to receive city medals, it was seen that a much pleasanter entertainment could be devised for the children than a feast at which the officers of the city government took the principal part, and in which almost all parties drank more wine than was good for them. And in these later days the mayor holds a great reception in the large Mechanics' Hall; he gives to every graduating girl a bouquet, and the boys and girls dance together to music which the city provides. I mention the contrast, because I am quite sure that in the years between 1826 and 1837 there would have been a religious prejudice in some quarters against dancing, which would have prevented any such public celebration.

The boys were in touch with the large public in their unauthorized and unrecognized connection

with the fire department. Boston was still a wooden town, and the danger of fire was, as it is in all American cities, constantly present. There hung in our front entry two leather buckets; in each of them was certain apparatus which a person might need if he were in a burning house. Strange to say, there was a bed-key, that he might take down a bedstead if it were necessary. These were relics of a time when my father had been a member of one of the private fire companies. In those associations each man was bound to attend at any fire where the property of other members of the association was in danger; and there were traditions of father's having been present at the great Court Street fire, for instance. But these fire clubs either died out or became social institutions, as the Fire Club in Worcester exists to this day; and nothing was left but the bucket as a sort of memorial of a former existence.

Before our day the volunteer fire department system of Boston had been created, and there were similar systems in all large cities. Of course we boys supposed that ours was the best in the world; each boy in Boston supposed that the engine nearest his house was the best engine in the world, and that, on occasion, it could throw water higher than any other engine. It could likewise, on occasion, pump dry any engine that was in line with it. I need not say that these notions of the boys were simply superstitions, wholly unfounded in fact. Our engine was the

New York. The engine-house was one of a curious mass of public buildings that occupied the place where Franklin's statue now stands, in front of what was the court-house of that day. There was no electric fire alarm in those early days. The moment a fire broke out everybody who had any lungs ran up the street or down the street, or both ways, crying "Fire!" and as soon as the churches could be opened, all the bells in Boston began to ring. Then the company which was to drag the *New York* to the fire began to assemble at its house, and naturally there was great pride in seeing that your engine was first in place. You learned where the fire was, not by any signal, but by the rumor of the street. It was at the North End, or at the South End, or on the wharves, or on "Nigger Hill." As soon as boys and men, of whatever connection, arrived, sufficient in combined strength to drag the engine, it started, under the direction of such officer of the company as might be present. The members of the company had no uniforms, so far as I remember; they joined the lines as quickly as they could, but there were always enough people to pull. As I have intimated, it was everybody's business to attend at the fire.

When you arrived at the spot there would be a general caucus as to the method of attack, yet I think there were people in command. Afterwards a gentleman named Amory, highly respected by all of us, was chief engineer. Whatever the caucus directed was done, with as much efficiency as

was possible under such democratic institutions. But, in the first place, the probability was that there was no water near. The Jamaica Pond aqueduct carried water in log pipes to the lower levels of the city; but, for fully half the city, there was no such supply, and wells had to be relied upon. Every engine, therefore, which was good for anything, was a "suction engine," as it was called; that is, it was able to pump from a well, as well as able to throw water to an indefinite height. The engine that arrived first repaired to the well best known in that neighborhood, or, if the occasion were fortunate, to the sea, and began to pump. The engine that arrived next took station next to this, and pumped from it through a long line of hose; and so successive engines carried the water to the place where some foreman directed it upon the flames. It was thus that the different engines attained their celebrity, as one pumped the tub of another dry, while the unfortunate members were "working the brakes" to their best to keep it full.

The buckets of which I have spoken were the remains of a yet earlier period, when people formed themselves in line to the well or to the sea, and passed buckets backward and forward — full if they were going toward the fire, empty if they were going away; and the water was thus thrown upon such flames as chose to wait for it.

When one writes this, one wonders that Boston was not burned down four times a year; indeed, there were many bad fires in those days. The

system called out some of the most energetic and public-spirited young fellows of the town, and after a while they were exempt from service in the militia. Well they might be, for their service as firemen was far more valuable to the community, and far more oppressive in time and health, than any service in the militia of those days. They felt their power, and asserted it once too often. In the mayoralty of Mr. Samuel A. Eliot a company did something it should not have done, or refused to do something it was told to do; with a firm hand, he turned them all out, and created the system of the fire department of to-day, in which every man is paid for his services, and may be regularly called upon, whether he will or no, as a servant of the city. The introduction of steam fire-engines, and a sufficient supply of water, would in themselves have been enough to revolutionize the whole of the primitive method of extinguishing fire, had no such revolt of the fire-companies compelled a revolution.

I need hardly say that the old method interested to the full every boy in town. If his father and mother would let him, he attended the fire, where he could at least scream "Fire!" if he could not do anything else. If a boy were big enough he was permitted almost to kill himself by working at the brakes. This was the most exhausting method for the application of human power that has been contrived; but there was power enough to be wasted, and, until the introduction of steam, it was every-

where used. It is still used on board ships which have no steam power. Every enterprising boy regarded it as the one wish of his life that he might be eighteen years old, so that he could join the fire-company in his particular neighborhood; and even if he had not attained that age, he attached himself to the company as a sort of volunteer aid, and, as I say, was permitted, as a favor, to assist in running through the streets, dragging at the long rope which drew the engine.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WORLD NEAR BOSTON

THE Broad Street Riot, so called, on the afternoon of June 11, 1837, was an event which of course had great interest for the boys of the period. It was the fortune of very few of them, however, who were decently brought up, to have any hand in that conflict; for, as I have said in another chapter of these recollections, people in those days went to "meeting" as regularly in the afternoon as they did in the morning.

If there should be need to-day for the sudden appearance of the military forces of Boston on a Sunday afternoon, I think that the officers of those forces would be looked for quite as readily at the Browning Club or a chess club, or possibly even exercising their horses somewhere within ten miles of Boston, as at any place of public worship. But

my whole personal recollection of the Broad Street Riot is that, of a sudden, the bell of Brattle Street Church struck "backward," and the gentlemen who were of the First Regiment rose and left their seats, and went down to the armory at Faneuil Hall to join their companies, not to say lead them. It was said, and I believe truly, that a sergeant formed the first men who arrived in skeletons of companies, and in a skeleton of a regiment. George Tyler Bigelow, afterwards chief justice of the Supreme Court, was the first commissioned officer who arrived. He was a lieutenant in the New England Guards or the Light Infantry. He ordered the regiment out of the armory, and commanded it till he met a superior officer. The story was that the command changed half a dozen times before the regiment reached Broad Street, where firemen and Irishmen were fighting. Of which I saw and remember nothing. But the departure of those gentlemen from church, whom we would have joined so gladly, fixed the whole affair in our memories. In a boy journal of the time, I find the comment, after I had read the newspaper account, "The Irish got well beaten, but the firemen appear to have been as much in the wrong as they."

In all these reminiscences I am well aware that our lives were much less affected by the daily news from abroad than are the lives of people now. Certainly Boston regarded itself more as a metropolis than it does now. And for this there

was good reason: for Boston had much less connection with the rest of the world than it has now. It had a foreign commerce, and the average boy expected to go to sea some time or other. But I recollect times when a vessel from England brought thirty-five days' news; all through the time of which I am writing it took three days for a letter to go to Washington; and although people no longer offered prayers for their friends when they were going to New York, still a journey to New York was comparatively a rare business. In my third year in college I wanted to send a parcel of dried plants to a botanist in New York. There was no proper "express," and I asked it as a personal favor of a young man named Harnden, whom I knew as a conductor on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, that he would give the parcel to someone who would give it to someone else who would give it to my correspondent. It was because Mr. Harnden had so many such personal favors in hand that he established Harnden's Express, which was, I think, the first of the organized expresses which existed in this country.

I find it difficult to make the Boston boy or girl of to-day understand how different was Boston life, thus shut in from the rest of the world, from our life, when, as I suppose, at least one hundred thousand people enter Boston every day, and as many leave it for some place outside.

As late as May, 1845, when I was twenty-three years old, I had an engagement to go from Boston

to Worcester Saturday afternoon. I was to preach there the next day. When, at three o'clock, I came to the station of the Worcester road, there was an announcement that, from some accident on the line above, no train would leave until Monday. The three o'clock train, observe, was the latest train of Saturday. I crossed Boston to the Fitchburg station and took the train for Groton or Littleton. There I took a stage for Lancaster, where I slept.[1] In the morning, with a Worcester man who had been caught in Boston as I was, I took a wagon early, and we two drove across to Worcester. That is to say, as late as 1845 there were but two men in Boston to whom it was necessary that they should go to Worcester that afternoon. And this was ten years after railroad communication had been established.

Before railroad communication was open, intercourse with other States, or with what now seem neighboring cities, was very infrequent. In 1832 my father went to Schenectady to see the Albany and Schenectady Railroad, and, I believe, to order some cars for the Boston and Worcester road.

[1] As I write these notes, in September, 1892, just as we have heard of Mr. Whittier's death, there is a certain interest in saying that it was on this occasion that I first met him. As the handful of passengers entered the stage which was to take us to Lancaster, Mr. Whittier was one of the number. He did not tell his name to anyone, and it was many years before I knew that he was one of those whose pleasant conversation enlivened the dark ride. I can hardly say that I saw him, but he was kind enough afterwards always to remember that I made his acquaintance on that occasion.

He also went to New York City on the business of that road. I think he had been to that city but once since 1805, when he went there on his way from Northampton to Troy. Yet if anybody was to travel he would have been apt to. He was a journalist, intensely interested in internal improvement. He had a large business correspondence in New York, and was well known there. I was myself nineteen years old when I first visited New York.

In 1841 I had a chance to overhaul the old register at the hotel at Stafford Springs in Connecticut. Stafford Springs was, and is, a watering-place of a modest sort, where is a good, strong iron spring — good for boys with warts, and indeed for anyone who needs iron in his blood. It was quite the fashion to go to Stafford Springs from different parts of New England, in the earlier part of the century. In this old register it was interesting to see how universal was the custom by which people came there in their own carriages. What followed was that people who had no carriages of their own hardly travelled for pleasure at all.

So was it that, in the years of my boyhood, Boston people, with very few exceptions, lived in Boston the year round. People did not care to go to the theatre in midsummer, and I think the theatres were generally closed for six or eight weeks when the days were longest. Perhaps Boston used the matchless advantages of her bay

more when she had little communication with points beyond it. Perhaps the entertainments of the bay seemed more important because there were few, if any, excursions for pleasure excepting those which the water offered.

Nahant was seized upon as a seashore resort as early as 1819. The sea serpent had appeared in 1817. The hotel on the southeastern point, long since burned down, was a pretty, piazza-guarded building; and, as the steamboat *Housatonic* went down to Nahant every morning, and came back every night, a day at Nahant made a charming summer expedition, which we young folks relied upon at least once a year. At Nahant, at Chelsea Beach, at Nantasket, at Sandwich, and at Gloucester I made my acquaintance with the real ocean. At Nahant I made my first acquaintance with the joy of the bowling alley, and first saw the game of billiards. By the way, I remember that, in lecturing to my class in college, as late as 1837, Professor Lovering had to tell the class, as a fact which half of them did not know, that when one billiard-ball strikes another it may stop itself, while it communicates its motion to the other. I doubt if half the young men who heard him had ever seen a billiard-table at that time.

There were but one or two steamboats in the harbor, so that the "excursion" of to-day was very infrequent. But all the more would people go down the bay for fishing-parties, on sailing

vessels — more, I should think, than they do now. Perhaps there was something in foreign commerce which gave to those engaged in it a sort of absolute freedom sometimes, sandwiched in with hard work at others, in an alternate remission of work and play, which the modern merchant seldom enjoys. Your ship came in from Liverpool or from Calcutta, and you and all your staff, down to the boy who swept out the office and trimmed the lamps, were busy, morning, noon, and night, till her cargo was disposed of, and perhaps till she was fitted for another voyage. But then, if no other of your ships arrived, there would be a lull; and if Tom, Dick, or Harry came in to propose a fishing-party you were ready.

However this may be, the history and experiences of such parties made a considerable element of summer life. The anecdote of General Moreau belongs to them, and I will print it, though it was told a generation before my time. When General Moreau was in exile from France he came on his travels to Boston. Among other entertainments he was taken down the bay on a fishing-party. As they dined, or after dinner, excellent Colonel Messenger, whose singing is still remembered with pleasure, was asked to favor the company with a song, and he sang the fine old English song of "To-morrow." The refrain is in the words:

> To-morrow, to-morrow,
> Will be everlasting to-morrow.

The French exile did not understand English as well as he did the art of war, and when Colonel Messenger came to these words, at the end of each verse, he supposed, naturally enough, that he was hearing a song made in his own honor:

> To Moreau, to Moreau,
> Je n'entends pas bien, mais to Moreau.

And so he rose, as each verse closed, put his hand to his heart, blushed, and bowed gratefully, as to a personal compliment. And his hosts were too courteous to undeceive him.

The Harvard Navy Club, an institution long since dead, used to "go down," as the abbreviated phrase was, every year. "Go down" was short for "go down the bay and fish." The Navy Club was a club of those men who received no college honors. The laziest man in a class was the "Lord High Admiral"; the next to the laziest was the "Admiral of the Blue," and so on.

Perhaps there are not so many fish in the bay as there were then. Perhaps I am not so much interested in the boys who take them. But I do not see, when I cross the bridge to East Cambridge, any boy patiently sitting on the rail waiting to catch flounders, as I have done many a happy afternoon. Perhaps, as civilization has come in, the flounders have stayed lower down the bay.

Travelling, in short, was done by retail in those days, and such combinations as those of to-day, by

which a hundred thousand people are thrown upon Boston daily, and as many taken away, were wholly unknown, not to say not dreamed of. Retail travelling, if we are to use that expression, had some points of interest which do not enliven the career of a traveller who is boxed up in a train with three hundred and ninety-nine others, all of them to be delivered, "right side up with care," at the place they wish to go to, while none of them have what John Locke would call an "adequate idea" of the places on the way, if indeed any of them have any idea.

The first of such expeditions which I remember, excepting one on the Middlesex Canal, which has been referred to, was in August and September of 1826, when my father took all of us — that is, my mother and four children — to Sandwich, where he was going to enjoy a week's shooting. The other gentlemen of the party were Daniel Webster, Judge Story, and Judge Fay. Mr. Webster took his family with him; I think the other gentlemen did not take theirs. All of us stayed at Fessenden's tavern — charmingly comfortable then, I fancy, as I know it was afterwards. My early memories of the expedition are quite distinct. It was here and then that I first fired the gun which is the oldest sporting gun here at Matunuck; and a good gun it is, if people are not above an old-fashioned percussion cap. But in those days it had a flintlock. The general use of what are now unknown to young sportsmen, percussion caps,

belongs some years later. The bigger boys, Fletcher Webster and my brother Nathan, would be taken out with the gentlemen to hold the horses (in *chaises*, observe) on the beach, while their fathers walked about and shot what they might. But we little fellows stayed at home, to be lifted to the seventh heaven if a loaded gun were brought home at night which we might aim and fire at a shingle. For us and the girls the principal occupation, I remember, was playing dinner and tea with the pretty glassware which the Sandwich works were just beginning to make. I believe I have somewhere at this day some specimens of their work for children.

On this expedition we went and returned, some in the "stage" and some in my father's chaise — making the journey, I think, in a day. But generally, with so large a host as ours — which included Fullum — we went on the summer journey, whatever it was, in what was then, as it is indeed now, called a "barouche." The names "landau," "victoria," and the like were, I think, unknown. As this business was by no means peculiar to our family, and as it belongs to a civilization quite unlike ours, I will describe it in detail.

We were to go to Cape Ann, and for perhaps a week to take such comfort as the great "tavern" at Gloucester would give. Observe that the word "tavern" was still used, as I think it now is where a tavern exists in the heart of New England, for what the Englishman calls an "inn." We talk

now of the Wayside Inn, the Wayland Inn, and so on, but this is all in a labored, artificial, and indeed foreign speech introduced from England within a generation past. To prepare for such an expedition Fullum would be sent from stable to stable to hire the best barouche he could find, and a span of horses. Happy the boy who selected himself, or was selected by destiny, to accompany him on this tour of inspection! When the happy morning arrived Fullum brought round his carriage and horses early, fastened on the trunk behind — for I think there never was but one; and the two elders, and in this case of Cape Ann the five children, with books and hand baggage, always with maps of the country, were packed away in and on the carriage. Both of us boys, of course, sat on the box with Fullum, who drove. If, on any such occasion, there were a very little boy, Fullum would arrange a duplicate set of reins for the special use of the youngster, which were attached, not to the horses' bits, but to the rings on the pads. In this particular expedition to Cape Ann we stopped at the Lynn Mineral Spring Hotel, long since abandoned, I think, and reached Gloucester only perhaps on the second day.

What happened to the old people there I am sure I do not know. To us children there were those ineffable delights of playing with the ocean, the kindest, safest, and best playmate which any child can have. Sandwich had given us only the first taste of it. Here we had our first real knowl-

edge of what sea-urchins are, and what people call "sand dollars," horseshoe crabs, cockles, rays' eggs, and the various sea-weeds, from devil's aprons up or down. The cape had not assumed the grandeur of a summer watering-place. The modern names were unknown. There was no Rockport or Pigeon Cove to go to. It was Sandy Bay or Squam to which one drove. I remember the ejaculation of some fishermen's children, as they saw the barouche for the first time: "What is it? It ain't the mail, and it ain't a shay."

At that time, and certainly as late as 1842, a group of children in the country, if they saw a carriage approaching, would arrange themselves hastily in a line on one side of the road and "make their manners." That is, they would all bow as the carriage passed. The last time that I remember seeing this was in 1842, in Hampshire County, as the stage passed by. It was done good-naturedly, with no sign of deference, but rather, I should say, as a pleasant recognition of human brotherhood in a lonely region — as two men, if they were not Englishmen, might bow to each other, wherever they were far from other men.

In our particular family an annual journey was made to my grandfather's house in Westhampton, a pleasant town among the hills in Hampshire County, where my father was born. He took his wife there in his chaise when they were married, in 1816, and hardly a summer passed, until 1837, when he did not make the same journey with his

whole family. This then numbered seven children, besides himself and my mother, and of course Fullum. To my father it was a matter of pride that on the last of these journeys we went on his own railroad to Worcester. In 1835 the carriage was taken on a truck on the passenger train, in which we rode; but I need not say that Fullum preferred to sit in the carriage all the way, and did so.

There was a charm in such half-vagrant journeying about which the Raymond tourist knows nothing. There was no sending in advance for rooms, and you took your chances at the tavern, where you arrived, perhaps, at nine o'clock at night. It may be imagined that the sudden appearance at the country tavern of a party of ten, of all ages from three months upwards, was an event of interest. In those times the selectmen knew what they meant, when they said that no person should dispense liquor who did not provide for travellers. Practically it was a convenience to any village to have a place where travellers could stay; and practically the people of that village said to the man whom they licensed to sell liquor, "If you have this privilege, you must provide a decent place of entertainment for strangers." One man kept the tavern, perhaps, for his life long. It had its reputation as good or poor, and you avoided certain towns because So-and-So did not keep a good house. The practical difficulty of such travelling in New England now, is that you

are by no means sure of finding a comfortable place to sleep when your day's journey is over. The New England tavern of the old fashion held its own to the most advantage in later times in the State of Maine, on the roads back into the lumber region, and I dare say such comfortable houses for travellers may be found there now.

These country taverns always had signs, generally swinging from a post with a cross-bar, in front of the house. The sign might be merely the name of the keeper; this was a sad disappointment to young travellers. More probably it was the picture of the American eagle or of a rising sun. Neptune rising from the sea was a favorite device. I remember at Worcester the Elephant. The portrait of General Wolfe still hangs at the Newburyport tavern, and there remain some General Washingtons. After I was a man I had occasion to travel a good deal one summer in Northern Vermont, where the tavern signs still existed. Almost without exception their devices were of the American eagle with his wings spread, or of the American eagle holding the English lion in chains, or of the lion chained without any American eagle. These were in memory of Macomb's and McDonough's victories at Plattsburg and on the lake. They also, perhaps, referred to the fact that most of these taverns were supported by the wagons of smugglers, who, in their good, large peddlers' carts, provided themselves with English goods in Canada, which they sold on our side of the

line. In our generation one is more apt to see a tavern sign in a museum than hanging on a gallows-tree.

Meandering along through Leicester, Spencer, Belchertown, Ware, Amherst, Northampton, or some of these places, we arrived at my grandfather's pretty home in Westhampton on the morning of the third day. Then, for three or four days, came absolute and infinite joy. We had cousins there just our own ages of whom we were very fond. For the time of our visit they gave themselves, without stint or hindrance, to the entertainment of their friends from Boston. First of all, horses were to be provided, and saddles, that we boys might ride. Little did the country boys understand what joy it was to us to find ourselves scampering over the hills. Then there was the making of traps for woodchucks. If it chose to rain we were in the great workshop of the farm, using such tools as we had never seen at home. In the evening there were "hunt the slipper" and "blind-man's-buff," the latter an entertainment which we could follow even on Sunday evening, as I believe I have said, and follow then with more enthusiasm than on other evenings, because other cousins and the children of neighbors came in to join with us. In that New England parsonage — never so called, by the way — the old Connecticut customs prevailed, and "the Sabbath" began promptly as the sun went down on Saturday night, and was well ended when the sun set on

Sunday. The hills of Westhampton are high, and sunset on Sunday evening came early.

So it was that the great joy of life was the visit at grandfather's every summer. My grandfather was the minister of this town for fifty-seven years. I think I saw the dear old gentleman last in 1834. It must have been in 1837, after his death, that we made the last visit there, when my grandmother was still living. I did not myself return to Westhampton for fifty years, when it was to preach in his pulpit. It was pleasant to find that, after two generations, the people of the town remembered him fondly. I found the pulpit of the meeting-house and the chancel behind it decorated with flowers, and the word "Welcome," wrought in flowers, hung above me. So I went back to the happiest days of my New England boyhood.

I have already alluded to the infrequency of communication between this country home — for it was such to all of us children — and the home in Boston. The cousins in the country, when autumn came, would not forget us in Boston, and would crack butternuts and walnuts for us, of kinds they thought we should not have, pick out the great meats, and pack them carefully to be sent down. Such a box would be sent to Northampton, and put on board a boat which went to Hartford. There it would be put on board a sloop, in which it was to sail out of the Connecticut River and around Cape Cod to Boston. In the same sloop was perhaps a keg of my grandmother's

apple sauce, or some other treasure from the farm. Great joy for us if all these pleasant memorials arrived in time; great sorrow if a letter came, stating that the sloop was frozen up opposite Lyme, or somewhere else in the Connecticut River, and would not appear with its precious cargo until the next spring. Such were the difficulties of sending a box one hundred and ten miles across Massachusetts in the year 1830.

To putting an end to such difficulties by the railroad system, my father gave much of the active part of his life, as I have before said. When it was thought crazy to talk about such things he talked about the possibilities of a railroad westwards. When it was necessary to induce men of capital to subscribe, with infinite difficulty he obtained a subscription of a million dollars capital for the Boston and Worcester Railroad. He was the first president and first superintendent of that railroad, and had the great joy of importing its first engine from Liverpool. This, as I have said, was the *Meteor;* she was ordered from George Stephenson himself, immediately after the success of the *Rocket* in the famous railway trial between Liverpool and Manchester in 1830. The arrival of the *Meteor* in Boston, with the engine-driver who was to set her up and to run her first trips, was a matter of great joy to us boys. At the same time the *Yankee* was built by a company in Boston, at their works

at the cross-dam of the Mill-dam; and an engine always called the *Colonel Long* was built for the Boston and Worcester Railroad at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the same Colonel Long who gave the name to Long's Peak at the West. He was in the engineer service of the United States, and this engine was built to burn anthracite coal.

The *Meteor* was at once set up in Boston, and started on her experimental trips. It is easy to see how much this would interest the men who had looked forward to her success, and, equally, how much it would interest their sons. The engine-driver was good to my brother and me, and we had the great pleasure of making some of the earliest of her trips with him. I have spoken of the opening of the road to West Newton. I think they must still have there the sign which was put up on David's Hotel, representing the engine and car of the period. It ought to be preserved in some historical collection there. Boston roused itself to the new interest, and every afternoon eight cars went out to Newton and back, that people might say they had ridden on the new railroad. Many a straw hat was burned through by the cinders which lighted upon it, and many notions were gained for the future.

What is now called the American system of the interior arrangement of cars, was first tried in the cars built for the Worcester Railroad at Worcester, by the founder of the present firm of Bradley. The

suggestion was made, I believe, by my father; he saw very early the difficulty of the old system, in which the conductor ran around on a platform on the outside. I remember, as among the close approaches to death which in any man's life stand out distinctly, that, when I was in college, I ran after a train on which I was to go to Natick, sprang upon it when in motion, and felt myself falling. I supposed that the last instant of my life had come while I fell for the first few inches. Then I found myself astride of the long, narrow platform on which I had intended to stand. Risks like this were what all the conductors of the early railroads ran; and I suppose, indeed, the English guards may have to run them, to a certain extent, to the present day.

The Boston and Worcester station in 1833, and for some time after, was on the ground now occupied by Indiana Street and by Brigham's milk depot, between Washington Street and Tremont Street. Tremont Street had just been laid out on the level of the salt marshes. It was at the instance of the Worcester Railroad that its grade was raised, many years after, and that company was obliged to take the cost of lifting the houses which had been built on the lower level. It is to that change of level that we owe it that the whole South End of Boston is now built on the level above the marsh, instead of being built, as the few houses originally on it were, scarcely above the level of high tide.

CHAPTER IX

THE WORLD BEYOND BOSTON

ALL boys, from the nature of their make-up, are great politicians. The boys of sixty years ago were not unlike boys of to-day in this matter, and, when an election day came around, we were glad to spend as much time as we could at the places where people were voting. Happy the boy to whom some vote distributor would give a handful of votes, and happier he who could persuade someone to take a ballot from those which he had given to him. This, by the way, was not very long after the time when a certain superstition held in Massachusetts by which every ballot was written. Early in the century gentlemen interested in an election would call on the women of the family, if they could write well, to write out ballots which could be used at the polls. But I never saw such written ballots.

The separation between Boston and the rest of the world affected a good deal the political combinations. I do not suppose that our present compact system of national political parties could possibly exist without the convenience of the telegraph and the railroad. I should say, historically, that it began in the great convention of young men which was held in the city of Baltimore in the year 1840 by way of advancing the election of

President Harrison. Independent and sovereign as Massachusetts was in the election of 1836, her National Republicans, as they called themselves, nominated Mr. Webster as candidate for President, though nobody else nominated him, and the electoral votes of Massachusetts were given for him and for Mr. Granger. The leaders of any American party would hesitate before they should make such a separate demonstration now. And this habit of separation shows itself more distinctly in the newspaper of the time.

I have already said that I was a great deal in the printing-office of the *Daily Advertiser*, which my father edited, as well as in his book printing-office. He maintained with care and interest the old system of apprenticeship, and always had one or more bright boys, whom he had taken into his office that they might learn the whole art and mystery of printing and what concerned the publication of a newspaper. One of these young men, to whose counsels and help we boys were largely indebted, still lives, honored in the community where he has been known for many years, as the the director of the Barnstable *Patriot* — Mr. Sylvanus Phinney.[1] To have a boy a little older than yourself as your comrade in the office, to have him show you what you could handle and what you could not handle, was in itself a piece of education.

[1] Mr. Phinney died, universally respected, at his home in Barnstable, 1899.

Mr. Phinney could perhaps tell better than I can, a newspaper story, not of my boyhood, but of girlhood in Boston. In the year 1820 the convention met which revised the constitution of Massachusetts. The *Advertiser* published the full report of the proceedings, and this report was made up in my father's workroom, in the lower story of the house in Tremont Street. He was suffering at that time from an accident by which he nearly lost the sight of one of his eyes, and all his writing was done at home by my mother. So it would happen of an evening that the gentlemen most interested in the convention would look in at the house to revise the reports of their own speeches, and perhaps to consult about the work of the next day. Mr. Webster and Judge Story were two of the prominent leaders of that convention. They were on terms of the closest intimacy at our house, and would come in almost every evening for this purpose. Mother would be sitting in the room to do any writing which might be required, and, lest she should be called away to the baby of the time, the baby lay asleep in the cradle while the work of dictation went on. Speeches were made, proofs corrected, baby rocked, and undoubtedly a great deal of the fun of such bright young people passed to and fro with every evening.

Afterwards, in friendly recognition of the hard night-work of the winter, when the convention was well over, and its proceedings were published in a volume which is now one of the cherished

nuggets of the collectors, mother had a great cake made for the workmen at the office. She frosted it herself, and dressed it with what in those days they used to call "cockles" of sugar. These cockles generally had little scraps of poor verses, which were supposed to be entertaining. But in this case she had cut out from the proofs the epigrams of the convention debates, and as the apprentices and journeymen ate their cake they found, to their amusement, that the work of their own hands had furnished what were called the mottoes.

The journalist of to-day thinks he is much ahead of the journalist of that time, and in many regards he is; but there were certain excitements which belonged to newspaper life then which do not belong to it now. The day when the *Unicorn* arrived in Boston, the first in the line of Cunard vessels which have arrived regularly from that day to this, was one of these exciting days. My father went over in person upon the *Unicorn*, talked with the officers, and came back with English newspapers almost as fresh as he had ever seen. I say "almost as fresh," because the passage of the *Unicorn* was, I think, twenty days, and we had traditions in the office of rapid runs of Baltimore clippers or other fast vessels which had come over in less time. It was after this that, in a winter passage, the *Great Western* at New York brought news which was thirty-five days later than the latest news which we had from Europe. In

earlier times there would be many instances of longer periods when neither continent knew anything of the other.

Under such circumstances the newspaper editor depended much more upon his foreign correspondent than he does now. The foreign correspondent of to-day digests news of which he knows the details have already gone by telegraph. He is in some sort a foreign editor, but he does not expect to send the detail of news. And there was an element of chance about the arrival of sailing vessels which added to the curiosity of your morning paper. In our office Mr. Ballard, who had the charge of the ship news, might board a vessel below in the harbor, whose captain had no idea that he had brought the latest news. Then this poor captain would be beset to hunt up every newspaper that he had on board. Perhaps he had been so foolish that he had not bought the last paper of the day on which he started. Whether he had or had not it was the business of the boat which boarded him first to get every paper he had, so that no other paper in town might have a word of his intelligence. Perhaps all these papers arrived at the office but a little while before you went to press; then it was your business to make the best show you could of the news, and possibly it was your good fortune to be able to say that no other paper had it.

I remember that we had the news of the French Revolution of 1830, which threw Charles X. from

the throne, on a Sunday morning. When such things happened the foreman in the office made up what was really an "Extra" by throwing together, as quickly as he had them in type, a few galleys of the news; in that case probably rapidly translated from the French papers. Then these galleys would be struck off on a separate hand-bill, and such hand-bills were circulated as "Extras." And it is to this habit that the present absurd nomenclature is due by which one buys every day an "Extra" which is published at a certain definite time. All this is fixed upon my mind, because, when I came home from "meeting" on that particular Sunday, I was told the news that there was another revolution in France, and had the "Extra" given me to carry down to Summer Street, where one of my uncles lived. There is a certain picturesqueness about the receipt and delivery of news, when it comes in such out-of-the-way fashions, which the boy or girl of to-day finds it hard to understand.

Of course with type as much as we wanted, and all the other facilities for home printing, we printed our own newspapers. I do not think that at our house we did it so much as boys would to whom the making-up of a newspaper was not a matter of daily observation, involving a good deal of errand running and other work which was anything but play. But we older boys had the *Fly*, which was our newspaper, and my brother Charles, not long after, started the *Coon*, in the

midst of the Harrison campaign, which survived for a good many years.

I believe that the last issue of the *Fly* is that which records the death of Lafayette, in 1836. We had not type enough then to print more than one page at a time. Three pages of the *Fly* had been printed, and the fourth was still to be set up when the news of Lafayette's death arrived. This was too good a paragraph to be lost, and we knew we could anticipate every other paper in Boston by inserting it. But unfortunately the *n*'s had given out. We had turned upside down all the *u*'s we had, still they too had given out. Also, still more unfortunately for printers in this difficulty, Lafayette had chosen to die of an "influenza," which disease was at that moment asserting itself under that name in France. It had not yet been called "la grippe," which would have saved us. We succeeded in announcing the death of "the good, generous, noble Lafayette," although "generous" needed one *n* and one *u*, and "noble" took one of the last *n*'s. The paragraph went on to say that the death was "caused by," and the last *u* was devoured by "caused." Then came the word "influenza." "The boldest held his breath for a time." But we were obliged ignominiously to go to press with the statement that his death was "caused by a cold." This was safe, and required no *n* and no *u*. Alas! in the making-up of the form the precious *n* of the word "noble" fell out; and any library which contains a file of the *Fly*

will show that its last statement to the world is that of the death of "the good, generous, oble Lafayette; caused by a cold." Such are the exigencies of boy printers in all times.

I have gone into detail as to the communications between the people in the country and the people who lived in Boston, in the hope of making the reader feel distinctly the isolation which separated Boston from the rest of the world. That isolation has left its marks on the character of Boston till this day. It explains the amusing cockneyisms of Boston which make other people laugh at us, and a certain arrogance of provincialism which crops out very oddly among people who have sons and daughters in every part of the world, and whose communication is now so free in every direction. "In the beginning it was not so." The people of Boston had a very large foreign trade from its origin till comparatively recent times. Now they have a little, and more than half their population is of a stock which came very recently from Europe or Canada. But in the beginning of this century there was very little immigration from Europe. Indeed, what there was was looked upon with a certain distrust. About the time I went to college, or a little later, a society of the most intelligent people in Boston was organized for the express purpose of keeping out foreign "immigration." We purists made a battle against that word. Pro-

fessor Edward Channing would have resented the use of it in a college theme with the same bitterness with which Mr. Webster resented "in our midst" — a phrase which, I am sorry to say, you may now find almost everywhere. One of the most intelligent gentlemen in Boston was appointed to the business of keeping out immigrants — a business which can only be compared to Mrs. Partington's determination to sweep out the tide when it was rising in the English Channel! He had his office on Long Wharf, and wrote and forwarded circulars to Ireland to explain to the people of Ireland that they had better not come to this country. At the same moment the very people who paid his salary were building up a system of manufacturing and internal improvements which was actually impossible without the immigration which they had appointed him to check.

There was at that time, however, a distinct determination on the part of the best people in Boston that it should be absolutely a model city. They had Dr. Channing preaching the perfectibility of human nature; they had Dr. Joseph Tuckerman determined that the gospel of Jesus Christ should work its miracles among all sorts and conditions of men; they had a system of public education which they meant to press to its very best; and they had all the money which was needed for anything good. These men subscribed their money with the greatest promptness for any

enterprise which promised the elevation of human society.

In speaking of the lecture system I have already stated their notion that if people only knew what was right they would do what was right. So they founded first the Massachusetts Hospital, then its annex for the insane; then they made the State contribute to the deaf and dumb asylum in Hartford; they established their asylum for the blind at South Boston. Indeed, they expected to trample out every human ill, exactly as the most optimistic young medical expert in New York at the moment when I write these lines expects to trample out every cholera bacillus who shall present its little head in sight of the lens of the most powerful microscope. What these excellent people might have done had Boston remained the funny little town it was in the year 1820 I do not know. But it did not remain any such place. The population was then 43,298; in 1830 it was 61,392. The increase in ten years is forty-one per cent of the population at the first enumeration — an increase which would be thought very remarkable in the growth of any old city now. It indicates great prosperity. In the same ten years the population of the city of New York increased from 123,706 to 202,589, an increase of sixty-four per cent. Such figures should be remembered, by the way, by people who tell us that the present rate of the increase of cities is without precedent.

The growth, though rapid, and on the whole encouraging for the manufacturing system of New England, tended to divert capital to a certain extent from that foreign commerce which had been created and nourished by European wars. So soon as capital placed itself in one or another site of the interior, as Lowell, Manchester, Fall River, Holyoke, and the rest came into existence, so soon, of course, the Boston boy found out that there was a world outside of State Street and Milk Street. And now that Boston capital loves to place itself at any point where capital is needed, between Lockwood's Cape in 82° north latitude and Terra del Fuego on the outside of the Strait of Magellan, there is no longer an opportunity for a Boston boyhood to be spent in the conditions which surrounded me. These were physically almost the same as those which surrounded the boyhood of Samuel Sewall in the seventeenth century, or Henry Knox in the eighteenth.

CHAPTER X

AT COLLEGE

I WAS but thirteen years and five months old when I entered Harvard College, so that these memories of a New England boyhood carry us into college life. For as early an entrance as this was not unusual in those days. My friend Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody entered college as sophomore in his

thirteenth year — at the precise age of twelve years and six months; Edward Everett, twenty years before, entered at the age of thirteen. The first scholar of my own class, Samuel Eliot, afterward president of Trinity College, was but a few months older than I. I think we were the two youngest members of the class.

I have no idea that my father would have sent me to college so young but that my older brother was already there. We had always been together, and were absolutely attached to each other. In point of fact, as I have intimated already, at this moment, I should find it hard to think of any real knowledge of any sort which I have ever had, on any subject, of which I did not trace the "origins" to him. I suppose my father thought that he was the best adviser and instructor that I could have. Certainly he could not have sent me to Europe with any private tutor, with nearly the advantage which I received from being sent to Cambridge to live with my brother. Accordingly to Cambridge I was sent, although everybody knew that this was at a younger age than would be otherwise advisable. I should not certainly advise anyone to send a boy to Cambridge at thirteen years of age now, though I believe there would be no difficulty in passing the Cambridge examinations at that age now, if a boy had been sensibly brought up, by teachers who understood what that examination is and is not. But the college was not then what it is now, and life after one left college was not

quite what it is now. I have certainly never regretted that after I left college I had six clear years for seeing the world, before there was even an apparent necessity of my binding myself to the regular work of my profession. Now this could hardly have been had I entered college at the age of sixteen or seventeen, which was, I suppose, the age of most of my classmates.

It must have been on a morning in the end of August that this brother of mine and I started together, in my uncle's "chaise," which had been borrowed for the occasion, that I might present myself at six o'clock at University Hall for examination. The examinations are absurd enough now, but I think they do not make them begin at six in the morning. At that time, however, morning prayers were at six o'clock as soon as the term began, and it was considered proper that we should be introduced into the college routine at the beginning.

The examination was to last from six in the morning to seven in the evening on that day, and from six till two on the next day; and with the exception of an hour for dinner we were kept in the various recitation rooms all the time. After two on the second day we loafed round the yard, keeping near enough to the door of University Hall to know when we were called, one by one. Each person as he was called then entered what we afterwards called the "corporation room," where he found the president and members of the faculty, and each one received the announce-

ment of his success or of his failure. You were admitted on probation, as it was called, there being a theory that you were not matriculated until the end of the first term. But we all knew that everybody who was admitted was matriculated; and this was merely one of a set of traditional forms of which I will speak in another place.

I rather think that I derived a certain contempt which I have always felt for these mechanical functions called examinations from my experience on this occasion. As it happened, my brother and I arrived, in the chaise alluded to, early enough indeed, but later than the great body of the candidates, of whom there were about eighty. For instance, my own classmates of the Latin School had come out in an omnibus, which had been engaged to come at that early hour. We found, therefore, that they were already registered on the list of applicants, while my name came in at the very end, with certain other boys who had arrived separately. It is an illustration of the simplicity of those days that one of these boys at least had ridden twenty miles that morning, with his father, in the chaise in which they had come from Berwick in Maine. This was Francis Brown Hayes; his place in the alphabet brought him next to me in all the lists of our class, and we were intimate friends till the end of his life. Samuel Longfellow, another of my nearest friends, who has lately died, was another of these sporadic persons; he had come with his

father in a chaise from Portland in Maine, by a two days' journey.

We were told off into twelve sections, and proceeded to the examination. It was on much the same lines on which the examination is conducted now, with perhaps less of writing and more oral questions. There was, however, no examination in French or in German. I think the Latin and Greek and mathematics went as far as the required examination does now; but if a person wanted to enter in advance he presented himself on another day. In every class there were a great many persons in those days who "entered sophomore," as the phrase was. That is to say, the course was abridged to three years by these boys who had remained for two freshman years in the preparatory school. I believe that the persons most competent in the university are very glad to have some such course as this taken now; it is an easy way of solving the question whether the undergraduate course should be three years or four, and how much work should be thrown upon the preparatory schools.

I afterwards knew as teachers most of the gentlemen who conducted that examination. But there was one of them, who assigned us our places, gave us all general directions, and, in short, looked after us through the two days in the kindest manner possible, whom I did not meet again for many years. I now think it was Theodore Parker, whom I did not know personally till long after

this time. I have ever since liked to think of him as showing such friendly sympathy and untiring consideration for the needs of seventy or eighty dazed and bewildered boys.

To us Latin School boys the examination was easy enough in most of its details. I know I went to it, and through it, with the light-hearted spirit in which it is best to meet life always, taking it for granted, that is, that I was at least equal to the average, and that, with good luck, I should come out better than the average. There was not one of us who had the slightest idea that he should not pass the examination. In fact, the only question I remember is the question whether Amsterdam were north of London; this was put to a dozen or more of us, in a good-natured friendly way, by George F. Simmons, afterwards an interesting and valuable preacher. Everyone of the twelve answered the question wrong. We were not, however, conditioned on geography, although I do not remember that any other such questions were put to me than this, on which I came out so badly.

When the examination was over it proved that but six of the eighty had passed "without conditions"; that was the phrase then, as I think it is now. Rather to the disgust and mortification of the five best scholars of our Latin School class, they were all conditioned. They were the five highest of the six Franklin Medal boys, and a Franklin Medal is a type of the highest scholarship in a Boston school. Perkins, who was the

sixth Franklin Medal boy, and I, who never had a Franklin Medal, were the two from our school who passed without any conditions. I am disposed, as I say, to think that to this accident — for it was a mere accident — I owed the suspicion which I entertained as early as that period of my life that all these examinations are in a large measure humbugs. The persistence in them is one of the follies of our time, which will drop out, as various other follies drop out, from one generation after another. It seems to belong where patches on a lady's face belong, or similar customs, which one age thinks important and another age laughs at. Of course I went home very light-hearted, not to say proud; and from that day to this day I have never dreaded any of these formal functions, in whatever shape they have presented themselves. I am glad to think that my children have inherited something of the same light-hearted readiness to accept, without protest, any folly of the time, so it do not involve an essential principle.

But when the business of actually going to college began I had none of this light-hearted feeling. It was all very pleasant to go around with Fullum to furniture stores, with money enough to buy the chairs, and carpet, and wash-bowl, and other apparatus with which one was to begin independent life. It was interesting to go out with him to 22 Stoughton, and assist in putting the carpet down, in hanging the curtains, and in determining where my desk should be, and where

my brother's should be, and so in beginning upon housekeeping. But when all this was over, when I had been to morning prayers for the first time, and had gone through the routine of morning recitations, and the first recitation of the afternoon — recitations which were all child's play to boys who had been as well trained as we — when I sat in the broad window seat, and looked out on the setting sun, behind Mount Auburn, as it happened, then the bitterness of the situation revealed itself to me. I was thoroughly and completely homesick.

I said to myself, perhaps I said aloud, "This is one day of three hundred and sixty-five, and that will make one year. At the end of that year I shall have gone through one of four such years." And I wondered how I ever could survive the deadly monotony of such a service. It was not till the next year that I read, in Miss Martineau's "Travels," that happy anecdote of the Jersey apprentice boy, who, when nine years old, was forever wishing for the Fourth of July. Someone asked him why he was so eager to have the Fourth of July come, and he said: "When that has come I shall have only eleven more years to serve." I repeat this tale of homesickness because, although it was an exaggerated feeling, it expresses well enough my dislike for the routine of college, a dislike which accompanied me to its very close. Other fellows took the thing more simply and philosophically. Newton, of my own class, a fine fellow who died young, said to me once that he

attended every chapel exercise, morning and evening through the whole time he was in Cambridge. "Why should I not?" he said. "I had not the attractions which you had in Boston; Cambridge was my home. The rule was to be in chapel twice a day; I might as well be there as anywhere else." He was undoubtedly the happier and, I think, the better man, because he could accept the routine of life with such good nature.

As for the business which took us to college, more than half of us soon found out that we had been too well prepared. As Hayward used to say, "We had overrun the game." That is the great merit of the elective system, if it holds in the freshman year of a college — that a boy or young man can take hold where he is prepared to go forward. For us, however, we were set on reading Livy and Xenophon. These authors are easier after you have "the hang of it" than the Latin and Greek which we had been reading for some time before at school. We could almost read them at sight. Our teachers in these two languages regarded the whole thing as a bore; they were preparing for other fields in life, and they had taken their tutorships by the way, without any idea that they were to interest us in language or that there was much interest in it; at least that is the impression which they left upon our minds. It was simply a dull school exercise. It may be said in passing that one of the great difficulties of our present college system comes from the fact

that in general boys, for the last year they are in the preparatory school, have been under the care of a gentleman of spirit, and intelligence, and eagerness in education, who makes them his companions, who gives them such enthusiasm as he has in the studies which they are pursuing. For then they pass into the hand of some instructor who has just graduated, who does not know much, and very likely does not know how to teach what he knows. Thus, from a superior, picked man, one of the best educators in the country, perhaps, a boy passes under the direction of a frightened novice, with whom the college is trying an experiment whether he will or will not succeed. Of course, in theory, the best educators ought to have the charge of those pupils who need education most. But in practice, I fancy, it is very hard, in the charge of colleges, to make the professors of most ability take those elementary duties upon themselves. Certainly in very few colleges do they take any such duty.

In the business of mathematics the whole thing was different. I find by the Quinquennial Catalogue that Professor Peirce, now well known as one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the century, was appointed two years before this time as Hollis Professor of Mathematics. He was but twenty-six years of age. It has been the custom to say that he was not a good teacher of mathematics, because his insight was so absolute that he made one long step where

a pupil needed to make four or five, and that he could not understand the difficulty of the boy who did not see what he saw. I suppose this is true; but, on the other hand, he was an enthusiast in his business, he was sympathetic and kind where he saw real interest in the pupil, and he devised the best method for the handling of a class which I have ever seen. In his case, certainly, there was no right to complain that an inferior teacher was put in charge of novices. At two o'clock in the afternoon we went into one of the large dining-rooms of University Hall, which was not needed for commons. As one went into the room he took from a pile of manuscript books his own book, as he had left it the day before. In this book he found a slip of paper with the problem of geometry which he was to work out that day. Now if he had failed the day before the problem given him would be one on the lesson of the day before; if he had not failed it would take him on in the regular order.

Of course it happened, before many weeks were over, that the different members of the class were in different places; but it also was sure, that nobody had been advanced any farther than he had understood what he was about. In point of fact, only six or eight members of the class went through without any failures at all, and the others straggled along in their places behind. If you had any real hitch, and did not understand the thing, you were encouraged in every way to sit

down by Mr. Peirce and work out the problem with him. We came to be, from that very moment forward, on terms of a certain sort of intimacy with him, which did not exist with five other teachers in college. He was very cordial and sympathetic, if anybody used his own brains enough to work out the problem in a way different from that in the book; and I doubt if I have ever received any honor in life which I prized more than the words "excellent and original," which once or twice he wrote at the bottom of my exercise. Probably I hardly need say that this sort of intimacy led to a cordial friendship between him and me, which lasted till the very end of his distinguished life.

But there is a queer thing about this recitation with him, which shows the absolute indifference of the American world of the first half of this century to matters of physical health. When, in the year before, Francis Lieber was intrusted with the preparation of the fundamental rules for Girard College, he prepared a curious code of such rules, in which he made this his Article 227:

> No scientific instruction proper should be given within a full hour after dinner. The contrary leads to vice.

In utter indifference to any such rule as this — probably in utter ignorance that there was any connection between body and mind worth notice — our whole class was ordered into this mathematical exercise at two o'clock, after we had

dined at a dinner beginning at one. It was not till five years afterwards that I stumbled on Lieber's axiom, which is based on absolute experience; and I think one may doubt whether anybody at Cambridge cared whether there were any such axiom or not. Take, for another instance, the morning recitations. We went into chapel at six, to a perfunctory service which lasted rather less than ten minutes. Half the class then went at once into a recitation — whatever happened to be convenient — although breakfast was not to be served until twenty minutes past seven. All through the college year this same distance between breakfast and prayers prevailed; what was called the "half-hour bell" being rung half an hour after prayers were over, so that some sections went in then, as some sections had gone in immediately on the close of chapel. The absolute wickedness of working the brains of boys who had taken no food perhaps since five o'clock in the afternoon before, did not seem to occur to a human being in the administration.

My friend the late Dr. Muzzey, who was in college a dozen years before me, told me that, until he was a senior in college, nobody had ever told him that students ought to take physical exercise daily. He told me that he lived in the college yard, at work on his studies, day in and day out, without thinking that physical exercise was necessary for any reason, and that nobody told him that it was. It was not till he broke

down, in a confirmed dyspepsia, from the results of which he suffered till the end of his days, that some physician explained to him that he ought to have taken some physical exercise every day of his life. It was true that Dr. John Ware, a person eminently fit for the duty, delivered lectures on the art of preserving health, to which we were obliged to go in our senior year. But the joke was that we did not go till our constitutions were destroyed.

Through the freshman and sophomore years it was impossible for any boy of more than average training and sense to spend more than three hours a day in preparing for recitations. Lectures, observe, were almost wholly unknown in those years. Then the college required three hours of recitation,—on some rare occasion possibly four. Here were six hours taken up by studies of the university. Supposing you slept nine hours out of the twenty-four (and I certainly did) here were nine hours to be got rid of in amusement of whatever kind, where we were absolutely our own masters. The requisition was simply that we should attend these recitations and chapel twice a day. In the summer half of the year chapel was at six in the morning, as I have said. As the sun began to rise later than six, the chapel was pushed forward so that the exercises might be carried on by daylight, for it had been proved, by sad experience, that the undergraduates took measures to put out the candles

on which the chapel then depended for its light, if there were not light from the heavenly bodies. Given these requisitions, we might do as we chose for the rest of the time.

For many of us — certainly for me — a considerable part of this time was used in the library. The library then consisted of about fifty thousand volumes, which occupied the second story of Harvard Hall. With perhaps twenty exceptions every one of these books might be taken down by every comer and read, so only he remained in the library while reading. I think Mr. Emerson refers somewhere to the facility thus given and to the use of it, as the best advantage which a college has to offer. I remember that there was a proposal made once that he should reside in Cambridge, with a college appointment, as director of the reading of the undergraduates. Without any director or direction we browsed over the whole range of English literature, and, when we could, dipped into other languages. I wonder, when I look back on the miscellaneous reading of those days, that even two or three hours a day gave time for it. But, practically, when you had nothing else to do between ten and four, you went into the library. You sat at the great table, where was Rees's Cyclopædia, and you read the articles which you fancied or needed. You worked up your themes and forensics there. For me, I know I dipped through the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from 1720 down. I remember reading the folios of adventure

on the North-west coast, so that ten years afterwards I was not unprepared for Sutter, the Sacramento, the wreck of the *Peacock*, and the discovery of gold. It had, in fact, been discovered by Shelvocke in 1718.

For home reading, that is, reading in our rooms, we had the society libraries. All this has changed since you can buy a paper-covered novel for ten cents. The society assessments were not large — perhaps two dollars a year. For sixty members this gave an income of one hundred and twenty dollars, to be spent on the two-volume novel of the period, generally in Carey & Lea's Philadelphia reprint. Cooper's later novels, James's novels, Mrs. Trollope's, Mrs. Gore's, and plenty more, of which names and authors are now forgotten, were regularly bought and ready for distribution at our mutual circulating libraries. The first of Dickens's came in my time, and Bulwer still held the field. I and my brother were entitled to four such novels a week — eight volumes. I doubt if I averaged more than four volumes a week. But I am sure I read as many as that, and I think they did me much more good than hurt. The novelists of that day did their best in conversation, and for ease in conversation I doubt if there is better training than the reading of good novels of that school. Of course we went back to the older books. Scott still reigned supreme. I knew Miss Austen by heart, almost, and we read everything else which the law of selection had preserved.

The necessity of these libraries — a necessity which no longer exists — kept the literary societies alive. The clubs, like the Hasty Pudding and the Porcellian, were a different thing; they had their libraries also.

The I. O. H. and the Institute were the freshman and sophomore societies — the Union and the Hasty Pudding came later. There was the slightest possible pretence of rivalry between the societies of the Institute and the I. O. H., but it amounted to nothing. In practice each society met once a fortnight, and the Tuesdays of meetings alternated with each other. In each society the exercises began with a lecture, so called, which lasted five or ten minutes. You had to get up some subject, and make it as interesting as you could, and read it to the assembled thirty or forty fellows. Then there was a debate, to which two or three speakers were assigned on the affirmative, and two or three on the negative. The fellows sat round the tables, which were built into the floor, for use when they should be needed in commons, and, after the regular speakers, anybody might join in the discussion. The discussions were of course as good and as bad as the discussions of boys generally are. But we were all trained by them to think on our feet, and all learned there to stand without our knees shaking under us, and that is the great thing to be learned. For the rest, if a man has anything to say he will be very apt to find out how to say it.

I am always sorry when I hear of any college that there is no interest in debating societies. Somehow or other you want to have Americans used to face an audience, and to tell the truth in as simple a way as it can be told; and I know of no training so good for this as that of the debating club. I am glad to see that, under the auspices of the Lyceum League,[1] there is a chance that the old-fashioned debating club may be revived.

Once or twice a year there was a more formal function in society life. You celebrated Washington's birthday, or something else which it was convenient to celebrate, by an oration and a poem. Then you invited the members of the other societies to come in.

The Davy Club had been in existence some years, under one and another name, before my day, and had the north-east corner room in the basement of Massachusetts for a laboratory. Dr. Webster, who was the professor of chemistry, gave us the most good-natured and kindly assistance. Many a bit of old apparatus, for which substitutes had been found in the college laboratory, was transferred for our use; and we might, at any moment, run over to him for advice or information. We had quite a little store of chemicals, and, on the whole, the facilities of the Davy laboratory were so much better than those which we could concoct in our own wash basins and what

[1] Alas! in 1899 the Lyceum League also is a back number.

were called the "studies" — the little closets by the sides of our chimney-places — that we ordinarily stained our trousers and our fingers in that laboratory rather than in our own rooms.

In my senior year a dramatic event crossed the deadly monotony of college life, which sent a knot of us into the laboratory for the whole of one Sunday. At morning chapel President Quincy, with a good deal of emotion, told us that breakfast at commons must be delayed a little while on account of an accident which had happened in the kitchen. It proved that two of the waiters had gone to sleep, in one of the rooms in the basement which was assigned for their bedroom, with a pan of charcoal burning. They had only been discovered just before the chapel service, and both of them were unconscious. At that moment the doctors were with them, hoping to re-arouse the vitality which was almost gone. When we came to breakfast a message came upstairs from this sick room, to know who there was at breakfast who could make oxygen. I ran down at once, and Dr. Wyman and Dr. Webster explained to me that they wanted to try the experiment of feeding the exhausted lungs with pure oxygen. When I found that it was not for immediate use only, but that the treatment was to be continued through the day, I told Dr. Webster that we should have to start the furnace in the Davy Club laboratory, and he bade me do so. With two or three others of the men most interested in chemistry I went up to

that laboratory, and till ten o'clock in the evening we were sending down rubber bags of oxygen for these poor fellows to breathe. Whether it did them any good or not I do not know; eventually one of them recovered and the other died.

I remember that our feet were wet through with the overflow of our pneumatic troughs; and, when we were notified that our work was needed no longer, I brought the whole crew up into my room in the third story of the same building to dry their feet and to take something warming within. We sat together for some time, and then they bade me good-night; but in two minutes one came rushing back for my water pails. It proved that the intense heat from our furnace, through the day, had cracked off the plaster in the chimney of old Massachusetts, and had exposed a timber which the careless builders of the year 1720 had only protected by rough-cast. Our fellows had prudently looked in at the laboratory as they went by, to see that all was safe, and had found themselves blinded with smoke. We went to work with a will to extinguish the fire we had lighted, but it was wholly shut in and was quite too much for us. That was the only night when I ever heard the traditional call of "Harvard." Someone ran out and called "Harvard, Harvard, Harvard!" two or three times lustily, and in two minutes we had all Harvard to help us. But all would not do. We had to call in the Cambridge fire department, to our great shame and grief;

and it was not till, with their axes, the firemen had cut away the chimney that we got at the beam to which we had set fire. Fortunately the old building was thus saved from destruction by the care of the men — Henry Parker is the one whom I remember — who looked in to see that all was safe after our day's work.

Another of these out of the way dabblings in science was our observations for meteors in the winter of 1838–39. This was organized by William Francis Channing, now so well known as an electrician. The New Haven astronomers had made the suggestion, which has since been generally accepted, that on the 12th of November annually the earth passes through a belt of meteors. Channing had had some conversation with Professor Lovering, who had told him that it was desirable that in November, 1838, there should be a careful observation on this subject; and we made a club of eight, which we called the Octagonal Club, for the special purpose of making these observations. We sent a table and five chairs out to the Delta. We met there in a squad at midnight and after, and, back to back, sat, all wrapped up, looking at the clear sky. We were quite incredulous as to the "Novembreity" of the shower; we said that there would be as many on any clear night; and we undertook to demonstrate it. So, month by month, that winter, when there was no moon, we met on the Delta in the same way to hunt for meteors.

We have all been pleased since to see that those observations are referred to in the careful studies of this business. We certainly fixed the fact on the minds of the astronomers that on any fine winter night two or three hundred meteors may be seen in our clear sky, if there are enough people to look for them. I doubt if this was generally believed before the interest aroused by the meteoric shower of November 12, 1833.

The recent observation, which seems to be now generally accepted, that there are black meteors, or moving bodies which reflect almost no light to our world, has recalled to me these nights of observation. There were three or four of us who insisted upon it that now and then we saw black meteors. The others, of course, said this was merely the reaction of the retina, and all that. But it was one of the jokes which found expression in the little jingling poetry which among us we composed on those nights of observation:

While Morison and Parker
In south-east cry, "Marker,
One jet black and darker
From zenith above";
But Adams and Longfellow,
Watching the throng below,
Won't all night long allow
Black meteors move.

I think it was in the Natural History Society however, that more of us were personally inter-

ested from day to day, than any other of these outside occupations. In imitation of the Davy Club we applied very early for one of the recitation rooms in the basement of Massachusetts, which the government cordially gave us, because they liked to help in such plans. Eventually we occupied all four of those rooms between the two entries. The whole basement is now given up to a large lecture room, the same which is used by the Phi Beta Kappa at its annual dinners. We were as poor as rats, and why we did not ask the college to furnish these rooms for us I am sure I do not know; I do not doubt they would have done it willingly. But we assessed ourselves terribly for the cases in which we were to keep our collections. And half my recollections of the Natural History Society are not of botany or mineralogy, but of bargains with carpenters and painters and other people who were to work for us in such details. I remember, on one occasion, we were very anxious to have the new rooms ready for a college exhibition, but two days beforehand the painters had not come. When they came I stood over them and made them promise that the paint should be dry by nine o'clock the next morning. They explained to me that if enough turpentine were used it would certainly be dry, and dry it was; but whether the fair friends whom we took to see our exhibition enjoyed the smell of the turpentine I have always since doubted.

And thus I am reminded that I have said noth-

ing about college exhibitions. They have died out in the face of the pressure of modern life, I think from the difficulty that it was impossible to secure an audience. Probably the great festivity of class day takes the place of all such minor festivities. But in these prehistoric times of which I write the minor festivities held their own, and at the three exhibitions and at commencement there were large parties of ladies and gentlemen who visited the college, and who were entertained with more or less festivity. Exhibitions were divided into junior and senior exhibitions. This meant that the highest part in the junior exhibition was taken by the highest junior, while in the two senior exhibitions the highest parts were taken by the second and third seniors. This shall be explained more fully hereafter.

Now, as will appear, if you were in the upper twenty-four of the class you spoke twice before commencement came, and at commencement you had another part — oration, dissertation, disquisition, or a Latin or Greek part, according to your ability. So much was matter of college regulation; but the custom was that men who spoke invited their friends out to hear them, and as there were sixteen speakers at each exhibition, this made a company of two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen, who came out to "see the colleges" on those particular days. On those days there were no other college exercises; generally the Pierian was in attendance, and they made pretty

fêtes on a small scale, as class day makes one of the grandest events of the year now. If you had a part you rehearsed for it, of course, with the teacher of elocution. What was quite as important, you went down to see Ma'am Hyde, who had a little shop on Dunster Street, and you hired your silk gown. You paid her fifty cents for a day's use of it. She had enough of these gowns to answer for the whole class, and unless a boy was the son of a clergyman, or otherwise connected with a good silk gown, he hired one of these for use. They were very sleazy silk, and certainly would not stand alone, but they answered the purpose.

The exhibition itself began with a Latin salutatory, in which you said civil things about the pretty girls, and thanked the professors and the president for their kindness to you. Then went on discussions and dissertations and dialogues and one "Oration." And after every four or five numbers there would be "music by the Pierian Sodality." While the music went on you walked around and talked with your pretty friends, or your uncles, or your aunts, and invited them to the spread at your own room; but the word "spread" was not then invented. So the sixteen numbers pulled through, every speaker bowing to the president and then to the audience, making his speech, bowing again, and retiring. There were certain "silent parts," us they were called, because the mathematical and chemical departments wanted to show who were their best men, irrespective of general college

rank. These were assigned to three or four men, who wrote them out and tied them up in rolls with highly colored ribbon, and when their time came marched across the stage, made a bow to the presiding officer, gave the roll to him, made another bow to the president, and again retired.

This will be as good a place as any to tell the varying fortunes of class day itself, of which I happen to remember one of the most important crises. Class day seems to have originated as early as the beginning of the century. The class itself chose a favorite speaker as orator, and someone who could write a poem, and had its own exercises of farewell. There grew up side by side with those farewell exercises the custom by which the class treated the rest of the college, and eventually treated every loafer in Cambridge. As I remember the first class days which I ever saw, they were the occasions of the worst drunkenness I have ever known. The night before class day some of the seniors — I do not know but what all — went out to the lower part of the yard, where there was still a grove of trees, and "consecrated the grove," as the phrase was, which meant drank all the rum and other spirits that they liked. Then, on the afternoon of class day, around the old elm tree, sometimes called Rebellion Tree and sometimes Liberty Tree, which stood and stands behind Hollis, all the college assembled, and every other male loafer who chose to come where there was a free treat. Pails of punch, made from every spirit

known to the Cambridge innkeepers, were there for everybody to drink. It was a horrid orgy from end to end, varied, perhaps, by dancing round the tree.

With such memories of class day President Quincy, in 1838, sent for my brother and one or two others of the class of that year in whom he had confidence, to ask what could be done to break up such orgies. He knew he could rely on the class for an improvement in the customs. They told him that if he would give them for the day the use of the Brigade Band, which was then the best band we had in Boston, and which they had engaged for the morning, they felt sure that they could change the *fête*. The conditions, observe, were a lovely July day, the presence in the morning at the chapel, to hear the addresses, of the nicest and prettiest girls of Boston and neighborhood with their mammas, and the chances of keeping them there through the afternoon. Mr. Quincy gladly promised the band, and when the day came, it became the birthday of the modern "class day," the most charming of *fêtes*. Word was given to the girls that they must come to spend the day. In the chapel Coolidge delivered a farewell oration. Lowell, alas! was at Concord, not permitted to come to Cambridge to recite his poem; it had to be printed instead. When the ode had been sung the assembly moved up to that shaded corner between Stoughton and Holworthy. The band people stationed themselves in the entry of Stoughton, between 21 and

24, with the window open, and the "dancing on the green," of which there are still traditions, began. The wind instrument men said afterward that they never played for dancing before, and that their throats were bone dry; and I suppose there was no girl there who had ever before danced to the music of a trombone. When our class came along, in 1839, we had the honor of introducing fiddles. I shall send this paper to the charming lady — the belle of her time — with whom I danced in the silk gown in which I had been clad when I delivered the class poem of my year. Does she remember it as well as I do?

Commencement was a function far more important than the exhibitions or than class day, which, to speak profanely, were side shows. No audience can ever be persuaded to sit six hours or more to hear perhaps thirty addresses. So now, while a certain theory is maintained that certain of the best scholars in the large graduating class prepare addresses, by far the larger number of them are excused, and only five or six speakers, representing four or five branches of the university, actually address the audience. No one has to be in the theatre more than two hours.

But in the first half of the century the function consumed the day. People had more time, and, with a certain ebb and flow of the assembly of auditors, the First Church was kept full all day. Originally there was a recess in the middle of the day for dinner, I think, but of this I am not sure.

In our day about twenty-five of the graduating class spoke, and there were one or two addresses by speakers who represented the "Masters," that is, those who took their second degree, three years after they graduated.

A "Master" might have fifteen minutes, I think. The three seniors who had "orations," that is, the highest scholars in the graduating class, had ten minutes. In order of rank there followed dissertations, disquisitions, and, if anybody could write verse, a poem. A dissertation was eight minutes long, and a disquisition four. Of all this you were notified when you were appointed.

My sophomore year began at the time when the high consulting powers had determined to celebrate the second centennial of the college. It was two hundred years since the granting of the charter, and that was, fairly enough, taken as the birthday.

Preparations were made to illuminate the buildings, and a great tent, in which two thousand people might dine, was pitched near where President Eliot's house now stands. The president's house then was what we now call "Wadsworth," the house built for Benjamin Wadsworth by the province when he came from the First Church in Boston to be president of the college in 1726. Students would not be students if they did not connect some utter absurdity with every function; accordingly there was circulated among us a rumor, for which there was not the slighest founda-

tion, that, in revenge for the burning of the Ursuline convent two years before, the Irish of Boston proposed to attack the college and destroy the illuminations the night before the celebration. To prepare for this attack the undergraduates met, and chose their officers for a night watch to protect the university. We took our turns as patrols all round the college yards, challenging every poor night wanderer who passed, and making him give the countersign. If he did not know it we bid him pass, and thanked God we were rid of a knave. It was, of course, an admirable preparation, worthy of our years, for a very fatiguing day of festival, thus to knock out three or four hours of sleep from the night before. The military company, called the Harvard Washington Corps,

"The hybrid band of Mercury and Mars,"

had been extinct for some years, but there lingered still, as "transmittenda," a few guns, sashes, and belts, with a sword or two, which served for the equipment of our officers. I doubt if there were a pound of powder among us all; certainly not a bullet, flint, or percussion cap.

President Quincy delivered a historical address at this celebration which makes the opening chapter of his "History." I think it was on this occasion that the old motto "*Veritas*" was first drawn out from a manuscript record and used across the face of the three open books which are the bearing on the college seal.

At the dinner Mr. Webster, Mr. Everett, and Judge Shaw spoke, and I had, for the first time, the joy of hearing Wendell Holmes recite his own verses:

> "Lord! how the seniors kicked about
> That freshman class of one."

Perfect as they are to the reader, they are more than perfect when he stands on a bench at a college dinner and, with all his overflow of humor, of pathos, and of eloquence, recites them. Of how many Phi Beta dinners has he been the joy and crown! It is the first business of a Phi Beta president to make Dr. Holmes say he will come to the annual dinner, and the next is to catch any other celebrity who may have been a guest at commencement. Phi Beta is so free and easy that it is at that table that the brightest things are said. I remember to have heard there Lord Dufferin, Lord Ashburton, and Sir Edward Thornton among the travellers, and of our home orators Mr. Everett, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Hillard, Mr. Emerson, all the Quincys — yes, and so many more.

All this gossip implies that we were kept alive and in motion for four years, but I have not told how the machine was fed and oiled. In earlier days every student ate his breakfast and supper in his room, taking "a size" from the buttery, and dining in commons. But we took all three meals in commons or at some private boarding-house.

University Hall had been built twenty-seven years before, for the general purpose of chapel, commons, and for providing reading-rooms. It was then supposed that one of the four large halls which crossed the building on the first floor would be used by each class in commons. But when I was in college only two halls were thus used; the two at the ends of the building, and the middle dining halls, as they were called, were reserved for large recitation rooms. It was in one of these that we recited to Mr. Peirce. As freshmen we all met for meals in the northern hall with the juniors. About half the undergraduates at that time lived in commons. Looking back on the fare which was served us I am rather surprised that they were able to do so much for us as they did, and do it so well. The bill of fare appears rather Spartan to young men of the habits of most of the young men who meet in Cambridge to-day. But the quality of our food was always good, and the quantity was such as would have satisfied a savage of the plains. I remember to have observed that I lost weight in vacations and gained weight during the months of term time.

The tables were firmly fixed into the floor, as if in memory of some time when, in rage, the guests had turned the tables up and flung them out of the window. We went to commons three times a day, the custom of men serving their own breakfasts and suppers in their own rooms having been given up not many years before. The buttery, as it was

called, used to be at the east end of Harvard Hall, where a slight trace of the roof of that temporary building may, I think, still be seen; but in our days there was no buttery, and it was not necessary for any person to cook in his room. Everything which we really needed was provided for us at commons.

Eighty minutes after the morning prayer bell stopped we were rung in to breakfast. The breakfast was coffee or milk *ad libitum*, hot and cold bread, and butter. I think no meat was served at breakfast. We knew what would be the variety of the hot bread; it was made in different rolls or biscuits for different days, and the order was never changed. Dinner was at one, and always consisted of one sort of meat, potatoes, and something called pudding. Here, again, the bill of fare was as absolute as if it had been laid down by the Medes and Persians, and never changed. I think it is burned in on my memory so that, to this day, when certain provisions appear on certain days of the week, I take it as something preordained. For meats, Sunday was roast beef, Monday was corned beef, Tuesday was roast veal, Wednesday was beefsteak, Thursday was roast lamb or mutton, Friday meat-pie with fish, Saturday was salt fish. I think we never had pork in any form, either fresh or in the shape of ham. To make the Friday dinner more substantial meat-pie was added; I suppose a house-keeper would tell us that it was made out of such meat as had not been eaten in the preceding days. We remember it because after eating

this solid meat-pie we went to our rooms to write our Friday themes. The puddings were boiled rice, baked rice, hasty pudding, baked Indian pudding, apple pudding, and, on one day, some sort of pie took the place of pudding. Every now and then there would be a complaint that the butter was bad; in that case we did not stand it. Somebody went right round to the president and told him, and he sent for the contractor and gave him a blowing up. We always pretended at home and elsewhere that the fare was not good, but it was good.

Now the wonder to me is that they managed to feed a set of ravenous wolves — for that is what we were — on such a bill of fare, at the prices at which food was then sold in Eastern Massachusetts. Flour ranged in those years from $4.90 a barrel to $11.50. But we paid only $1.90 a week for our board in the first year when I was in college, and $2.25, for every year afterwards. It must be remembered that this charge involved for the contractor no expenses for crockery, silver, knives and forks, rent, or fuel. The college had these to see to.

The table at which I sat became, in fact, a club table; we were the same little company from the beginning to the end of our college life. While we were in college Dickens's books began to appear, and we made it a rule that the table should buy the serial parts for its own use; one man bought the first number, the next man the second, and we passed them round. We intro-

duced into commons the institution of salt-spoons. Up to our time every man put his knife into the salt-cellar; but we subscribed twenty-five cents and bought two salt-spoons made of bone, which we used through our college course. It was agreed that they should be given to the man who was first married. Six years after, our excellent friend Watson of Plymouth was married, and we sent him the salt-spoons, set in silver in a careful design made by Richard Greenough, who was the friend of all of us. Longfellow and I were intrusted with the business of mounting the salt-spoons, and we did so. The inscription was from Lucian, suggested by Longfellow: "*Ἁλῶν ἐκοινωνοῦμεν*" — "We have shared each other's salt."

It is a little unsentimental, perhaps, to have spent so much space on the physical business of feeding the engines. Still it must be confessed that in all human life armies have to be fed, and even the future poets, philosophers, statesmen, and men of affairs of a country have to be fed for the same reasons. In point of fact, we were a healthy and a happy race. I have said, I believe, almost nothing about our athletic amusements; but there were enough of them, although they were conducted with utter lack of system, and would bring scorn, I suppose, on any one of us, or any eleven, who should reproduce them to-day. We had foot-ball in tumultuous throngs; we had base-ball, in utter ignorance that there were ever to be written rules for base-ball, or organized clubs

for playing it; and we had cricket, in a way. So we wrought through the four years, which for me were, as I have said, tedious, as I had expected they would be. But every one of us made friends to whom he has clung through life, and we got an outlook into a larger world, even if we did not look into the largest. The jest with regard to Cambridge is that nobody who lives in Cambridge knows anything five miles from the sound of the college bell. This is not true now, and it was not any more true then; we acquainted ourselves with friends from all parts of the United States; we got broader views of politics and society than those we had picked up at home; and we certainly left college willing to do our duty.

The great functions of college life which attract the outside world are now in the hands of the students. They are the boat races, or the ball matches, or the other athletic "events"; or they are, perhaps, the theatrical performances of the Hasty Pudding, the concerts of the glee clubs, or the great annual festival of class day. In our time this was hardly so; when strangers came to college they came at the invitation of the government. There were three annual exhibitions, and commencement day was still the great festival of all. The exhibitions, as I have said, were arranged with deference to precedent and with mathematical care, so that you might know what was the precise grade of scholarship to which each student had attained, if he only belonged to the

"upper half" of the class. "Upper half" was not a strictly accurate expression, but was sufficiently so to include the twenty-four men who had had the highest rank on the numerical scale to which everything bent. In this scale every person was marked for every recitation. If you made a perfect recitation your mark was 8; if you "deaded," as the phrase was — that is, if you failed absolutely — the mark was 0; and the mark took any figure between, according as the teacher thought you were well prepared. For certain exercises the mark was higher; for instance, a perfect theme, such as Longfellow used to write, was marked 48, and a theme might bear any mark below. Of these marks a great total was kept. If you were absent from any recitation, eight was deducted from your total. If you were absent from chapel I think two was deducted; every offence and every success had its correlative weight on this absolute standard.

I used to say, and it was quite true, that if a man entered college perfectly well fitted, so that at his first recitation he received 8 for every exercise, and from that moment declined in morals, in scholarship, and in intelligence, so that at his last recitation he received 0 for everything, his rank on the college scale the day he graduated would be absolutely the same as that of some unfortunate who, having got into the college by mistake, received 0 for every mark on his first recitation, and then by assiduous study, virtue,

and intelligence rose so that at the end of his course he received the highest mark for everything, and was the best scholar in his class. This statement was absolutely correct. The rank list, so called, of all colleges simply gives a miserable average of what a person has been in a certain period of time, and does not reveal, to men or to angels, anything of his present capacity or his present wish and intention.

By such a rank list, however, we were all measured. I think the result was a very great indifference to college rank on the part of most of the students. But in the bosoms of our families there was a great respect for it; everybody knew who the first scholar was, and there were traditions of the first scholars of a hundred years before us, so that a certain interest attached to knowing who the first scholar was. This interest was met in our case, and it would have been in the case of all other classes of our time, when what was called the sophomore exhibition, which has been already alluded to, came on. With us it was at the end of the college year of 1836–37. On a certain morning in May eight of our fellows were sent for to go to the president. They had little slips of paper given them, telling them what parts were assigned them for the exhibition, which was to take place just before the end of the college year. These parts were translations into Latin and Greek, or from Latin and Greek into English; but these eight then knew that they were the eight highest scholars in our class. For

the same exhibition one English oration was assigned, with which the exhibition closed. The junior who received this part knew that he was the highest scholar in his class then; unless he failed badly in the next year this man would be sure to receive the highest honor at commencement.

There were, as I have said, three of these exhibitions in a year, and at each exhibition eight of one class and eight of another were appointed, making sixteen in all. The exhibition consisted of declaiming these parts, of which the half were translations and half were original, in English, Latin, or Greek, before such an audience as chose to come together. Most of the students were at that time from the eastern part of Massachusetts; it would therefore happen that sixteen students might call together two or three hundred of their friends to hear their performances on such occasions. You spoke, in black silk gown, for four minutes, for six minutes, for eight minutes, or for twelve, according to your rank; you delivered a poem, or a disquisition, or a dissertation, or an oration, or you had your part in a "forensic," or perhaps simply declaimed in a dialogue which you had translated from some English drama into Greek or Latin. After the exhibition you asked your friends to your room, where there was a modest entertainment provided; the word "spread" is now used for such entertainments, but that has come in since my time.

At the end of the whole business, when your

boyhood was all but over, and your manhood was about to begin, the college commencement ended the whole. Still it was rightly enough named, for it was the beginning of life. To prepare for this the president's freshman carried round, not sixteen notes, but twenty-four or more, to call to the president's study the seniors who were highest in rank of the class which was to graduate. They were to receive their bachelor's degree. You went round to the president, and he gave you a slip of paper: —

"Jones, a disquisition, four minutes";

or,

"Smith, an English dissertation, eight minutes";

or,

"Brown, an English oration, twelve minutes."

Then you had the summer term to get up this part. You carried it down to Mr. Channing, who struck out its exuberant rhetoric, you rehearsed it to the teacher of elocution, you hired your black silk gown of Mrs. Hyde, and all was ready. The morning of commencement, before daylight, there began a queer procession from Boston of people, who were generally black people, with little covered handcarts or other vehicles, with which they established themselves around the Cambridge Common to feed the thirst and the hunger of the loafers of that town. With them and theirs, however, students had little or nothing to do. But, for the multitude of Cambridge, commencement was thus made much more a public holiday than was any other day in the year.

At eight o'clock in the morning the Governor rode out from the State House in a barouche with an escort of cavalry; the officers and the corporation rendered themselves; and at the First Church, which had been fitted up with a platform, the exercises began at nine o'clock. Lucky was the class and lucky were the spectators if they were done at half-past three in the afternoon. Perhaps one or two speakers had been added to the twenty-four who had had parts at exhibitions. It was generally considered that, out of respect to the nine Muses, if you had a poet of marked excellence in the class, he had a part whether he had or had not earned it by being one of the first twenty-four. Some fellow who wrote Latin decently well made a Latin salutatory. He said something funny about the girls, he complimented the professors, and told the Governor that all men considered themselves fortunate that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was under his direction. Then in stages of four or five parts at a time you went forward and satisfied yourself whether Alexander the Great were or were not a robber, whether literature would or would not flourish in America, and whether Julius Cæsar or Napoleon were the greater general. For glimpses of relief, as these numbers flowed on, the band performed some music, and people who could not stand it any longer then got up and went out, and people who had been waiting outside came in. So the exercises flowed on in a steady stream till, as I say,

between three and four o'clock, when the president was ready to give the degrees. He gave the bachelor's degree to these youngsters who had been speaking the pieces and to the rest of the class. The classes, on an average, were about sixty at that time. Then he called up those who were to be admitted as Masters. This was simply a file of such of the graduates of three years before as chose to pay the fee for another diploma. All the same, they were represented in the speaking by someone who delivered what was known as "the Master's oration." It was rather longer than the other orations, and was supposed to be more manly.

I may say in passing that I think the only tribute to college rank which I have ever known conferred by this active world of America was in connection with one of these Masters' orations. A man whom I knew rather well when I was in college had the Master's oration of his year. Ten years afterwards, as it happened, he was in a distant city, where, he told me, he had gone to see the lady whom he was afterwards to marry. Rather to his surprise, he found himself quartered in his hotel in what was known as the "Governor's room," a handsome parlor on the first floor, with all the conveniences of bedroom on one side, a bathroom, and the rest, such as in those days were not often dispensed in a travellers' hotel. When he paid his bill he asked to what accident he owed this distinction. And the "gentlemanly clerk" at

the office said: "I heard you speak your Master's oration at Cambridge ten years ago." So it seems that feudal institutions did linger in America almost as late as the middle of this century, and that the men of the carnal world had still some honors to confer on those who had in any sort been favored by the Muses.

And with this distribution of degrees college life ended. The degree is in Latin, and it does not promise much. It does give you the privilege of speaking in public whenever anybody asks you to. This privilege is one apt to be claimed by the American boy or the American man when he has not studied in a university. That is to say, any man may "hire a hall." There is, perhaps, a satisfaction in being authorized to do so in a language which few people understand, by a body of men who have received from the commonwealth the right to give such authority. However that may be, it is quite true that at the moment when one receives a piece of parchment which gives him this privilege his boyhood may be said to end and his manhood to begin.

SIXTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

WANDERJAHRE

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WANDERJAHRE

[BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE. The memoranda — such as they are, — in the "New England Boyhood" end before boyhood is generally thought to end. I was seventeen years and five months old when I received my bachelor's degree. Our first scholar, Samuel Eliot, — so honorably connected with the higher education of New England and with its noblest charities, — was but little older. But what is written is written. I make no attempt, in the summer of 1899, to recast the papers which I have collected as a sort of supplement to the little book which makes the first half of this volume. The greater part of them have been printed in one or another journal, — and in sending them to the press I have made such explanations as will prove, I hope, sufficient. — E. E. H.]

THERE is no more interesting writing than autobiography, — for the person who writes it. You might test the same man, at intervals of two or three years, after he had passed sixty: set him to writing his autobiography, and each record should be quite different from that of the time before.

In the case of "A New England Boyhood," my experience was perhaps unusual. At Mr. Horace Scudder's request, I wrote several numbers for the *Atlantic Monthly;* they were suggested, as has been said, by Miss Larcom's admirable book, "A New England Girlhood," and I should be glad if I thought they had anything of the charm of that

volume. I "padded" them afterward, to use the phrase of the ungodly, to make a separate book of them, which was to be published by the Cassell Company, of New York City.

Unfortunately for me, — shall I say, for the world? — on the day on which the book was to go out for the instruction of mankind, the principal director in that New York firm departed for parts unknown, where he has never since been identified, and carried such funds as were available for purposes of publication. I have a right to say, therefore, that that book, until this year, has never been published, and whatever advantages it might have brought to a waiting world have never been developed.

It ends, a little abruptly, with the end of college life. How well I can recollect that hour when I found myself in my pretty attic study in my father's house in Franklin Street, when I had arranged my few books there and looked forward upon life! I said to myself, "This is the last vacation which I shall ever enjoy." I had already agreed that early in September I would enter the service of the city of Boston as what we still call an "usher" in the Boston Latin School, the school in which I had myself been trained. I had delivered on class day at Cambridge the class poem; I had six weeks before me in which to prepare an "oration," which I was to deliver on commencement day. I had these six weeks before me, and with the forecast of a prophet I said to myself, "I shall not be a free

man again in my life." Sixty years have passed, and it is not until the month in which I write these lines, that I have come back to that happy freedom.

I had not been long installed in my home quarters when my uncle, Alexander Hill Everett, who was always kindness itself to me, was sent to China as United States minister. He permitted me to have the use of his personal library for the years of his absence; and with a good deal of difficulty I placed this collection of books on shelves in different parts of my father's house. My own bedroom was fairly walled with books. These were the collections which Mr. Everett had made between the years 1806 and 1840, mostly in his diplomatic residences in Russia, in the Netherlands, in France, and in Spain. I think it worth while to speak of this piece of good fortune because my life, absolutely in the midst of such books, was for many years largely influenced by them. The daily use of such a collection brought me into touch with the studies of the century, particularly in the years just before my time. I had begun on the line of reading which for many years I followed by reading through the English *Annual Register* from the year 1816 to the year 1835; for I had already observed that for any man the most difficult period for the study of history is the generation immediately preceding his personal recollection. Those twenty years of *Annual Register* annals were a good webwork in which to embroider

what I found among the German, French, and Spanish writers to whom I had easy access through Mr. Everett's kindness. In the same years the Champollions, Rossellini, and Lepsius were at work on the Egyptian hieroglyphics. I dabbled a good deal in that matter, and, like the other men of my time, was of course interested in the studies, comparatively new, which we now call studies of comparative religion, — this phrase had not then been invented.

My first articles for the periodicals were written at this time. I had a few articles in the *North American*, a good many in my father's and my brother's journals, and was much pleased when Dr. Gannett inserted an anonymous article from my pen in the *Christian Examiner*. Of that journal I was afterwards one of the assistant editors.

For two years I did my best in teaching Latin in the Latin School, serving under Epes Sargent Dixwell, who was the head of that school, and Francis Gardner, who was the "sub-master." It is a pleasure to write down the names of these two men. The elder of them is still living, honorable and honored. The loyalty with which he sustained his subordinates in every issue and in every difficulty entitled him always to their regard.

At the end of these two years I resigned. I resigned because I found I was often, at night, dreaming of my duties. I said that I was willing to give the city of Boston my days, but I would not give to it my nights. But, as I have found, it

was life I was quarrelling with. For never since have I been engaged in any duty of long continuance, where the work was worth the doing, but I have dreamed of it by night as I have thought of it by day.

So soon as I broke off in 1841, I joined my college friend William Francis Channing as junior assistant in the geological survey of New Hampshire. Returning from this, I lived at home, following up with a certain vigor the studies to which my teachers directed me, in the way of preparing for the Christian ministry.

I do not remember the time in my life when I did not suppose that I was to enter on that noble service. My study in this direction was now directed by my own minister, Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, and his predecessor John Gorham Palfrey, men to whom I was then and am still very largely indebted. At the same time, for the three years 1840, 1841, 1842, my father was publishing the *Monthly Chronicle;* in 1842 my brother was editing the *Boston Miscellany;* my father and my brothers were editors of the *Daily Advertiser;* and, from 1841 to 1846, my life was largely mixed up with editorial and newspaper duties. I wrote shorthand badly, and I often worked on the staff of the *Advertiser.* I remember especially that I did my share when we reported the speeches at the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, when Mr. Choate delivered his eulogy on General Harrison, when Mr. Webster made what was called his great

Faneuil Hall speech of September, 1842. To my great regret through my life, by a mere accident I furnished the report of his unhappy speech to a crowd of people around the Revere House, when he said, "Massachusetts must conquer her prejudices." But for the misfortune that I was there, those words would not now be preserved to the world.

Any average doctor of divinity would say that this was a very preposterous course of preparation for the modern pulpit. For the general drift of modern habit in America almost compels young men of college training to follow up that training by three years more of scholastic life at a theological school, if they mean to be preachers. But perhaps they are exactly the persons who need to look at life more in its active relations. However this may be, I have often said that the six months of training for my profession, which have proved of most value to me, were spent as the hard-working private secretary of my father, when he was engaged in Pennsylvania in important work regarding the railroads and canals, bearing on the resumption of payment on the interest on the Pennsylvania debt. My note-books of that time show the oddest intermingling of notes on the strength of wire cables, of memoranda on Ammon-Ra and Thoth, of accounts of visits to prisons, and the briefs of newspaper articles on taxation. I think that the man who is to preach to men of affairs must live among them, read what they

read and, to a certain extent, know what they know.

In October, 1842, I received a "license to preach." This is the old-time phrase of the Congregational order in Massachusetts. From that time till April, 1846, I used to go to preach wherever I was sent, always making the proviso that I did not choose to be permanently settled. This gave me a nomad life, from which I am sure I profited. In those years I preached in Northampton, in Greenfield, in Albany, in Cambridge, in Washington, and in New Bedford.

The winter which I spent in Washington was the Texas winter, — the winter of 1844–5. I came into Washington early, of a Sunday morning, by the B. and O. train, having an engagement to preach on that day. I had lost my connections at Baltimore, or I should have arrived the night before. Unfortunately, I had lost my elegant stove-pipe hat also, the day before, in the Northern Canal of Pennsylvania, just outside of Harrisburg. For in those days we still travelled by canals, and a "low bridge" had knocked that hat into the water. With the aid of a boat-hook I had rescued it; but it was not in a condition to wear, and so made my first appearance on the steps of the church in which I was to find my Sunday home from October to March, in a Scotch travelling-cap. The most of my possessions, including almost all my sermons, were on board the schooner, Mozart, which had sailed from Boston

to Washington the week before. The Mozart was a month on her passage. So I and my congregation were in no danger of old sermons in that interval; we had to get our spiritual food off the days and weeks as they passed us.

I soon discovered that if Washington were the capital of a great nation, it was also an agreeable country town. Among other things, there were good saddle-horses there. And one of the changes, not for the better, which half a century has made, has been the destruction of some lovely woods, and so of the pretty lawns they half hid. After Congress met, as many as fifty of the members generally rode in the saddle from their homes to the Capitol. On a pleasant day, when you went to the Capitol, if Congress were in session, you saw fifty horses at as many posts in the great court-yard fronting the building, waiting under the care of some "mild police," till the session was over.

The first thing that struck me as a youngster in Washington was the ease of its social arrangements. And it is immensely creditable to the sensible people who live there that they have succeeded in maintaining the simplicity to a certain extent, in the midst of the temptations to imitate Europe, and the pressure of the government of an empire. What do I mean by simple social arrangements? I mean that, of an afternoon, when I was taking my constitutional with George Abbott, he would say,

"Where shall we have our tea?" I would say, "I have not been in at the Seatons' for a week or two;" and we would go round, ring the door-bell at that charming house, and go in, to find perhaps twenty or thirty visitors, three quarters of whom were gentlemen, in those hospitable parlors. This would not be on the day when they "received" particularly; the house was open, with a cordial hospitality, to the large circle of Mr. and Mrs. Seaton's friends. And this was not exceptional. I was once scolding about the stiffness of Boston society at the Examiner Club, and told this story. And I said, "Is there any Mrs. Seaton in Boston where I could do that thing?" My companion answered with perfect frankness, "If there were any such person, she would move out of town to-morrow."

Or take another illustration. We had what we called a gymnasium, which was an open lot, fenced in, I think, with plank, which must have been about where Connecticut Avenue crosses K Street. All the machinery of our gymnasium was a bowling-alley, where anybody who belonged to the club went and rolled ten-pins. Now President Tyler was in his last year of office. Of an autumn afternoon he would walk across and roll ten-pins with the gentlemen of this club. I think I never met him there, but I have rolled ten-pins with Mrs. Madison,—I a youngster of twenty-three, and she a lady of well-nigh eighty. We had the greatest difficulty, I remember, in

getting her balls down the alley, and there was very elaborate old-fashioned complimenting about her overthrowing the king.

If you wanted, in those days, to see the President, or the ladies of his family, you went round to the White House and rang the door-bell and asked if Mr. Tyler were in, or Mrs. Tyler were in, exactly as you would ask if it had been at No. 999 H. Street. You went in and you sat down, and the visit was exactly like the visit at any other house in the evening.

The winter which I spent in Washington was, as I have said, the winter of the annexation of Texas. I hope I need not say that I was present at every important debate on that subject in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. On the 2d of March I returned home. I called on Mr. Choate, as the Massachusetts senator, in the Senate. I called him out and asked him what I should say to my father. "Tell him we are beaten," said Mr. Choate, "*Magno prælio victi sumus.*" Texas was annexed the next day.

I came home to Boston wild with the excitement of the defeat. I wrote a pamphlet, and printed it at my own charge, which I called, "How to Conquer Texas before Texas Conquers us." I thought it would be possible to rouse the anti-slavery men of the North to an emigration into Texas. I meant to go with them, to fulfil any duty which I could discharge there. I was young enough and green enough to suppose that

the people who had so earnestly expressed their conviction that Texas should not be annexed, would join in such an enterprise to make Texas a free State. Had I been older I should have tried to take the lead of such an enterprise myself. As it was, I printed my pamphlet, which so far as I know no one read. Of this I am certain, that no one ever spent five cents for a copy, and the edition was upon my hands. I have always been proud that I wrote it, and a few years afterward I entered into similar enterprises for emigration to Kansas. I now reprint this pamphlet as finding its best place among these Biographical Sketches.

FREEDOM IN TEXAS

[Published in March, 1845.]

WHAT shall we do?

The Senate has passed the annexation resolutions.

The House has assented to the *compromise* amendment, which compromises nothing but the integrity and honor of two Senators.

Mr. Tyler has signed the resolves.

Massachusetts and New England have resolved, in this emergency, not to withdraw from the Union. They have resolved rightly. They have preferred still to do in the Union, what measure of good

they might, although the instrument of union is thus rudely attacked and wounded.

Massachusetts, or again let us say New England, desires to do what of good may still be done, notwithstanding this reckless action of a partisan Congress.

The scene of action, however, is now removed. New England can no longer hope to effect any thing by the eloquence of her statesmen in Congress. Texas itself is the proper scene for her future efforts. Good men and true have now to labor in and on Texas, to avert the dangers of annexation.

Those dangers were manifold. They included

I. The injury inflicted by the measure on the Federal Constitution.

II. The weakness of the Federal Government, more dangerous as the extent of territory of the Union increases.

III. The continuation, through an undefined time, of slavery, in a region adapted to it as Texas is by its position.

IV. The destruction of the balance of power between free and slave States, and Atlantic and Western States.[1]

V. The introduction into the Union of an unprincipled population of adventurers, with all the privileges of a State of naturalized citizens.

VI. The creation of an enormous State, in time

[1] See Appendix A.

to become the real Empire State of the country. Texas, with three hundred and ten thousand square miles of territory, is admitted as one State, into the Union. If she remain such, she will prove the Austria of the confederacy, to overrule all opposition.[1]

Of these evils, the two first are now past remedy. They were inflicted, and inflicted forever, when Mr. Tyler set his name to the Joint Resolutions.

The other evils, however, all suppose a condition which it is still in the power of Northern men to overthrow.

They suppose, that is, that the population of Texas, with the rapid increase which it shall gain when united to this confederacy, is to be a slave-holding population; a population of the same views and principles with that which first colonized the country, and which now holds it.

In the ordinary course of emigration, this supposition would prove true. Must it prove true, however? May not Northern men, — Northern capitalists, Northern emigrants, Northern fathers and mothers, Northern teachers and pupils, — change this condition? May not the North pour down its hordes upon these fertile valleys, and bear civilization, and Christianity and freedom into their recesses? Northern energy has peopled and civilized southern countries heretofore — may it not again?

[1] See Appendix B.

We ask to these questions the attention of all considerate men, who view the admission to the Union of Texas, as Texas now is, an evil. We may not, we ought not to leave Texas as it is. We ought, by acting in Texas, by our emigrants in Texas, by our moral influence in Texas, by our votes in Texas, to continue there the contest of freedom, in the first skirmish of which we have been defeated. We ought thus to prevent the four last evils which have been named. We ought to hasten the end of slavery in Southeastern Texas, and make Northern and Western Texas free. We ought to restore the balance of power between the free and slave States. We ought to place in Texas a population of high principle, if we can; and we ought to attain such influence in Texan councils, that Texas shall be from time to time subdivided, as need may be. Such a subdivision will never take place, if all Texas is to hold slaves, unless the federal Union pay roundly for it. Why should it? Why should Texas subdivide herself, if she be a State of homogeneous interest, and if by remaining whole she can control the Union?

There can be no question that Texas, particularly the upper country of Texas, is naturally one of the finest agricultural countries in the world.

"The country," says Iken, "is naturally divided into three separate regions which in many respects differ from each other. The first, a level region, extends along the coast, with a breadth in-

land varying from one hundred miles where greatest, in the centre, to seventy and thirty miles, being most contracted towards the southwest extremity. The soil of this region is a rich alluvium, with scarcely a stone, yet singularly free from stagnant swamps. Broad woodlands fringe the banks of the rivers, between which are extensive pasture lands. The second division, the largest of the three, is the undulating or rolling prairie region, which extends for one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles farther inland, its wide grassy tracts alternating with others that are thickly timbered. These last are especially prevalent in the east, though the bottoms and river-valleys throughout the whole region are well wooded. Limestone and sandstone form the common substrata of this region; the upper soil consists of a rich friable loam, mixed indeed with sand, but seldom to such an extent as to prevent the culture of the most exhausting products. The third, or mountainous region, situated principally on the west or southwest, forms part of the great Sierra Madre, or Mexican Alps, but little explored, and still unsettled."

Of the midland district, the English traveller, Mrs. Houston, speaks, from the observations of those who had seen it, in these words:

"To the lowlands, which are certainly not healthy, but wonderfully rich and productive, succeed the beautifully undulating rolling prairies. Nothing can surpass this portion of Texas in natu-

ral attractions; its ever verdant prairies resemble our most beautiful parks; magnificent clumps of timber are scattered over its surface, and its valleys are watered by quick-running streams."

It will be remembered that in the whole of this Republic there are not now, at the largest computation, more than three hundred thousand persons. Its population is about that of the State of New Hampshire. The most thickly settled portion of the district is the lowland. Most easily cultivated, most fit for that barbarous rudeness of labor, which alone is possible in a slave country, this district, if we are rightly informed, has filled up most rapidly. To freemen, however, the midland district offers equal or superior advantages. The climate is better; the cooler air, and consequent vigor and health, give an advantage which the slight ease of tillage gained on the sea-coast does not counterbalance. It is already an extensive grazing country, and it would seem that the agricultural product can scarcely be named which may not be raised there. Maize, rye, barley, and oats; peaches, melons, figs, and in the warmer sections olives, dates, pine-apples, oranges, and lemons; the sugar-cane, tobacco, and short-stapled cotton are all mentioned among successful crops in this midland region.

It is not wild nor Utopian to hope that, by a systematic and united effort, free emigration, and free labor, and free institutions, may attain a predominance in this territory. As we have said,

it is as yet thinly settled. The inland parts of Texas, and more especially those directly west of Louisiana, and south and west of our Indian territory,[1] do not now contain an individual to the square mile. In those parts, if Northern settlers will turn thither, if Northern capitalists will assist them, if Northern associations will unite them, if Christian principles will rule them, — in those parts may be planted freedom in Texas. Those parts of the country may one day be its wealthiest, its strongest, and its most populous parts. Those parts may at no distant day supply, by their looms and their workshops, the manufactures which their slave-holding neighbors need. Those free States shall hem in, shall discountenance, shall work the end of the *domestic institution*. Their institutions of learning, their schools and colleges, and libraries, shall enlighten Texas. And it is not impossible that this result may come soon. It is not extravagant to hope for it.

There does not need any spasmodic exertion, any self-sacrifice, any crusading spirit, to effect it. The means are already at work which may compass it, if principle, and morals, and religion can direct them. Those means are found in the immense emigration now in progress, from free States. The only labor necessary to those who

[1] The territory to which the Indians have been removed by the United States Government, comprises the districts west of Arkansas and Missouri. It has been ceded to the removed tribes forever.

would free Texas, or a part of Texas, is in turning a comparatively small part of this emigration thither. Some farther pains will be needed, that such settlers shall not forget their Northern feelings beneath a southern sun; that they shall retain the love of labor and the hatred of slavery, which they feel sincerely when they leave their homes. A calculation, based on the censuses of 1830 and 1840,[1] gives us a view of the emigration from free States during that period, which we may fairly take for the basis of calculation for the present time. That emigration has doubtless increased with the increase of the population of the country. The westward emigration of that period was at the average rate of two per cent of the population of the old free States at its commencement. If that average were precisely correct at the present time, the westward emigration of the present year, 1845, would be 129,261 individuals. The emigration of ten years, between 1840 and 1850, from the old free States, to the new free States and territories, will probably prove to be about 1,300,000 persons. That of the ten years between 1830 and 1840 was something more than 1,000,000 persons.

Now, cannot Northern Texas, south of the ridiculous "compromise line,"[2] be included among these free States and territories? It is what Wisconsin was five years since. Cannot some part of this emigration of Northern free men and women

[1] See Appendix C. [2] See Appendix D.

be led thither? If only a tenth part took that course, there would be in 1855 a population of 150,000 free men in those districts. There would be a half or a quarter of that number of slaveholders. Place free and slave labor together, on fair ground, with no prejudice to favor the one or the other, and as sure as God's word is true, as sure as truth is stronger than falsehood, as sure as hope is stronger than fear, as sure as the soul, and the heart, and the mind, have more power than passions or terrors, in inducing men to labor, — so surely will free labor obtain a hold in any country, and drive out the forced labor of slaves.

Though the space allowed in this pamphlet scarcely permits allusion to any but the political and moral inducements to such a turn of emigration, it offers a full display of temptations to the settler, even had he not such views as these. So he be assured that the new States to be made in Northern Texas shall be free States, that his children and his children's children shall grow up in a truly free land, he will find in Texas a thousand advantages which neither Michigan, nor Wisconsin, nor Iowa, nor Illinois can offer. The climate is milder, the variety of timber is greater, and it is more generally dispersed; the soil is as good as any in the world. The published accounts of the midlands of Texas, from which we have already quoted a few words, will show them to be as fine territory as the world affords.

To bodies of settlers from the Eastern States, it would scarcely be more difficult to reach these districts than to remove themselves to Wisconsin or Iowa. Galveston, or New Orleans, give ready access to them; New Orleans to the Red River lands, or Galveston to those in other parts of Texas. Freight and passage to either of these ports may at all times be readily obtained in any of the Atlantic seaports; and once arrived at either, the remainder of a settler's journey is less arduous than would be the close of it, if he went wholly by land to a Northwestern State.

Such being the ease of emigration, it does not seem absurd to hope that a part of the army of settlers who are leaving their homes this year, — who will leave their homes for years to come, — will march into the fertile prairies and woodlands of Texas.

Is it too much to hope that they will carry with them the principles of their first homes? Is it too much to ask them to live there, to die there, and to vote there, freemen; and never to surrender themselves in bondage to the most corrupting institution that the world knows? Surely there is no reason to fear that if they are surrounded by a large enough number of persons of their own feelings and sympathies, they will fall back to the customs which now unfortunately rule the country where they are to settle! Such an effort to introduce free labor and free institutions on the virgin soil of a new republic must command the sympa-

thy of freemen and of Christians the world over. It must arouse to the full the zeal of those who are embarked in it. They would labor not only as adventurers in a new land, but as the pilgrims who were the pioneers there of a great principle. And through these means they would receive the blessing of that Providence which, though it employ human means, always smiles on such high principle, and guides it to success.

The result of such an emigration as has been supposed, on the basis suggested, would be speedy and important. If one tenth of the settlers who will leave the old free States, within the ten next years, should settle in Texas, there would be a population in the midlands and uplands of Texas, at the end of that time, and probably before, of more than 200,000 people. A great majority of these would be attached to free institutions. Here would be the material for two new free States, who would have such a voice in the Texan legislature, as to compel their separation when they should demand it, and who would be ready to join this Union as separate and independent States, before more than one slave State could be carved out of the remainder of Texas. On the ordinary calculation that five persons compose a family, the emigration from the old free States of 12,000 men, who would take with them their families, or collect them around them in Texas, would be a stock, with those whom they would find there, from which would spring at once a new State, to be

independent of other Texan influence, and to be free in its institutions and manners.

Such an emigration is not extravagant or impossible. It is for young men and women who propose to go westward, to remember the cause of freedom and of their country, and travel southward rather than northward; to turn to Texas and its mild climate rather than Wisconsin and its more inclement air. Let them associate together, and they may have at once the strength and comfort of a village in their new home. It is for the organizations which have opposed the admission of Texas to take measures for the same end, now that that admission is sure. A twentieth part of the petitioners against the annexation may strip the annexation of its worst evils. It is for men of capital to look to the interest of the Union, and make such purchases of land in Texas that they may assist the poor settler who has no money to establish himself there; but who has a true heart, and will have a true vote, when he arrives there. And if these will labor in the cause, God will watch the issue; and the conquest of Texas, by the peaceful weapons of truth, of freedom, of religion, and of right, will be sure.

APPENDIX

(A.) We take from the *Boston Advertiser* the following computations of the present and future balance of power between the States.

It is the common habit of the people of this country, to look forward with complacency to the prospect of the future growth of the country in numbers, wealth, and power; and therefore an increase of territory, especially if it be such a territory as is capable of sustaining a thinking population, is conceived to be, as a matter of course, a desirable acquisition. There are many who are accustomed to make calculations of the rate of increase, by which the country will become, in the course of a few years, one of the most powerful nations, not merely of the Western continent, but of the civilized world. The ratio of increase which has governed the growth of our population since the declaration of independence, will, according to these calculations, in the space of another fifty years, swell the population of the country to 80,000,000.

Long before this period shall arrive, they argue that the seat of power, and the centre of population, will be transferred from the Atlantic States to the Western side of the mountains.

. . . . . .

To give the proper extension to the vast empire of which this rich country is to become the seat, and to give it, as well as the territory of the United States, a more regular conformation, the annexation of Texas is necessary. By this annexation, also, the object is expedited and rendered more sure, of transferring the centre of population and influence to the banks of the Mississippi. With this addition, and without allowing any great preponderance to Oregon, the precise centre will be upon the father of waters, and in

a very few years there will be no contest for the supremacy, between the East and the West. The only contest for the seat of empire will be between St. Louis and perhaps Memphis, or some other city to be erected upon the banks of the Mississippi, instead of retaining it where the seat of government is now placed, upon the banks of the Potomac.

. . . . . .

The present number of States being 26, the bills now reported in the House of Representatives, providing for the admission of Iowa and Florida, with a provision for a future subdivision of the latter into two States; and Wisconsin being now by its population entitled to admission whenever it shall request it, we have 30 States, independently of Texas. Should the proviso for the subdivision of Florida be rejected, [as it since has been,] the number of States will be 29; with the addition of six States from Texas the number will be 35, and with another from Florida, 36. The balance of States will then be as follows:

	Number of States.	Square miles.
INCLUDING TEXAS		
Western States	21 or 20	990,000
Atlantic States	15	321,400
Slaveholding States, inc. Delaware	21 or 20	883,400
Free States	15	438,000
EXCLUSIVE OF TEXAS		
Western States	15 or 14	672,000
Atlantic States	15	321,000
Slaveholding States	15 or 14	565,400
Free States	15	438,000

It will be observed, that the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico are classed with the Western States, and that the Western Territories not yet entitled to admission as States, with Oregon, are not included in this computation.

(B.) The injury which we have last mentioned is that most dwelt on by Mr. Benton, in his conclusive

speech against Mr. Brown's resolution. That resolution admits Texas as one State. By the constitution of the United States, no States can be subdivided without the consent of its own authorities. The subdivision of Georgia from its original size was only obtained after long delay, by grants to that State of land, and of services in removing Indians, from the federal government, amounting, according to Mr. Benton, eventually, to more than $20,000,000. This became, then, he said in closing, a matter of calculation. If it required twenty years, and $20,000,000, to induce Georgia, without debt as she was, to give up territory for one State, how long and how much will it take to induce debt-ridden Texas, to cede territory for four or five States?

(C.) In 1830, the population of the United States was	12,866,020
In 1840	17,068,666
Increase	4,202,646

Of this increase, about 600,000, probably, was due to foreign emigration. The increase of population from other causes, then, was 3,602,646, or about 28 per cent of the population in 1830. We take 28 per cent, therefore, as the ratio of natural increase of population, in ten years.

In 1830 the population of the free Western States and Territories was	1,470,018
In 1840 it was	2,967,840
The increase was	1,497,822
Of this increase, the portion not resulting from emigration may be taken at	411,604

that being 28 per cent of the population in 1830.

The increase by emigration into those States is then	1,086,218

This emigration was almost wholly from old free States, or through free States. The population of the old free States in 1830, was 5,536,779. The emigration westward in the next ten years was about 20 per cent of that number. We take two per cent of the population of the old States, therefore, as the proportion which shows the annual emigration from them.

(D.) The resolution which admits Texas, provides that there shall be no slavery in that portion north of 36° 30′, the Missouri compromise line. Mr. Adams and Mr. Brinkerhoff have both declared in Congress, that no pretension as to the territory of Texas ever carried it within a hundred miles of that line. Mr. Adams says that he never knew that it was thought by anyone to extend further north than 34°. The government map carries a strip of it up to the line of 42°. But whether this section be included eventually in Texas, or not, there is no question that it is a mountainous and desert region. The reasoning which we have attempted to press in this pamphlet relates only to territory farther south.

BOSTON IN THE FORTIES

BOSTON IN THE FORTIES

I HAVE tried two or three times to describe in print the Boston in which I went and came as a teacher in the Latin School, as a reporter for the *Daily Advertiser* as sub-editor of the *Advertiser* and of the two magazines which have been named, and in all this as a student trying to prepare himself for the ministry. The people of the nineties do not much believe that there was any such idealistic wave as several of us have tried to describe. In a book called "Lowell and his Friends," I said that in the Boston of that day everybody knew everybody. One of the younger critics supposed that this was a snobbish statement that the "upper six hundred" all knew each other. This simply shows that in the Boston of half a million people you cannot make men understand what a small, active town is. To say "everybody knew everybody" does not imply that people in broadcloth knew people in broadcloth, or people in silks knew people in silks: it means that as you walk through the streets of a town which has in it not more than twenty thousand active men, which does not receive on any day more than a few hundred people from the outside, you do know, perhaps not by name,

but by sight or sympathy, everybody you see. You recognize every hackman in such a town. You know the different "hand-cart men" by sight, though you cannot say whether one is named Nahum Prince or another Asaph Allen. The evident snobbishness in the paper to which I refer was the snobbishness of the critic, and not of the person he criticised.

Upon this simple life — village life, if you please — an ocean of foreign emigration was about to fall; and the Boston of to-day, more than half European by birth, does not recognize the homogeneous population of the Boston of 1840. There was a queer little colony of blacks over on the back of what was familiarly called "Nigger Hill." There was a very strong sentiment of the whites, unfavorable to them. And I have heard it said since, what I never knew at the time, that on holidays they were not permitted to advance beyond certain limits on the Boston common. I doubt the accuracy of this statement myself; but it shows how stern was the feeling then that people of African origin were not Americans.

With these comments I will now print two passages, one from the *Outlook* and one from my own "Life of James Freeman Clarke," which will perhaps give some impression of the atmosphere of those six years. I will venture, however, to say that the period seems to be a curious period to all people who are fond of Boston, and that there have been many efforts to describe it. Dear

Mrs. Howe has touched upon it in her reminiscences; Dr. Holmes's letters refer to it; Dr. Lothrop published some reminiscences which throw light upon it; all the biographies of Emerson have reference to it; the lives of Lyman Beecher, Prescott, Ticknor, and Hawthorne cover the same period; Mr. Harding's very curious "Egistography" gives some glimpses of it; Mr. Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays" discusses it; there are anecdotes of it in Sam Longfellow's life of his brother, and in Octavius Brooks Frothingham's "Recollections"; whenever Mr. Edward Everett's life shall be published that will throw light upon it. There can be no history of the religious development of New England, of its literary triumphs, of the utter change in its political system, or any discussion of the revolution which made over the New England of the first half of the century and changed it into the New England of the second half, which does not recur constantly for illustration or for explanation to these ten years in Boston, between 1840 and 1850.

When I left college, I found myself in the midst of the curious wave of feeling, the value of which was felt in all New England. It was more felt in Boston than anywhere else. Different people have spoken of it as the Transcendental movement, or as the Philanthropic movement.

It passed on, and left its alluvial soil behind it. It did no harm, it did much good; and, generally speaking, it is now forgotten.

Dr. Channing, since the year 1803, had been preaching in Boston the possible perfection of human nature, or the divinity of man. He began to preach in a little, rather forlorn church, which was the remnant of a foreigners' church, a church of Scotch Presbyterians, of which "Johnny Moorhead" was the minister in the years before the Revolution. Channing had gone to this church because it was small and weak, and because he was weak and small; but from the moment when his oracles were uttered there, the best people in Boston determined to hear him. And in 1840 Boston was led by the people who had been led by him. The foreign merchants of Boston, the men who were beginning to make Boston a manufacturing centre, the men who were planning the great railroad system which now spreads over this nation, were people who believed in the ideas which Channing proclaimed, namely, ideas centring in the divinity of man.

These people showed their faith in various ways. They did or did not go to anti-slavery meetings in which Dr. Channing was interested. They did or did not think he was a fanatic when he proclaimed the wickedness of human slavery. But, all the same, they were men who believed in an Idea. In one way or another they showed their faith in their works. There were among them men who

were used to victory. For instance, such men had created the fur trade on the northwest coast of America. This meant that they had sent out vessels loaded, you would say, with nothing, which came back after a three years' voyage filled with the most costly silks and spices and teas. They were men who remembered the time when they did the carrying trade for Europe, and when Napoleon himself had not been able to control them. They were men who knew that all things are possible to one who believes.

The population of Boston in 1840 was ninety-three thousand. It was to the statistician an insignificant commercial town. But the people who lived in Boston went and came like princes. Many of them had stood unawed before kings. And the leaders of them really believed that they could make the city of Boston the city of God, and they meant to do so.

By which I mean that when they had an enterprise in hand, the pattern for it was made full size. It was made on the largest scale. If they created the Massachusetts Hospital, it was to be large enough for the needs of all the people in the State of Massachusetts. When they created the Institution for the Blind, it was to be large enough for all the blind people in Massachusetts. When they established a House of Reformation, they really supposed that the vagrant boys in that House of Reformation were to be definitely and thoroughly Re-Formed. They knew no reason

why they should not go forth to do such work as Benjamin Franklin had done in the world.

Such people, and the people under their lead, took an interest in what we should now call idealistic or sentimental enterprises such as has not been paralleled in what I have known of other cities. They were a little tired of the old drama, so they bought their old Boston Theatre and changed it into the Odeon. They arranged for the performance there of Beethoven's symphonies within fifteen years after Beethoven's death. Two thousand people crowded this building whenever these symphonies were performed. At the same time, one of these leaders whom I have described died in his Eastern travels. This man, John Lowell, Jr., left a fund of three hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a popular university in Boston, which has lasted from that day to this. It provides for the delivery of free lectures, by the best men in the world, on the most important subjects of human knowledge. In the years 1840, 1841, and 1842, to give a single instance of what this meant, one of these courses of lectures was on "The Being and Attributes of God." It was delivered by James Walker, afterwards President of Harvard College. In a town of forty or fifty thousand people who, you might say, were of the lecture-going age, more than two thousand people regularly attended on these thoughtful, recondite, scientific discourses.

At the same time, every vision of the future which was thrown upon the screen was watched and studied with eager enthusiasm. The anti-slavery people, the temperance people, the people who wanted to suppress Sunday, the Fourierites, all other Socialists, were sure of audiences at their conventions. You can open Faneuil Hall to-day, if fifty people sign a petition for the purpose, for the utterance of any reform fanatic; but when he and the janitor come there, they will find that there are not present twenty-five of the people who signed the call. In those days, if the call was uttered, people came.

It would be hard to say that there was any centre to this eager movement. But a picturesque place, where one who was wise enough might watch some of its currents, was the modest book-shop, kept in a private house, No. 12 West Street, by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, her sisters and her father. Miss Peabody had been a teacher of a girls' school. I think that it did not know much of the mechanism of modern school teaching, but I think there was there a good deal of the spirit of faith and hope and love. Perhaps people were tired of the school; I do not know. But she was herself on the very front edge of all advance movements, and somehow or other she and her sisters — afterwards Mrs. Horace Mann and Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne — opened a "foreign circulating library," and a book-shop for the sale of German and French books, in what was the front

parlor of the house I have named. A counter ran across the parlor, the books of the circulating library stood on shelves in brown-paper covers, and such few books as they had in stock were pretty much anywhere as you looked around.

I am afraid that the subscription to the library did not amount to much; I am afraid that the sales of books did not amount to much. But what happened was this: if you had a vacant ten minutes, you went in there, for it was just in the middle of the Boston of that time. You met there, as might happen, Bronson Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Horace Mann, George Bancroft, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frederick Hedge, even Andrews Norton, Margaret Fuller, Lydia Maria Child or her husband, John Dwight, afterwards to be the musical critic; Christopher Cranch, better remembered as a painter than as a preacher; George Ripley, and all the leaders of Brook Farm, James Lowell, William Story, William B. Greene, or the charming lady who was afterward his wife. Who was there that you did not meet who was wide awake and was interested in the future? You stood and talked there — gossiped if you please — with such people; and you carried off the "Revue de Deux Mondes" of the month before, or you looked between the leaves of Strauss's "Leben Jesu," or something else which had appeared from Europe.

Perhaps somebody told you that Margaret

Fuller's conversation of that week would be on the myth of Juno, or the myth of Ceres, and would n't you like to come round on Thursday evening? Or somebody told you that Mr. Allston would be at home on Tuesday evening, and did you not want to walk out to Cambridge and see him? Or somebody said that thus-and-so would be going on in the preparations for Brook Farm. Or somebody asked you how you felt disposed toward the Anti-Sabbath Convention. Or you were asked to put your name down to a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. If you had that ten minutes in the midst of a workaday life, and looked in at 12 West Street, you were made sure, if you had not known it before, that this world has a future, and that very probably it was true that the kingdom of God was at hand.

I do not know if young people of both sexes in Boston, in New York, or Chicago, have any such loafing-place now, where they can meet at haphazard, where a walk can begin or can end. Let the people of the small cities remember that it is their great joy that such simple things are possible with them. You met Margaret Fuller or Dr. Holmes or Mr. Bancroft, or some John or Mary, some Alva or Zebedee unknown to fame. "Are you going to walk?" or "Would you like to go round the common?" or "Are you taking your constitutional?" And you two took your constitutional together. Some of Miss Fuller's

conversations which have been made famous by the interest which attaches to her life were in the parlors upstairs. I do not recollect any machinery of tickets or of formal invitations. It seems as if the company were selected by the "law of attraction." This was the central phrase in Fourier's plans, then popular in all such circles, but now forgotten. I think the Brook Farm people all made their regular headquarters at the "Foreign Circulating Library." I am afraid that the helter-skelter in which everybody availed himself of its hospitalities did not promote its pecuniary success.

Whoever deals with the local history of the town in these years has to attempt the description of a certain local ferment, involving eager expectation and a readiness for new things, which certainly does not characterize the Boston of to-day, and did not characterize the Boston of the beginning of the century. The anti-slavery leaders were at their best; they had a mountain to cast into the sea, and they were loyally going about that business, with little but faith to sustain them. Reformers of every school had broken with all the bonds which the church, in various organizations, had contrived for their repression. In speculation, morals, and the philosophy of the intellect, as in the consideration of religion, the word "transcendental" had begun to be heard, and with it came the suspicion that the higher law, nay, the highest law, might be found available as

an everyday direction. Into the midst of the enthusiasm thus aroused came the prophecies of the psychical experimenters of whatever name,—each one generally adopting a new one,—and they brought their fascinating suggestion that by rightly developing the fit organs of the brain, we might produce, almost to order, poetry better than Dante's or Milton's, and science more accurate than Newton's or La Place's. In a word, prophecy was in order,—not to say in fashion. There was a general sympathy with Saint Paul and George Fox and people of that type who did not travel in the steps of Pharisees or of priests. Mr. Brisbane, by admirably conducted propaganda, was bringing into notice Charles Fourier's plans; and dear Robert Owen, not meaning to be forgotten, came from England with his own. In Boston, by a sort of natural law, the prophets of new beliefs or new suspicions made rendezvous. When, in 1842, the friends of Bronson Alcott thought to give him, and indeed themselves, a little rest, by sending him to Europe on a summer outing, as he landed at Liverpool he met some correspondents who with him instantly held a convention at a school which had been named Alcott Lodge in his honor. At this convention it was at once voted that the United States of America was the fittest place for the redemption of mankind to begin. And so, before the summer was over, he returned, with a certain Mr. Lane and Mr. Wright, with spirits far more excited than his own, to

undertake that redemption. They held new conventions, and established the experiment of "Consociation" to "redeem society from the institution of property." They were quite successful in this effort, so far as the property-holding members of their own number are to be regarded. This "movement" was a little later in time than the associations which had tried other social experiments at Brook Farm, at Hopedale, and at Florence, not to mention places outside of New England.

Meanwhile, the idolatry of the letter of Scripture bore legitimate fruit in the proclamation by William Miller that the world would end in the year 1843, on or about the 20th of March. The mathematical instinct of New England especially approved of the additions and subtractions of figures which were found in the books of Daniel and the Revelation, which, beginning with dates in Rollin's History, came out neatly, by the older calendar, at the beginning of 1843. The Latter-Day Saints, generally known as Mormons, also had an establishment in Boston, where the Golden Book was expounded.

In more decorous quarters, the ferment created by the Oxford Movement in England was scarcely less. The most striking tracts and papers in the English controversy were reprinted in America; and on a smaller scale the Protestant Episcopal Church here repeated the discussions, and tried the experiments in ritual, which were thrilling the Established Church of England.

Mr. Emerson's career as a lecturer was just beginning. It is hard to say that he was at his best at one period of his life more than at another. But it is on record that Mr. Emerson said that "the usual experience is" that a man thinks his best thoughts between thirty and forty. "When the impulse of youth is on the man he sees most clearly." In the same years, or a little later, William Henry Channing spent some months in Boston, and called together a sympathetic religious society. "If he had told us to take any bootblack from the street into our homes and clothe him in purple and fine linen, we would have done so,"— these are the words of one of his admirers. For the pure and simple gift of eloquence, so far as it consists in seizing the right word at the right instant, and speaking with all the passion of personal conviction, Mr. Channing had no rival among the men around him.

Margaret Fuller, too, had begun her series of "Conversations" in Boston. The description of them in the Life of her by Freeman Clarke, William Henry Channing, and Emerson, is from Channing's pen and her own. Her conduct of these classes, as they were called for want of a better name, was "excellent," to take Mr. Emerson's phrase. She sat at one end of the room, and the body of visitors, or "assistants," arranged themselves as they could, so that they might see and hear her. Nine-tenths of them were in the mood of people paying homage, which indeed she

well deserved. But she would not and did not accept it. The skill, the tact, with which she threw back the ball of conversation, so as to start this listener or that, and the success with which she made him speak and say his best, were clear tokens of her real genius, and, more than anything she said herself, showed that she was the mistress of the company and of the occasion.

WORCESTER

WORCESTER

THESE *Wanderjahre* ended on the 29th of April, 1846, when I became the minister of the Church of the Unity in Worcester. Worcester had been a quiet shire town, but was just awakening to its position as centre of a great railway system. My father had built the railway to Worcester, and had directed the initial surveys of that to Albany. My friend Frederic Greenleaf, the Harry Wadsworth of "Ten Times One," told me that with his own hand he threw the switch which opened the way to Springfield of the small four-wheeled car which contained all the freight which Boston had to send to the west on that day. I have always called Worcester a western town in the heart of New England. I found there an admirable parish of people earnestly religious, but utterly unecclesiastical. Without any feeling that I was protesting against anybody's else course, I always supposed myself a minister of the town as well as the minister of one particular parish; and while I always enjoyed parish duty and parish life, I had always on hand, in close connection with them, a set of occupations which had to do with all the people

of the town. I was asked to serve on the school committee as other clergymen were. I said very frankly that I had rather be on the Overseers of the Poor, and the nominating committee took me at my word and placed me there. Everything was in a tangle then, in Massachusetts, because the State had not defined its position with regard to foreign paupers. This led me to write and publish my "Letters on Irish Emigration" in the winter of 1851–52. These suggested the present basis of our State legislation; and the present system of State almshouses is founded on those suggestions. Worcester was forming itself rapidly to be the well organized city that it is. I think I was able to be of some use in the formation of the Natural History Society and the Public Library.

As early as 1845, when I returned from Washington after listening to the great Texas debate, I printed, as I have said, a pamphlet on emigration to Texas called "How to conquer Texas before Texas conquers us." At that time, I would have gladly joined any colony which took the good advice there given. But my plan attracted no attention. When, however, in 1852 Mr. Eli Thayer, of Worcester, with the foresight of a statesman, made his great plans for emigration to Kansas, which saved Kansas as a free State, I was close at his side, and I tried to render material assistance in that effort. My father gave us the full use of the *Daily Advertiser*, which was the leading paper of New England. Mr. Greeley, in the

Tribune, published our articles as editorials. A dozen other leading newspapers favored the cause of emigration in the same way. I went almost everywhere in New England, addressing audiences on Kansas, and the way to it. I was on the executive committee of the Emigrant Aid Company, which for years kept a close connection with the new-born State. The company had the satisfaction of seeing Kansas admitted as a free State in 1861.

It is because for some years my life was all mixed up with this Kansas emigration that I include in this collection a paper on the history of that movement, written by me in 1897. I am now the president of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, of which at that time I was one of the directors.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE COLONIZATION OF KANSAS

[First published in Hurd's New England States, 1897]

THE great Missouri question of 1819 and 1820 agitated New England to the very heart. But our generation has forgotten the excitement of the great Missouri controversy; indeed, every generation has to repeat the experiences and lessons of its founders.

The compromises of the Constitution, as they

have been called, were intended to quiet the discussion on the slavery issue between the North and the South. In a way they did so for thirty years. But the South was always jealous of the North, and in the concession of power to the three Virginian dynasties, which held the executive office from 1801 to 1825, a Southern policy, which looked always first to the institution of slavery, governed the national administration. When, therefore, in the year 1819, the question came up of the admission of Missouri as a slave State, the Southern party seems to have taken it for granted that the existence of slavery in that new State would be permitted. On the other hand, the Northern States resented this claim, and the heated Missouri discussion of 1819 followed, precisely as if a like question had not been discussed thirty years before.

The people of Massachusetts, almost unanimously, opposed the extension of slavery into the new State. On the 3d of December, 1819, a great public meeting of the inhabitants of Boston and vicinity was held in the Doric Hall of the State House in Boston. Daniel Webster presided, and in his speech on that occasion uttered what was undoubtedly the real conviction of his life, as to the danger of the farther extension of slavery. A committee was formed, of which he was the chairman, to prepare a memorial to Congress on this subject; and that memorial is a strong argument in favor of confining slavery to the States already in existence. There is no more

scandalous illustration of the falsehood of written history than the entire omission in Curtis's "Life of Daniel Webster," of all reference to the part which he took in the protest of the North on that occasion.

In the treaty with France, regarding the sale to the United States of the territory of Louisiana, no reference had been made to any supposed rights as to slavery of the handful of whites who were on the western side of the Mississippi. And so little idea had Mr. Jefferson or his advisers of the value of their great purchase that Robert Livingston, who made the bargain with Napoleon, in 1803 wrote home to Mr. Jefferson that he had assured everyone whom he met that not an emigrant would be sent across the Mississippi River in the next hundred years. So little did the statesmen of that time anticipate the necessity of making arrangements for the social condition of those who should emigrate.

The agitation on the subject was for a moment numbed, and a certain *status quo* was attained by the passage of what has always been known as the Missouri Compromise. When matters seemed at a deadlock in Washington, Henry Clay introduced this compromise, which provided that the State of Missouri, then seeking for existence, should be admitted with the toleration of the institution of slavery, but that in all future time the territory north of the parallel of 36° 30′, which is the southern line of Missouri, should be free terri-

tory. This granted to the slaveholders the future State of Arkansas and, by implication, perhaps, the future State of Florida; at that moment there was no question with regard to Texas. With the annexation of Texas to the country, the whole question, of course, recurred; for the whole of Texas is south of the line of 36° 30′. The Southern power, with its accustomed alliance in the State of New York, succeeded in carrying the day in that great controversy, and, to the disappointment of the Northern States, the whole territory of Texas was given over to slavery.

Flushed by this triumph and by the virtual triumph which the South won in what were called the "Compromise Measures" of 1850, the handful of men who led the South to its ruin[1] supposed that they could achieve anything they chose in the future. And accordingly, on the 4th day of January, 1854, Mr. Douglas reported from the Committee on Territories in the United States Senate, the famous Nebraska Bill, providing for a new territory, which was to be named as Nebraska, into which territory slavery might be introduced by persons who owned slaves.

Here was a distinct disavowal of the Missouri Compromise of thirty-four years previous. This act of bad faith was all that was needed to give unanimity to the whole North on this subject. Up to that time the leaders of political parties at the North had spoken of the Missouri Compromise

[1] Mr. Edward Everett used to say that there were nine of them.

as a sort of ultimatum, and with bated breath. They had conscientiously felt that their fathers had made an arrangement, from which, in a certain way, the North had profited, and that they were bound in honor to respect the conditions of that arrangement. But if this compromise was to be torn to pieces, this point of honor no longer existed. The only difficulty was to know what was the most practical way in which to act.

This difficulty was met promptly by a proposal from Mr. Eli Thayer, a member of the Massachusetts legislature. Mr. Thayer introduced into the legislature of 1854 a petition for the incorporation of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company. The act is in the following words: —

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Four.

AN ACT,

To Incorporate the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECT. I. Benjamin C. Clark, Isaac Livermore, Charles Allen, Isaac Davis, William G. Bates, Stephen C. Phillips, Charles C. Hazewell, Alexander H. Bullock, Henry Wilson, James S. Whitney, Samuel E. Sewall, Samuel G. Howe, James Holland, Moses Kimball, James D. Green, Francis W. Bird, Otis Clapp, Anson Burlingame, Eli Thayer, and Otis Rich, their associates, successors

and assigns, are hereby made a corporation, by the name of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, for the purpose of assisting enigrants to settle in the West; and, for this purpose, they shall have all the powers and privileges, and be subject to all the duties, restrictions, and liabilities, set forth in the thirty-eighth and forty-fourth chapters of the Revised Statutes.

SECT. II. The capital stock of said corporation shall not exceed five millions of dollars. Said capital stock may be invested in real and personal estate: *provided*, the said corporation shall not hold real estate in this Commonwealth to an amount exceeding twenty thousand dollars.

SECT. III. The capital stock of said corporation shall be divided into shares of one hundred dollars each; but no more than four dollars on the share shall be assessed during the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and no more than ten dollars on the share shall be assessed in any one year thereafter.

SECT. IV. At all meetings of the stockholders, each stockholder shall be entitled to cast one vote for each share held by him: *provided*, that no stockholder shall be entitled to cast more than fifty votes on shares held by himself, nor more than fifty votes by proxy.

SECT. V. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

The boldness of this proposal at once arrested attention, and the act was printed in all parts of the country. In point of fact, none of the Western work was eventually done under its provisions. It exists as a splendid monument of

the prompt action of the State of Massachusetts; but the subsequent action of the friends of Kansas and Nebraska was taken under other arrangements for incorporation. All the same, it did what it was meant to do. The word ran through the country, North and South, that Massachusetts was going to place five million dollars in the new territory, and was going to send men there who would know how to spend it. Attention was immediately arrested upon the possibilities of emigration into the beautiful region west of Missouri — emigration which would be real emigration, and which would keep out the threatened invasion of slaveholders with their slaves.

The names given as petitioners for this corporation are enough to show how thoroughly the best life of Massachusetts engaged itself in the great enterprise.

Benjamin C. Clark was a philanthropic merchant whose name in the next generation has been identified with prompt action for the help of suffering and poverty.

Isaac Livermore was a leading merchant in Boston, at the head of that department of business which deals in wools.

Charles Allen was for years a member of Congress from the Worcester district. He had been a judge of high rank in Massachusetts, and was universally respected.

Stephen C. Phillips was for many years the representative in Congress from the Essex district.

Charles C. Hazewell was a distinguished writer for the press.

Alexander H. Bullock is the same who was governor of Massachusetts in the years 1866–68.

Henry Wilson was to be the Vice-President of the United States.

Samuel E. Sewall had been a leader in the abolition movement from the beginning.

Samuel Griswold Howe was the founder of the Institution for the Blind in Boston; an early friend of Greece in her struggles; always in the advance where effort was needed for the rights of men.

Otis Rich was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; he was chairman of the committee who reported the charter.

Moses Kimball was a leader in the Whig Party; at this time a member of the State Senate. For many years after this time he was the most prominent member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts.

James D. Green was a member of the House, afterwards the mayor of Cambridge.

Francis W. Bird was a noble type of a class of men, fortunately leaders in Massachusetts, who are themselves entirely indifferent to public office or public honor, but who are determined that Massachusetts shall do right and shall lead. Mr. Bird was prominent in the Anti-slavery party of that time.

Otis Clapp, born of the best blood of New Eng-

land, was member of the House, a merchant in Boston, whose name was identified with efforts for temperance and good government.

Anson Burlingame was the same who went to Washington the next year and challenged Preston Brooks, the would-be assassin who had struck Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber. Brooks declined the challenge.

These names, probably, are simply the first fifteen names by which Mr. Thayer could readily head his petition. It is almost safe to say that the first fifteen men in Massachusetts whom he could have asked would have joined him. The plan, however, was his, and for a long time the work was his. This list brings together persons who had acted in very different ways in opposition to slavery. Some of them took no active part in the subsequent movement. Among these were Mr. Sewall and Mr. Bird; excepting them the list includes the names of none of those whom we now call the old Anti-slavery war-horses. Those gentlemen distrusted any action which did not look to the destruction of the Union. The gentlemen whose names Mr. Thayer brought together in this act of incorporation which is now historical, were willing to meet the general government on its own terms, which already foreshadowed what was known as "squatter sovereignty." With names as suggestive as these of the determination of the State, Mr. Thayer, whose own name is last but one upon the list, presented it to the House of Repre-

sentatives, in which he was a member from the city of Worcester.

The bill asked for went immediately through the requisite forms. The charter of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company was signed by Governor Washburn on the 26th of April, and took effect immediately. The moral effect of this act through the whole country can hardly be described. It cannot be overstated. It was like what one sees, when, at a given moment, watched for and prayed for, a great vessel, which seems likely to miss stays in her voyage, feels, happily, one strong gust of a favoring gale, and sweeps forward in her career as her master has determined. Instantly, through the whole North, it was known through every eager hamlet that Massachusetts had taken up the glove which in Washington had been thrown down. Massachusetts was about to send twenty thousand freemen into Kansas, and to spend five million dollars in establishing them there. It may be observed that the charter for this company passed the hand of the Governor of Massachusetts and received her great seal on the 26th day of April. The act, under which Kansas and Nebraska were created territories, was not approved by Franklin Pierce, the President, until the 30th of May.[1] On the 4th of May the petitioners who have been

[1] It is an interesting note of the public opinion of the time regarding a person now well-nigh forgotten, that in the volume which I take from the Boston Public Library to verify the dates in the statement above, I find this memorandum written by some

named met at the State House in Boston and accepted their charter. Massachusetts may be said then to have picked up the gauntlet before it was thrown down.

When the corporators accepted this charter, they appointed a committee to report a plan of organization; this committee consisted of Eli Thayer, Alexander H. Bullock, Richard Hildreth, the editor of the *Boston Atlas*, Otis Clapp, of Boston, and myself. They submitted a report at an adjourned meeting, held in Boston. This report showed how large was the movement of emigrants into the country at that time, the arrivals the preceding year having been four hundred thousand. It showed the necessity of provision for those persons at the West, and said that the Emigrant Aid Company was ready to send out emigrants in companies to establish themselves in Kansas. It recommended that the directors contract immediately with some one of the competing lines of travel for the conveyance of twenty thousand persons from Massachusetts to that place in the West which the directors

reader and critic against the name of Franklin Pierce, the President: "To whom Arnold was an angel of light."

The other names signed to the Kansas-Nebraska Act are, Linn Boyd, then Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and Dr. R. Atchison, President of the Senate. The Kansas-Nebraska Act was always called in New England The Kansas Bill, as to this day The Fugitive Slave Law is generally called The Fugitive Slave Bill. This is the tacit intimation that to the moral sense of New England no formalities could ever make these bills into laws.

should select for their first settlement. It stated the belief of the writer that individuals could go in such companies for half-price; it recommended the establishment of saw-mills, grist-mills, and a weekly newspaper. And in the fourth article it recommended that, "Whenever the territory shall be organized as a free State, the directors shall dispose of all its interests there, replace by sales the money laid out, declare a dividend to the stockholders, and that they then select a new field and make similar arrangements for the settlement and organization of another free State in this Union."

This report of the Emigrant Aid Company was drawn by myself. I had the advantage of the fullest conference with Mr. Thayer, and it is evident that I used his brief above in the preparation of the report. It was printed at once with an account of the territory to be colonized which had been prepared five years before by Dr. Charles Robinson, a physician of Fitchburg. It makes the first issue of a report on Nebraska and Kansas, which was afterward published almost monthly for two or three years.

The first charter not proving satisfactory, the subscriptions which were at once received were placed for temporary use in the hands of three trustees who acted for some months as the representatives of the subscribers without any legal incorporation. When the great State of Kansas shall have time to erect in her Capitol a

group of the statues of her founders, these three must hold distinguished places there. First and foremost in the group will be Eli Thayer. He conceived the plan of organized emigration; he drew the petition for a charter; he carried the charter through; he obtained the requisite funds for a beginning; and, in a word, until Kansas was a free State, he gave his time, his money, and his life to the establishment of freedom. His two associates in the difficult and delicate work of the first summer were Amos A. Lawrence and James M. S. Williams. Mr. Lawrence was at this time forty years old. He was at the head of the great manufacturing house which had been established by Abbott Lawrence and Amos Lawrence, mentioned elsewhere in this volume. By that house the city of Lawrence, on the Merrimac River, had been created, and from them it had received its name. Mr. Lawrence at once put himself in communication with Mr. Thayer, subscribed largely to the new enterprise, and was eventually made the treasurer of the company. Mr. J. M. S. Williams, of the business firm of Glidden & Williams, was a Virginian by birth. All the more he detested slavery and its methods. Mr. Thayer and he worked together in entire sympathy; and until Kansas was free Mr. Williams might be relied upon for counsel or for money.

These three gentlemen, during the whole of the eventful and critical summer of 1854, directed the

payment of money and the employment of agents for the work in hand. No time was lost. Dr. Charles Robinson, of Fitchburg, who had been an early settler in California, and had distinguished himself there in the early history of that State, reported almost immediately to Mr. Thayer. Dr. Robinson gave to Mr. Thayer information with respect to the physical aspect of Kansas, through which he had himself travelled in one of his journeys to California. Mr. Thayer at once printed extracts from Dr. Robinson's journal of that time, and sent him out, incognito as might be said, as an agent in advance, to see what spots would be good spots to occupy. Dr. Robinson's journal shows that he was in Kansas as early as July, 1854; that is to say, within six weeks of the passage of the Act by which the territory was thrown open to settlement.

An Indian reservation, just west of what is now known as Kansas City, compelled him to go nearly forty miles back in the territory for the selection of a proper site for the first colony. This site he determined upon, and here stands the city of Lawrence at the present time. He also advised the trustees to purchase an old tavern which was in the infant town of Kansas City. It was just within the Missouri border, but it would serve as a convenient place for the settlers to meet in and move from, where everything would be courteous and kindly to them, and free from the danger of an unfriendly

local feeling. This property, first to be obtained, was one of the last properties held by the Emigrant Aid Company.

Dr. Robinson returned to St. Louis with the information gained, and on the 18th of July, 1854, a pioneer party of thirty-five persons left Boston. They arrived at St. Louis on the 24th of July, and located at the position of Lawrence on the 18th of August. They described their new home as "six miles above the mouth of the Wakarusa, a tributary of Kansas River." The second party left Boston on the 29th of August, a third on the 26th of September; the fourth party left on the 17th of October, and the fifth on the 7th of November. The first four of these parties numbered about five hundred people. Most of them established themselves at Lawrence, where they made temporary houses, largely underground, and prepared for the first winter. Explorations, however, were already in progress, which led to the establishment of other towns by the people of Massachusetts.

The after history of these colonists from Massachusetts belongs to the history of Kansas, and is not to be related in these pages. An interesting review of the relations of the Emigrant Aid Company to Kansas, as seen by a gentleman who is closely acquainted with the history of that State, will be found in the *New England Magazine* for 1897. It is written by Professor William H. Carruth, of the University of Kansas, and states with a certain humor and with great accuracy the

results in Kansas of the prompt action of the company here. Our business is rather with the movement in Massachusetts.

Under the inspiration of Mr. Thayer and of his friends, "Kansas Meetings" were held in almost all the large towns of New England and New York. The whole sentiment of the press was favorable to the movement. The committee of Congress, under the direction of Stephen A. Douglas, who reported on this subject, ascribed this movement to a desire to make profit on the part of New Englanders. On the other hand, this is certain that when, on February 7, 1862, the company sold all its property in Kansas for an amount of money which paid its various debts there, no stockholder ever made any complaint of the loss of his investment. The largest subscribers to the fund in the year 1854, were: Donald McKay, John Milton Forbes, J. M. S. Williams, G. Howland and Frank G. Shaw, C. H. Mills & Co., John Bertram, Eli Thayer, Samuel Cabot, Glidden Williams, William S. Rotch, Geo. W. Howland, and Charles Francis Adams. These and about two hundred others made up the total stock of the company subscribed in that year, amounting to about $30,000. Eventually, the amount of stock, according to Mr. Carruth, was $136,000. The stock was taken very often in single shares, and the shares were worth twenty dollars each. This stock was subscribed not by emigrants, but by persons determined to help the

plan forward. The subscribers directed the movements of the company.

The leaders of companies were in almost every instance men of enthusiasm, of good position at home, who had determined for years that the Southern supremacy in the councils of the nation should be destroyed. They saw that this was a favorable opportunity to act in that way. Such a man would announce that he was going to Kansas, and would collect around him a company of his neighbors who were disposed to go. Such companies were collected of persons with every motive, but in general no person went who was not of strong anti-slavery sentiment, and who was not ready to risk something in the establishment of that sentiment in Kansas. The Emigrant Aid Company was able to make low rates for tickets, so that any settler who went from New England to Kansas would be apt to go under its auspices. The company hoped at first to obtain these tickets at half-price; it hardly ever succeeded in this hope, but in no instance did tickets sold at the offices of the company cost so much as those sold in the general market. There is a good story told, undoubtedly true, that Governor Walker, the pro-slavery governor sent out by President Pierce, and his secretary bought their tickets west at an Emigrant Aid Company's office, and obtained the reduction which the company made. It was absolutely true that no questions were asked any settler as to the motives with which he went, nor was a cent ever

given to a settler for the purpose of assisting him. What the company did give was, free information at its offices in the East, and the use, almost free, of its hotels and other places of reception in the territory and in Missouri. It also established at various centres steam saw-mills, which were necessary for the building up of a town in a region where there was so little water-power, and where timber was to be found only in favored localities. One of the hand-bills of the time, calling for mass-meetings in the East to further the objects of the Emigrant Aid Company, was headed, "Saw-mills and Liberty!" The company also established two newspapers in Kansas, one in the German language.

In the winter of 1854–55 a new charter was obtained for the "New England Emigrant Aid Company." This company was organized at once, on the fifth of March. It assumed all the obligations which had been incurred by the three trustees who had so loyally stood in the breach after the formation. John Carter Brown, of Providence, was chosen President; Eli Thayer and J. M. S. Williams were Vice-Presidents; Amos A. Lawrence was Treasurer, and Thomas H. Webb, Secretary. Twenty-one directors were chosen, who appointed an executive committee of five, beside the treasurer. This committee, annually renewed, became the moving power in the company. The first year it consisted of Mr. Williams, Mr. Thayer, Dr. Cabot, of Boston, John

Lowell, of Boston, now United States District Judge, and Mr. R. P. Waters, a Salem merchant. The first step was taken. The North and the South alike had been notified that the people of the North meant to take possession of Kansas, and to make it a free State. Mr. Stephen A. Douglas had now avowed himself a patron of "squatter sovereignty," which meant that the people of the territory should themselves determine its institutions. If, then, the North poured in a sufficient number of emigrants opposed to slavery, the battle was won. In point of fact, the North did this. Local wars took place between the territory of Kansas and the State of Missouri. The hotel of the Emigrant Aid Company in Lawrence, by far its most costly property, was taken possession of under the indictment of a pretended grand jury, and was burned. The company, to this hour, has its claim against the general government for having directed this sacrifice, the largest loss which the company ever sustained.

With the acceptance, by the old subscribers, of the new charter of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, all of them took shares in that company to the amount of their subscription. Up till that time — namely, the spring of 1855 — about thirty thousand dollars had been subscribed and spent.

In the end, the company, in February, 1862, sold its property in Kansas. In other years it did some work in Texas, sent some emigrants to Oregon, and

it sent many thousand men into Florida at the close of the war.

In the great crisis of 1854 and 1855 New England was awakened to thorough enthusiasm. No American, indeed, is more than a few generations from a log cabin, and the passion for emigration is easily aroused. When President Garfield worked out his own genealogy he found that from Ensign Garfield who settled at Watertown in 1630, to Abram Garfield, who removed to Cuyahoga County in 1830, every Garfield had moved his home farther westward, and that each one had settled on new land granted for military service. Men of such blood were not terrified by fears of log cabins or prairie wolves. The practical bent of New England which unites so curiously with its idealism was interested in a project which proposed to settle the slavery question, without more talk, by as simple a process as that which had established freedom of religion, when such freedom was endangered by Laud or Wentworth or Charles.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, wrote an emigrant song, which was sung not only at Kansas meetings, but on the platforms of railway stations, as emigrant parties started, and on the decks of steamboats or in the dark evenings in railway carriages, after they were well on their way.

So soon as the first parties went forward, their letters home were printed in the newspapers, or passed from hand to hand. The hardships which

they met seemed to stimulate enthusiasm. And the insolence by which the men of Western Missouri interfered with the rights assured by "squatter sovereignty," roused that indignation through the country which never slept until Lincoln was chosen president.

Each company generally comprised several individuals, or, perhaps, several families, from the same town. Wherever one or two people proposed to emigrate, they would be apt to ask that a speaker might be sent to them from the Emigrant Aid Company, or from some Kansas League. He carried with him his map, he explained the situation, he described the wonderful charms of the maiden territory, and of course he dwelt on the great political necessity of the hour. In such a meeting there would probably be one or two persons of intelligence who commanded the respect of their neighbors and they would organize the party, so far as it had any organization. The Emigrant Aid Company's office was a centre of information, of conversation among those who wished to go, and was made a bureau for their correspondence and intercourse. Dr. Thomas H. Webb, by a fortunate selection, was appointed the secretary of the three trustees who have been spoken of. He was secretary of the company until his death, after it closed all connection with Kansas, a period, as it proved, of many years. The office was in the third story of the building still standing at the corner of Winter and Wash-

ington streets. There are many points in this world marked with bronze or marble memorials, in memory of historical events, less important than some which had their origin here.

Here John Brown, of the Adirondacks, of Ossawatomie, and at last of Harper's Ferry, made his headquarters in Boston when he came to the East. With his adventures in Virginia the company had no connection, and to many, perhaps most, of its officers the news of his first success at Harper's Ferry came as an entire surprise. But here, undoubtedly, he met with gentlemen of New England who sympathized in his bold adventure, were willing to see the experiment tried, and supplied the means.

To this office came day after day any persons who had heard of Kansas, and wanted to try the great adventure. As in all enterprises, there were, of course, multitudes of those who wanted to keep books and conduct correspondence at home, while men of bolder spirit should fight the battles of freedom. But here came also enough of those who were determined to go, and went. Here the large body of directors used to meet once a quarter. The executive committee met once a week, and as much oftener as the secretary needed them. A quorum could be collected at an hour's notice, and often was. There are great difficulties always where by any misfortune a "Directory" has to serve as an executive. I have never known such difficulties so surmounted and controlled as they

were in the organization of this board. I should recommend its plan to any persons in America placed in similar circumstances.

The prominent active members during the critical years from 1854 to 1859 were first the three trustees who have been named, with the omnipresent Mr. Eli Thayer always acting as chairman. His energy and confidence always gave courage to his companions, even under circumstances of the most severe depression. To him is ascribed, correctly or not, the authorship of the saying, "Personal presence moves the world." Certainly his habit and his success justified it.

With these gentlemen there acted on the executive committee, from time to time, Dr. Samuel Cabot, Jr., Hon. John Lowell, R. P. Waters, Dr. Le Baron Russell, Mr. C. J. Higginson, Martin Brimmer and George L. Stearns. Every stockholder who made a large subscription was placed on the board of directors, which appointed this executive committee.

The three trustees, for their first year's enterprise, had, as has been said, but little more than thirty thousand dollars to use. If the Northwestern world of America had not credited them with five million dollars, their efforts would have been puny indeed and futile. But they and the company after them had the country's exuberant confidence. Agents went with each party. Women and children could be sent forward to join their fathers or brothers who had gone before them.

It is worth notice, indeed, that these were the first of those "personally conducted journeys" of tourists which have since taken a part so important in our modern civilization.

Meanwhile at home it might be said that the propaganda sustained itself, and grew by its success. The different speakers at the Kansas meetings paid their own expenses and never expected and never received any compensation. Authentic news from Kansas was the most interesting news which the journals could publish, so that there was no need to subsidize the press of New England. On this point I have a right to speak with some interest, as I was for some years a director of what might be called the Press Bureau of the company. At one time I was not so much the Kansas correspondent as the Kansas editor of eight leading journals in New England and New York, in each of which my articles were always printed as if they were editorials. About once in two months Dr. Webb published a new edition of "Information for Emigrants," leaving out what was obsolete in the old numbers and inserting what was more important or new. This series, now very rare and curious, ran through about twenty numbers.

The necessity of introducing steam power in the territory soon became evident. Liberal men in Massachusetts would give ten thousand dollars each to send out an engine, in answer to an appeal for saw-mills and liberty. Hon. William Claflin

was such a benefactor. Hon. Tyler Bacheller was another.

Hon. John Carter Brown, of Providence, the head of the great house of Brown, was the first person who subscribed a sum so large. Mr. Brown had just before printed, at his own expense, a new edition of the forgotten pamphlet, which described the effort of Virginia to throw off slavery in 1823. No publisher in Boston or New York dared put his imprint on a pamphlet so unpopular, in the days when Anti-slavery was disapproved in publishing circles, and Mr. John Carter Brown, the millionaire of Providence, was his own publisher. When, in 1855, the New England Emigrant Aid Company was organized, the stockholders were glad to recognize the courage and the generosity of such a man, and chose him their president. Their president he remained through the five years of the struggle. In the summer of 1859, however, it had become certain that Kansas would be a free State. Mr. Brown wrote to the secretary that he did not like to hold a position almost nominal and ornamental, and that he wished his name might be withdrawn whenever the next company election came. The letter was received with regret by the executive committee, but they had no right to persuade him to do otherwise after service so valuable.

Nor was it necessary. Early in October John Brown, of Ossawatomie, failed in his mad attempt at Harper's Ferry, and was taken prisoner. Half

the conservatism of the North was eager to disavow his plans. No man in America was abused as he was, called here a madman and there a traitor. At such a moment John Carter Brown, the millionaire of Providence, leader in its society, in its commerce, in the counsels of the University, wrote to the secretary of the Emigrant Aid Company to beg that he might withdraw his letter of resignation. "This is no time," he said, "for any man who bears the honored name of John Brown to seem to shrink from his responsibilities in the cause of human freedom."

No other being in the world remembered that the same name was borne by the captive in a Virginia prison, and by the president of the New England Emigrant Aid Company. But he remembered it. And his remembrance makes it one of the most honored names in the history of New England.

Without alluding to the civil war which began in Kansas almost immediately, in which armed parties from Missouri attempted to break up the colonies of real settlers, we must hastily follow the work through and in Massachusetts in the years before 1861, when Kansas became a free State. The organization of emigrant parties continued under the same general arrangement as has been described until nearly five thousand emigrants passed from New England into Kansas. As early as the spring of 1855 it was evident that these men would have to fight for their rights, and from

the office of the company the first consignment of one hundred Sharp's rifles was sent out to them in May of that year. The fear that the boxes would be recognized as they crossed Missouri was such that care was taken that in no case should the whole of a rifle be found in one box; and, in fact, they arrived in different consignments at Lawrence, and were put together there.

Kansas Aid Societies, or Kansas Leagues, were established in different towns; Mr. Thayer refers especially to one in Albany, one in Worcester.

In Kansas and Missouri, at the same time, rewards were offered for Mr. Thayer's head. Mr. Thayer himself was engaged in going from place to place in collecting funds for the great enterprise. In the city of New York, where a society had been established, he was cordially met by George W. Blunt and by William M. Evarts, and others. Mr. Evarts made a speech in which he said he was worth but four thousand dollars, and would give a thousand dollars of it to the new enterprise. A National Kansas Committee was appointed under Mr. Thayer's advice at a convention in Buffalo. The Fremont canvass of 1856 came on, and in that election Mr. Thayer was himself chosen to Congress.

The movement became general through all the Northern States. The share of it to be recorded in a history of the New England States is this: After the year 1854, of which an account has been already given, in the face of the internal struggles

in Kansas, of the certainty that men must protect their rights by force of arms until Kansas was free, the emigration from New England went steadily forward. In the years which followed, in successive parties such as have been described, the Emigrant Aid Company sent forward, as has been said, between four and five thousand men, women, and children. These settlers established the towns of Lawrence, Topeka, Ossawatomie, Manhattan, Wabaunsee, and Burlington. One of its latest acts was to obtain what was supposed to be a controlling interest in the newly-born city of Atchison. That name has become a name of joy and sorrow to so many persons since, that it may be worth while to say that it was given by the pro-slavery founders of Atchison in compliment to Mr. Atchison, the senator from Missouri, who was the most vehement spokesman of the Southern sentiment in all the Kansas discussions. After some years of struggle, these founders came to the Emigrant Aid Company, and offered to sell to it a controlling interest in the city, which it bought. Its directors voted that the name Atchison should be changed to Wilmot, Mr. Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, having been one of the first Democrats who broke from his party; he moved the celebrated Wilmot Proviso in Congress. But the agents of the company in Atchison itself were never able to carry this broad resolution into effect.

The Civil War began. In that war Kansas furnished a larger proportion of young men to the

Union army than did any other State. Her young men were used to fighting — it was their profession — and they went into the war for the Union as the legitimate, or indeed inevitable, sequel to the enterprise in which they had been engaged. By one of the early acts of Lincoln's first Congress, Kansas was admitted as a free State. The Emigrant Aid Company then sold out all its property in Kansas to the firm of Adams & Ayling for some sixteen thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars. This was sufficient to pay its debts in the territory, and its official connection with Kansas ceased from that hour.

But the individual directors of that company have always maintained an interest in the State in the foundation of which they had so important a share. And as Mr. Evarts said, as one of the early stockholders, no man who subscribed to the capital stock of the company has ever regretted his investment.

A CHURCH IN THE WAR

A CHURCH IN THE WAR

In the year 1852 I married. In 1856 I accepted an invitation to become the minister of the South Congregational Church in Boston, as the successor of Rev. Frederick Dan Huntington, now the bishop of Central New York.

There is a very pretty story about those days. I am going to tell it for the benefit of young ministers. Dr. Huntington had one theological statement, and I had another. Dr. Huntington said this about certain things, and I said that. When Judge Sanger came to me with this "call," I said to him, "My dear fellow, I have just written a reply to Dr. Huntington's last article, and it will be printed next week. Now where would I be, and what would you do, if it were known that the man they had asked to be their minister had written a reply to an article by Dr. Huntington?" And Judge Sanger replied, "Hale, none of them know that he has written the article, and none of them will know that you have written the reply." That is my warning to young men who think that the world is moved by intellectual convictions. Judge Sanger then went on, and said, "I suppose

you and Dr. Huntington differ in your theology?" Said I, "Oh, yes, by the whole world." "Well, I suppose so. I have heard it said so before," he went on; "but, then, the people do not care anything about that. The people of the South Congregational Society believe that Huntington said the best thing he knew, and they believe that you will say the best thing you know." That is God's whole truth about the minister. Nobody but a fool expects to agree entirely with the utterances of the pulpit which he hears week after week and month after month and year after year. No one but a fool ever wants to agree with all the utterances of the pulpit. But what the people do want is to have a man say what he thinks, and to say it as well as he can.

I had lived in Boston through my boyhood, and for one or two years when I was in college I had frequently attended Mr. Motte's church, of which I was now to be the minister. In the year 1840, when I was one of the first experimenters in the new-born daguerreotype, I took a daguerreotype of myself standing on the steps of the South Congregational Church. I believe that this was the first likeness of a human being thus taken in Massachusetts. I adjusted the camera, saw that it should command the steps of the church, ran over and stood by one of the pillars, and bade my cousin, Francis Alexander Durivage, who was my friend and co-operator in this business, open and shut the lens. Unfortunately, I have not now this picture,

which contained so curious a prophecy of my after-life.

I was installed in the ministry of this church on the evening of Wednesday, October 1, 1856. I have remained its minister until the year when I am writing these lines, but I lately sent in my resignation, which will take effect on the 1st of October, 1899. On my settlement I entirely revised the theory of ministerial life which I had laid down for myself when I went to Worcester. I knew it was impossible that I should be the minister of the town of Boston, and I resolved to make myself, as well as I could, simply the minister of the South Congregational Church.

From October, 1856, to April, 1861, I was true to this theory. True, I made Kansas speeches, but I made them at the South End, in the basement of my own church. I attended directors' meetings of the Emigrant Aid Company; but I tried to interest the people of my own church in the work which we were doing in Kansas. I remember now that when I left Boston, because I was not well, in the second week of April, 1861, I did not believe there would be any armed contest. I told Amos Amory Lawrence, within a fortnight before that time, that this matter would never come to the clash of arms.[1] But the war had come. On

[1] I remember meeting Wendell Phillips, after Fort Sumter was threatened, as I came out of church. I walked with him, and he said to me, "They have thrown up batteries against Fort Sumter."

the morning of April 15th, Horatio Stebbins came to my door in his house at Portland, and told me that Sumter had been fired upon. With that shot a new issue began for all of us; old things were done away, all things became new.

I returned to Boston that afternoon. As I went home through Washington Street, the 7th Massachusetts was filing out from Boylston Hall to go to the steamboat which was to take it to Fort Monroe. Of course I said, as any true man would have said, "The South Congregational Church is simply one cell in the organized life of this nation. The cell need not exist if the nation ceased to exist." And, as every member of that church did, I threw myself into every effort for the national life. So soon as there was any recruiting, I urged on the young men of the congregation their duty to enlist. I said that the moment the enlistment from my church stopped, I should go myself; and I should have done so. I was already a member of Salignac's drill corps, and I advanced so far that I have the pleasure of saying that as a sergeant in that corps I gave their first instructions to men who came out from the war with high rank. There is one major-general whom I never meet without our joking about the screws of his musket at "right shoulder shift." Whatever I could think

I said, "Nonsense! If they have thrown up batteries they have built them of the waves of the sea!" — for I knew the harbor of Charleston. And Phillips said, "I hope it is so." This for a man who had thought he wanted to have the Union dissolved, seems to me a remark worth remembering.

of which I could do for my country, I tried to do. And I may say the same thing of the church of which I am the minister. There was hardly a point in the country which this enterprising church did not touch in its activities in the war. Ladies sent down their sewing-machines to the vestry, and went to work them. In our archives is the receipt from the Commonwealth for the clothing made by three days' work, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of April. They began a series of army work which did not end until December 22, 1865. On that day Governor Andrew ordered a parade of our veteran regiments to bring their tattered banners home to the State House. I noticed, as I read my morning paper, that the column would pass our church. I sent to Mrs. Tilton, who was at the head of our Tea-Committee, to ask if the South Friendly Society could give the boys coffee. She thought they could; and, when the column passed that cold morning, a thousand or two soldiers drank their hot coffee as they passed us, and took our last benediction.

"The first teachers who went to Port Royal to teach blacks were my assistant and one of our Sunday-school teachers.[1] The flannel shirts on the Missouri company who fell martyrs at Shiloh in the

[1] Rev. Charles E. Rich and Mr. Boynton.

gray of the morning, and saved that day for the nation, were made in our vestry. The young men who first appeared in charge of a hospital steamer after the horrors of that eventful battle, were young physicians from our church, who had with them supplies which the church had forwarded. The editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was one of our boys, who had volunteered the first day, and had been taken prisoner at Bull Run. The news of the horrors of the second Bull Run came on Sunday morning. Ladies did not go home from the church, but staid in the vestries to tear bandages, to pack boxes, and see them forwarded by the right expresses. I have given notices from the pulpit that hospital attendants were needed by the Sanitary; and men have started the same evening on service which lasted for years. We once had from Richmond a private intimation of methods by which Union officers could be supplied with home stores. We needed a hundred and ten private letters written to as many Northern homes: I told this to the ladies of my staff; and the long letters were written and posted before night. I think — but am not certain — that the only ether and chloroform which came to the hospital in Richmond where Union officers were treated in the spring of 1864, was boxed and sent from this church. I know I superintended the packing of two or three boxes of playing-cards for our own hospitals at that time. All this time the

system was going forward by which we forwarded the stores to hospitals, and even regiments, which exigencies outside the regulations suddenly required. And, when you go beyond what was physically done within those walls, there is no end to such stories. Men and women gave money like water. The words 'public spirit,' the 'public breath,' then got an interpretation and meaning they have never lost. God grant they never may!"

Thus much for what the church did for those who were fighting the battles. The list of our young men who went to fight them, besides those who served in the Sanitary Association and in the hospitals and schools, contains fifty-five names. I find three generals, three colonels, eight captains, besides officers of other grades, in that number. Of the fifty-five, seven were killed in battle. One regiment, the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, took, I think, sixteen of my boys.

Think what an education this was for us all! I remember saying, when one of the last quotas was to be filled, that I would preach of nothing but the duties of the war till the quotas were filled; that when the young men tired of going, I would go myself, and leave them to do the preaching. Nor did I preach of anything else for that time. When things seemed to look blackest, President Lincoln used to proclaim a Fast; and such a Fast came on the 4th of August, 1864, in the middle of dog-days. Everybody of the congregation was out of town.

But I came into town to the service; and I stood up to preach from the text, "Kingdom shall be divided against kingdom, and nation against nation. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved." As I gave out the text, the sexton brought me a telegram in the pulpit. I said to myself, "If it is bad news, it may wait: if it is good news, I can wait."

So, after the sermon, I opened the telegram, to find that it was from my friend Colonel Kinsman, who was on General Butler's staff. I had made his acquaintance on a visit to the army in the preceding spring. Colonel Kinsman had the charge of what were then called "contrabands," the refugee slaves; and he had asked my advice as to sending on a number of the negro women for whom they had no employment, to find occupation in New England. I had consulted the directors of the Freedmen's Aid Society, of which I was president, and they had unanimously begged that no such course might be taken. They thought that these black people belonged at the South, and that withdrawing them from the South was contrary to the regular course of emigration, and that the results, on every account, would be bad. I had accordingly written to Colonel Kinsman in this view, and supposed that it was shared by him and his commander. So, indeed, it was at the time; but as the summer came on they had some sickness at Hampton, and this telegram was to announce to me that on Sunday afternoon he would arrive in Boston

in a steamer with fifty colored women, for whom he wanted homes in New England. I did not think it necessary to read it to the congregation, though I did read them in those days many matters of such practical import. I went downstairs to find awaiting me in my study in the church, my loyal friend, Mrs. Samuel Cabot, of the Freedmen's Aid Society, who had received a duplicate of this despatch.

Every director of the Freedmen's Aid Society was at that moment living in the country, taking the ordinary vacation outing to which Boston people are accustomed. Even the secretary of the society was away, and we knew he was. And, as I have said, the society had, without the least hesitation, determined that it was better not to have these people brought on. But here they were; and on conference with Mrs. Cabot, I called a meeting of the directors the next morning at the office. This was Friday morning. When they came, they were, on the whole, I think, the crossest set of people I ever saw. It was hot and sultry, their advice had been spurned; they were organized to aid freedmen at the South, they had never meant to aid them to come to the North, and they were utterly inexperienced in the duty in hand. At the same time, many people of the kind who anticipate evil, thought that there would be a great popular outcry if we introduced fifty negroes into the town as competitors with the laboring people we had. All this, however, had nothing

to do with the business. We had these people to take care of. I sent at once to the office of the *Evening Transcript*, which is the paper of Boston which goes into every civilized house, this advertisement:

"Two colored women, who wish places together in a family, will arrive on the steamer at Central Wharf Sunday afternoon. Any lady who would like to engage them will apply at the office of the Freedmen's Aid on Saturday."

We sent the same information to the secretaries of all our branch societies in the towns within twenty miles of Boston. We did not dare say fifty people would arrive, because we knew womankind well enough to know that people who wanted help would wait till Monday if they thought fifty were coming but if they thought two were coming we knew they would apply for them at once; and so it proved.

I then sent for my excellent friend, Mr. Grimes, the pastor of the largest church of colored people in Boston. I told him what had happened, and told him that he and his people must be ready to entertain these strangers. I begged him to have a lunch and other physical entertainment in the vestry of his church on Sunday, and we arranged for the expense of this entertainment. I told him that if we could take them all there, and they could feel at home on Sunday, by Sunday night we would try to have homes for them. To this he very cordially assented, and the entertainment

was prepared. I then gave Mr. Grimes a circular letter to every large hotel-keeper in Boston, telling what the exigency was. From that day to this I have rated those houses in my mind according as they agreed to take two, four, or six of our colored emigrants. I have never forgotten Mr. Parker's answer to it. "Tell Mr. Hale I will take six of the women, and should be glad to take sixty." I then sent for my own assistant, Rev. Mr. Torricelli, told him what had been done, and meanly and basely retired to my own country home. Observe, I did not have to preach on Sunday, because the church was closed for the summer vacation; practically, there was not a member of my parish in town.

With the general feeling that all had been done which could be done, I left this business to Torricelli and the officers of the society, and heard no more about it till the next Tuesday. When I made my inquiry then as to what had become of Colonel Kinsman and his colored women, I learned that he had stopped in Philadelphia and New York on his way up, and that there the friends of the negro had met him in such numbers that he had, in fact, only brought thirty-five women to Boston. They had been delayed, and did not arrive till late on Sunday afternoon. The report made to me said that at that time Central Wharf was blocked with the elegant carriages of the suburban residents who had come from different homes around Boston. Each carriage contained a lady who was determined to have two of those exiles. They

rushed into the cabin of the steamboat, made such terms as they could with Colonel Kinsman and his women, took the women physically into their carriages and carried them to their respective homes. There were not women enough for the demand, nor nearly enough. The Freedmen's Aid office was open all day, and yet no black woman appeared there. Dr. Grimes's collation was ready all day, and no black woman from Hampton ate sandwich or drank coffee there. Nor did one of them, as I believe, appear at any hotel.

What is more interesting to me, as a sort of high private in the business of philanthropic organization, is this: from that hour to this (1899) no one of those colored women has ever been, so far as I have heard, an applicant for charity in any form, or was ever heard of before any court or tribunal, or in any hospital or poorhouse. They fell upon the homes of New England as a benediction from the South, and they are only known to this hour by their fruits. It was a little shower of beneficent emigration which fell upon a dry soil, and probably no one, excepting myself and Judge Kinsman, thought of the details in the next thirty years.

We were all at work with the Sanitary Commission in Boston, — and with the National Society as well. Of course we shared in the enterprises by which men and women tried to help the navy.

Once and again, as the four years of war ground their way along, I visited Washington, and so I saw the hospital life there, and at Alexandria. Early in 1864 I went to Fort Monroe, and there was the guest of General Butler. I had not long returned home when I received a telegram from his chief of staff, Colonel Shaffer, which had been sent from Bermuda Hundred. It contained the encouraging words:

"We are more successful than our hopes. Come on as soon as you can."

I arranged "supplies" for my pulpit and joined General Butler at Bermuda Hundred, hoping until I came there that I might enter Richmond with them. Alas, ten months had to creep by before there was any entering of Richmond.

As I passed through Washington, where we were all at home in the war, I went to the War Department, where the adjutant-general was an old schoolmate of mine. I was no stranger there then, and so it happened that he gave me a despatch for General Butler. This elevated me at once in the esteem of all chiefs of transportation, giving me I do not know how much power, but great prestige whenever I needed it. I went down to Fort Monroe at once, where I found only one or two of the gentlemen of the staff, chafing because they were not at the front; and on the government steamer of the next day I went up to Bermuda Hundred.

We were rather more than half-way up when we

were arrested for a little by the sound of firing on the shore. It proved that this was one of the days when Fitzhugh Lee had attempted to cut off General Butler's river communications. He had attacked the field works which we had on the south side of the river. As it happened, these works were held by negroes recruited in Virginia, and this was one of the earlier trials of those troops. After a little delay on this account, we pressed on, and just about at nightfall arrived at the crowded water-front of Bermuda Hundred. The whole army of 25,000 men had arrived there suddenly a fortnight before, as if it had fallen from the skies. In that time wharves and landing-places had been improvised with marvellous rapidity, and although there was endless confusion, still things seemed to go forward with the kind of energy which marks the work of a well-disciplined army.

For me, I was as ignorant as a freshman is on entering college, of what I was to do. I knew that General Butler and his staff were six or seven miles away, I knew that night was falling, and I did not know how I was to go to him. Fortunately for me, as I thought, there was on the boat a member of his staff with whom I had some acquaintance, and I relied upon him to help me through. When we landed, however, he was out of the way, and I could not find him. I suspected that he did not care to embarrass himself with a civilian, and was intentionally keeping out of sight. I think so still.

I therefore did what I always do in life — struck as high as I could. I said to the sentinel that I was a bearer of despatches, and asked him the way to the headquarters of the commander of that post. Thirty years after, I learn that this gentleman is Colonel Fuller of Massachusetts. He illustrated the courtesy and promptness of a man in command. He said at once that his own orderly should go with me to General Butler; that he would lend me his own horse; and would send my valise on the ambulance the next morning. So the horse was saddled, and about the time when it became quite dark the soldier and I started on our way.

He knew no more of the way than I did, and a very bad way it was. I made my first acquaintance with the sacred soil of Virginia then and there. We lost ourselves sometimes, and then we found ourselves; the greater part of the road being the worst possible country road, all cut to pieces by the heavy army work, through woods, not of large trees, but which were close enough on both sides to darken the passage. It was nine o'clock or later when we saw the welcome sight of the headquarters camp-fires.

We rode up, and I jumped from my horse to shake hands with General Butler, Colonel Shaffer, and the other gentlemen. They asked instantly how we had passed the batteries. I told the story, and General Butler, who was always effusively polite, and to his other gracious ways added ex-

quisite facility in flattery, said to me: "We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Hale. I have been very anxious for two or three hours. I was afraid my despatches were cut off." I had already handed to him the utterly unimportant letter from the War Department, which had been my talisman thus far.

Then and there I first heard soldiers talk of what had been done and what had not been done in that day. I knew beforehand that, in the push toward Richmond, we had been flung back at Fort Darling. I did not know, till I came there, exactly how the command was impressed by this delay. But in the headquarters circle I found nothing but confidence, and I very soon saw that I was to understand that we should have taken Richmond but for the heavy fog of the day of battle and some other infelicities. I think now that this is probably true.

The fires were kept burning, and we sat and chatted there hour after hour. When we had been there perhaps two hours, up came my military friend of the general's staff, and with sufficient profanity exorcised the roads over which he had ridden. He had never been there before. General Butler heard him through, and then said: "But here is Mr. Hale, who has been here two hours." The soldier turned on me, a little crestfallen, — all the other members of the staff sufficiently amused — and asked me with another oath how I found the way. I said, "We followed the telegraph wire;" and from that day I was

rather a favorite with the staff for this civilian snub on a gentleman who was not a favorite.

Meanwhile, somebody had been ordered to pitch a tent for me, and at about eleven o'clock, I suppose, I went to bed in my new quarters. I had slept an hour, however, as it proved, when I was awakened by the firing of cannon. I had never heard such firing; as it proved afterward, they were the heaviest guns which I have ever heard in my life. Of course I wanted to jump up, but I said to myself: "It will seem very green if I walk out on the first sound of firing. I suppose this is what I came to the front for. If they want me they will call me, and I shall hear firing enough before I have done." So I turned over and tried to go to sleep — did go to sleep — and was awakened again by louder and louder firing. All this lasted, I suppose, perhaps an hour, perhaps two. Then all was still, and I went to sleep for the night.

You are wakened in camp, if you are at a major-general's, by the bugles of his cavalry escort, and the next morning I heard their reveille, also for the first time. I washed myself, was already dressed, of course, and in a little an orderly told me that breakfast was ready. I met at breakfast Captain Laurie, a fine old officer of the navy, whom I had known a little in Boston. He said to me, "And how did you like our firing last night, Mr. Hale?" I said, that to me, as a civilian, it seemed very loud, but I supposed that that was what I had come to the war for, and I did not get

up from my bed. Laurie answered, as if he would rebuke me for my ignorance: "I have been in the service for thirty-nine years, and I never heard such firing before." I found then, for the first time, that the whole staff had been up and on horseback, had been at the front to try to find out what this firing was, and had returned almost as much perplexed as they went.

It was thus that it happened to me that I spent my first and last battle in bed.

I was acting on the principle of doing the duty which came next my hand, and obeying all orders which were given to me. I had not run away; I was pleased with that. And if I had not personally received the surrender of three or four battle-flags, that was my misfortune.

I had occasion afterward to hear much of the testimony, and to read all the rest of it, which related to this remarkable battle. If you will read the history of the time, as told in the Richmond newspapers and those of New York city, and will put them together, you will learn that on that night a reconnoissance was sent out from our lines into the tangled shrubbery which separated our newly-built works from those of the rebels. You will learn that the rebel guns mowed down these columns as corn is mowed down before a tempest. Or, if you read a Northern newspaper, you will learn that a certain column of the rebel troops, who were named, were worse than decimated by similar artillery from our works.

Every word of this was entirely false. In fact, there was a very heavy cannonading from the newly-erected works on both sides. As I have said, it lasted an hour or two. Much of it on our side was from heavy guns, which had been landed from the navy to strengthen the battery which we had near the river. But as the result of it, there was never any evidence that a rabbit was scratched. Certainly no drop of human blood was shed in that encounter of giants.

How it happened so late in the evening I do not know. But what happened was this: A party of ladies had been entertained on board one of our ships of war. As they left, an officer, with the gallantry of his profession, asked one of the ladies if she would like to see how a gun was fired, and to do pleasure to her he fired one of the guns in the darkness. At that moment everything was on the *qui vive* ashore, and our land-battery men, eager for something to do, finding that one shot was fired, thought that another had better be fired, and continued the firing. This started the successive artillerists for nearly a mile, as our works ran up into the country toward the Appomattox river, and not to be belated or accused of sleepiness, they began firing in turn. Of course this roused the equally ready artillerists on the rebel side, and they fired, I suppose, at the flashes which they saw a mile or two away. And this was the famous cannonade which made the whole of my first battle.

The naval officers were dreadfully mortified, our

gentlemen at headquarters were indignant beyond account, and the thing almost came to courts martial and courts of inquiry. But it was wisely thought better to leave the record of it to be made at the end of thirty years by the only person who was at all concerned, who spent the hours of the battle in his bed under canvas.

It was almost of course that this interest in the nation should show itself in print. In the summer of 1863 I wrote for the *Atlantic* the story of "A Man Without a Country," which has been already published in this series, and after that time I wrote regularly for that magazine for many years. Till the war ended, indeed, it was my special duty to furnish for successive numbers what would "keep people in good spirits about public affairs" — as Mr. Field, the editor, said to me in engaging me to do so.

To my interest in that sort of work I owe the great satisfaction that I am an honorary member of the Loyal Legion of Massachusetts, chosen by the active members in recognition of service which they suppose I rendered in the war.

Peace came with the fall of Richmond. I remember I wrote to my dear friend, Mr. Benjamin J. Lang, the morning we had the news, that I had instructed the sexton to open the church, that I hoped Lang would be there in the afternoon to conduct the musical service, and that if no one else was there he and I would be there and we would thank God that peace had returned.

The church had been built in the first year of the war. Behind the pulpit was a painting copied from the cherubs of Murillo's "Assumption." They bore in their arms the motto, "Glory to God in the highest." With the victory at Richmond we sent for the decorator, and permitted him to add the other ribbon, with the words "On earth peace, good will among men."

EDITORIAL DUTY

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IT was in the town of Boston that the first newspaper in America was printed. The little sheet has been reprinted often in good fac-similes. It is a curious illustration of the hopes of the journals of that day, and of their disadvantages as well. The *Boston News-Letter*, as it was called, was generally printed on two pages only of a large folio sheet, of which the other two pages were left white. It was supposed that this was to be really a news-letter; the merchant who had a correspondent abroad would write him on the blank pages as to their special affairs, while at the same time he sent him the general news of the town. The whole form of the *News-Letter*, for more than a generation, bears out this idea. Indeed, the editorial "we," which is so badly used by many writers now, expressed in those days to a certain extent the knowledge and sentiment of a considerable part of the community. For instance, they said, "We have news from London up to the 11th;" they meant that the people of Boston had such news. Or, "We have heard that the Indians burned a village in New Hampshire." They did not mean

simply that that office had heard it, but that the people of Boston had received the news. To say, "We have seen a handsome hat in the shop of Jones & Co.," would have been inconceivable in the office of a journal printed as the *News-Letter* was printed.

Franklin's autobiography gives some interesting hints as to the journalism of that time. James Franklin had Benjamin as an apprentice in the publication of the *New England Courant*, which was a rival to the *Boston News-Letter*.

From such simple beginnings the journalism of the town had hardly emerged at the beginning of this century. The *News-Letter* had given place to the *Chronicle* and the *Centinel*. The blank sheet was no longer left for the merchant to write upon, except that this convenient custom has maintained its place till within a few years in the publication of "price-current" sheets, which were issued separately from the principal newspaper offices. These sheets will be quite within the memory of the Boston merchants of to-day. In a convenient form, they gave the same price-current as is now printed daily, made up with the rates at which merchandise closed on the day of publication, and two large pages of letter-paper were still open for private correspondence.

The great convenience of affecting the public mind by articles printed in the news-letters and newspapers, suggested itself, naturally, very early. And it would happen that, according to the pol-

itics of the coterie who surrounded the printer of a paper, that paper would be rather apt to print communications sent to it on one side or the other. For instance, in the conflicts before the Revolution the *Massachusetts Spy*, then printed in Boston, was the organ to which the writers of the rebel school usually sent their papers, while the *Weekly Advertiser* would receive the writings of people who began to be called Tories. But in no case did the printer himself affect to write articles, any more than the newsboy who sells the *Herald* to-day pretends to control its editorial columns. Indeed, the presence of an editor in the concern was not known.

Occasionally, however, a journal gained great fame by some series of contributed articles; the fame of the Junius letters, published in the *Public Advertiser* of London, still survives, though very few persons have really read five of them. And in a town so small as Boston or New York then were, there was little room for enterprise or skill in the collection of news. The people who wanted news published brought it into the printing-office of the paper, much as a man who wanted a vessel insured carried that fact to the place where men were in the habit of meeting who wanted to insure vessels.

When this century began, the town of Boston had a population of about twenty-five thousand persons. There were published here at that time two weekly journals, the *Chronicle* and the *Colum-*

bian Centinel, and twice a week the *Commercial Gazette*. The *Centinel* had become the organ to which the Federalist writers sent their communications, while the *Chronicle* was the organ in the same way of the Democratic writers. Occasionally an effort would be made to introduce a new journal into the arena, but without any marked success, until, in the year 1811, a coterie of the younger Federalist politicians determined on having a journal which should express their views more definitely and with more power than the *Centinel*. And, as a sort of club, these men met from day to day, and issued what they called the *Boston Weekly Messenger*. In this paper was the germ from which the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, still published in this city, was born.

The real moral and intellectual leader of this little company was John Lowell, son of the distinguished Judge Lowell who introduced into the Bill of Rights the clause which freed every negro in Massachusetts. The younger of these two John Lowells, a lawyer of distinction, lived just outside Boston, in Roxbury, in a house still standing. Here, in an elegant hospitality, he received the best people of the time. With the advantages of wealth he carried on his studies of politics and society, and Roxbury was then so far a country town that when he chose to sign himself "A Norfolk County Farmer" in his political writings, he could do so fairly. Men now living remember his farming, in the shape of his elegant greenhouses

and of his careful studies in arboriculture. He did not, however, let his enthusiasm for botany and horticulture overcome his determination that the State of Massachusetts should be well governed, and that in the United States, still under Virginian rule, Massachusetts should maintain the rights which one would have said she had fairly won in the Revolution.

With John Lowell, in his determination that there should be a journal suited for the real discussion of public topics, were associated such men as Gallison, whose name is remembered still as a careful student of politics and social order; Henry D. Sedgwick, and Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and one of the youngest of the circle was my father, Nathan Hale. Mr. Webster joined them when he removed to Boston. My father never shirked work; he always liked it, and in the beginning of the *Weekly Messenger* it was natural that a young lawyer, only thirty-seven years old, should take the working oar in the publication. He still had an increasing and successful practice at the bar, he had established his reputation as a mathematician as a preceptor at Exeter, he had a gift for languages, and was thus equipped as few of the young lawyers of the time could have been. Naturally enough, as the *Weekly Messenger* established itself, he became its editor, and within a very short time he assumed the obligations and the prospects, whatever they were, of the publication of the paper. Before long, the proprietors of the *Boston Daily Adver-*

tiser, which had been started purely as a speculation, I think, a few weeks before, found themselves unable to carry it forward, and Mr. Hale purchased what there was to purchase of that paper. He and his friends found themselves in the possession of a daily journal where they had only proposed a weekly one. He enjoyed this position intensely. He soon abandoned entirely his legal practice, and gave himself heart and soul to the building up of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

It was such a newspaper as had never been heard of or dreamed of in Boston until that time. Contributors very soon found that while their place as contributors was recognized, there was a certain shrine of the paper which no one could enter but the high priest, and that he entered that shrine every day. In other words, he introduced the editorial, now perfectly well known in all journals in all parts of the world, but which had never appeared in any New England newspaper before. The *Advertiser* expressed its own editorial opinion, as all journals of any position affect now to assert theirs. The *Columbian Centinel*, the old-fashioned Federalist organ, declined gradually in the face of the rivalry of the *Advertiser*. The old *Chronicle*, which had united itself with the *Gazette* and *Patriot* and had been the organ of the Democratic parties in high party times, also declined in circulation. And before the year 1835 the *Daily Advertiser* had bought the subscription-list of both these papers, and existed then, as it exists now, as the

only representative of all papers which were published in Boston before the year 1820.

I had the good fortune of being the son of the founder and editor of the *Daily Advertiser*. The outlook which I had on life was the outlook of a journalist. As soon as we could print at all with a pencil, we began making our own little newspapers at home, and I found myself an editor, therefore, in my way, before I was ten years old.

I have once or twice said in public that I was cradled in the sheets of a daily journal. The remark is almost literally true. At the time I was born we lived in a house which was taken down by Mr. Parker in the enlargement of the Parker House, and I never go in at the Tremont Street entrance of that hotel without recollecting that I first drew breath on the floor some twenty-five feet higher than the marble on which I am stepping. In an earlier chapter of this book I have described a little incident which is connected with the editorial office in that house.

Children in such a house naturally took the atmosphere of the house, and interested themselves in the affairs of the world. It was thus that we had our own post-offices at the roots of selected trees on the Common, where we left the mail one day and collected it the next to carry it on our "truck" to the next post-office. My father was president of the Type Foundry. The workmen there knew us, and would give us new type and shavings of type metal. As I have said else-

where, when I was twelve years old I could set type as well as the average journeyman; and to-day I could earn my living as a job printer. We formed the habit of writing narrative in our family newspapers, of which there were two, which were read at the breakfast table on alternate Monday mornings. I remember that I was blamed once for copying a description of an English country house, of which I had made up every word. It is not the last time when I have been criticised for being too realistic.

I wish I had time to hunt up the first article of mine which was printed in the *Advertiser*. I was very proud of it. It may have been eight lines long. While we were engaged one evening on our evening amusements, my father brought in the *Journal des Debats*, and pointing out to me an article on some French discoveries near Babylon, he said that if I would translate it, he would print the translation in the paper. I assented gratefully, as any decent boy would, under the circumstances. But as soon as he had left the room, I said to my mother that he had forgotten that I had never learned any French. In fact, I only knew a few French phrases, through I could puzzle out a passage of Viri Romæ. She said this was true, but that it would be a pity to disappoint papa, and she gave me the French dictionary and, what was more to the purpose, my sister Lucretia's assistance. She probably knew as much of French as I did of Latin. Between

us we puzzled out the paragraph, and it was my trial stroke in journalism.

We boys found a copy of Gurney's shorthand in the house, and were beginning some experiments with it when Mr. Thomas Towndrow, lately on the *Tribune's* staff, came to Boston to teach people how to write shorthand. He sent his text-books to the office, for notice I suppose, and we boys got hold of them. I was about nine years old. We used to practise at church, and were encouraged to do so, I suppose because it kept us awake. Unfortunately it was long before Pitman introduced the phonography of to-day, and compared with that our stenography was a wretched engine. But it was the best we had. And my practice in it has been of daily service to me from that time to this. The winter when I was sixteen I was sent to the State House, with instructions to make a daily sketch of what was most interesting in the debates. The custom of the Boston papers for many years was to copy and print the whole journal of House and Senate. These sketches of debates were additional. In this way I served in the session of 1839, and again in 1843. I speak of this because I think such training is invaluable for any youug man. It introduced me to men who were to be leaders in the next fifty years, and it was a good initiation into the study of political history and practical sociology.

It is the fashion of the journals of to-day, accustomed to the use of weapons of precision, to

ridicule the newspaper work of the middle of the century. I do not wonder at this, nor do I object to it. But the training of an office boy then meant the training of an all-round man as it hardly does now. I remember, myself, the arrival of the *Great Western* steamer with advices from Europe thirty-five days later than we had before. The history of three quarters of the world for more than a month had to be digested and written before you went to press. Again, you did not know just at what moment your news might come or in what language. At the last hour one of the ship-news men might come up with a "Hamburg Correspondenten," or a "diario," or some French gazette which he had extorted from a skipper who had made a good run—and you knew that no other paper in America had the news.

All such surprises are lost in these days of the telegraph. Indeed I see newspapers where no official seems to read the foreign journals at all. The modern theory is all well enough for facts, but their narrative is sadly deficient in atmosphere and local color.

In writing to a friend about the year 1812, my father said to him, "There is nothing in the issue of the *Messenger* from the direction of the covers to the writing of the editorials which I have not done with my own hands, excepting the setting of the type and the working of the press." I could have said the same thing in 1845, without the

exception which my father made, save that the press in my time was, of course, worked by steam. I have set type, I have carried proof to authors, and I have written the obituary of a president. It was, however, after this time that I happened to be on duty to close up the paper the night when President Taylor died. The foreman came down and asked me very respectfully if I would not send up the president's obituary before they put the "country edition" to press. This edition would have to go to press at two o'clock in the morning. I said, "No, I will write no man's obituary before he is dead. But you may send for me as soon as you get the despatch." Accordingly I went home. I was undressing myself when I heard the tap of the messenger's feet on the sidewalk. I put my head out of the window, to hear him say, "He is dead, sir," and I said, "I will be at the office as soon as you are." And then and there I wrote the obituary. Modern journalism would have had the obituary in type before the president was inaugurated.

Here, then, is a place in which I may answer the questions which will be brought me by my young friends as to the value of a newspaper office as a school for literary work. Many a young man, tempted by the regular though small wages paid weekly by a newspaper, persuades himself that though he does not mean to be a journalist he shall find in a newspaper office a good training for literary life. He obtains with

difficulty a situation on the staff of a large newspaper, and after three months is disappointed to find that his English style is no better than it was, that his reputation as an author has not advanced, and he even suspects that his aspirations and hopes with regard to sound literature are no higher than they were. Either before such a trial or after it, such young men are very apt to come to persons who have had any experience in literary life, to ask them what advantage the machinery of the newspaper press gives to a person attempting literature as a profession.

As I have intimated, the conditions of journalism now are wholly different from those which surrounded it in the days when I was in close connection with the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. But there are some things in newspaper work which are the same as they were then. The first real advantage which a man gains in a newspaper office is that, whether he wishes to or not, he must be educated to write narrative. No reporter or other newspaper writer really earns his salt unless he is able to describe something which he has seen or about which he knows facts. The public does not understand to-day why one paper is successful and why another gradually runs behindhand. I believe myself that the success of a great journal may always be measured by its skill in narrative of facts. It is very curious, but it is true, that even well educated people are, generally speaking, quite unable to describe anything. The journals of

missionary associations are a melancholy illustration of this. The gentlemen and ladies whom they send abroad are engaged in the most curious and fascinating work, they are surrounded by new circumstances, their business is one which calls forth every power of their own; nothing connected with it can be petty. And they are simply asked to tell what they have seen and what they know to people on whose contributions the whole enterprise depends. When their letters home are published, they have generally so little color that unless you look at the title you would never know whether they were describing work in an intelligent Japanese community, in a horde of Hottentots in Africa, or among a group of Eskimo by the Arctic ocean.

I know that such gentlemen and ladies plead as an excuse the interference of the supervising officers of the missionary establishments. I know only too well that such boards of editors have a dislike to anything which seems interesting, individual, or vivid; they like to tame down all articles to a certain neutral tint. All the same, it must be true that the art of narrative is not generally cultivated in institutions of education. The place where there is a chance to see what one can do in it is the office of a newspaper.

I am quite clear that the greatest advantage I have gained from work on a daily newspaper is the habit which is necessarily formed, of writing down, on the first draft, what you have to say, and

not relying on another day or another mood for its correction. Mr. Bryant, the poet-editor of the *New York Post*, once said to me that no article for a daily journal should ever be kept after the day when it was written; if it were not used the day it was written, it should be returned to the writer or put into the fire. Not only is this true, but well trained newspaper writers, as I think, must not expect even to see work in proof. This involves punctuation, it involves handwriting, it involves all subtleties of style, and it involves the definite clearness of the statement or opinion expressed.

Here I was in an excellent school. My father wrote admirable English; I think at heart he despised rhetoric, for all that. He would not even lift his reader along by an apt illustration or quotation; but what he said was intelligible, and left no room for question about its meaning. I have seen him sit for five minutes, even when there was a pressure of haste, that he might determine what word he would use in the line which he was writing. But when he used that word he had used it, and there was no necessity for changing it.

Bred in that school, I acquired the habit — I will not say the power — of saying on the first endeavor what I wanted to say. I have been spared, by what you may call this technical habit, from the annoyance or mortification which waits on men who, on looking at their manuscripts after a week, put them in the fire. "What I have

written I have written," said Pilate; and although he was certainly a very weak man in other affairs, he seems to have had a certain firmness of conviction here.

As an editor since that time, I have often, I might say always, found that young writers said in the private notes accompanying their papers, "This is not done as well as I can do it," or "I have dashed this off." They are not satisfied with their own work when they submit it to you. I think that the press, when it is directed by a vigorous leader, trains men to do as well as they can on the first endeavor.

In saying this, I have intimated that there is a certain accuracy gained in writing for the press which is important, whether it be accuracy of thought, accuracy of expression, accuracy of punctuation, or even accuracy in the physical business of writing. I was once engaged in a great *tour de force* in which, in our office, we reported Rufus Choate's eulogy on Harrison, knowing that he did not want to give it to the press. Our report, as it proved, was the only report which the world has ever had of that somewhat remarkable oration. I read the proof of all my work up to the last dozen lines. It was three or four o'clock in the morning, and trusting to a well-disciplined office, after I sent my last page of copy upstairs I walked home. At my late breakfast I seized the newspaper, to find that the last words of the address were printed thus: "A lesson which is taught from the mouths

which are past to the mouths which are to come," Mr. Choate's last words having been, "A lesson taught by the *months* which are past to the *months* which are to come." Any youngster who has as severe a blow as this, learns that if his proofs are to be accurate his manuscript must be good.

I have lingering with me a good many of the old superstitions about all-round men. It does not disgust me to know that the conqueror of the Spanish Armada had never been to sea when he was appointed on a business which certainly somebody managed very well. I am not very much distressed when I find that James Lowell is appointed minister to England, though he has never been a secretary of legation or an attaché at a foreign court. This means that in general I suppose moral force is what tells, and that method or discipline or technique must be made to follow rather than to lead. With this feeling, I think no man is hurt by a general acquaintance with the world in which he lives, such as a newspaper ought to give, and which it gave in the old times. But I have not found of late that the charge of a single department in a newspaper helped a man much in his general view of the social order around him. I do not think that if I wanted information on a great sociological problem I should expect to find it any more by consulting the first ten reporters whom I met than by consulting the first ten physicians or engineers or clergymen. On the other hand, there is a something in modern journalism

which is pathetic in its confinement of men to routine. The masters of the profession are well aware of this. Their duties are so pressing that they do not see other men as much as most of us do, and in the moment when public opinion is being formed, in clubs, at dinner parties, in meetings of trades-unions or conventions, these gentlemen, who think they have public opinion to lead, are shut up in their own offices. They have to get their public opinion, one might say, at second-hand.

It is a little thing to say, but I have always been glad, as a writer for the press, that I have been a compositor. I do not say that because a man is a good compositor he will be a good writer. I do say that the mere study of the arrangement of words, which comes to a man who has to put them somewhat slowly into type, is a good experience. I have fancied that I could trace in Franklin's admirable English some of the lessons which he learned at the composing-room desk. Printers have always been glad to oblige me as my books have been going through the press. I have never met with a disagreeable or crusty foreman or compositor. I am apt to think that the comfort and ease of such a relation between the writer and the printer has been due in part to the fact that I knew what I was talking about when I was wishing for accommodation or was putting my questions. And I am always glad, therefore, when I find in the machinery of a boarding-school, an industrial

school, an academy, or a college, that provision is made for the publication even of a small journal, in which the infant writers may get some sight at least of the mechanical methods on which we all depend.

To the generation of to-day, the achievements of the modern press seem so remarkable that men speak with a certain contempt of the publishing of the generation before us. But we here only stand just where our predecessors have stood. My father died in the year 1863. He had been connected with journalism for more than fifty years. I remember that when he died I made a careful calculation which showed that in his own printing offices, — that is, in his newspaper offices and in a book-printing office which he directed for some years, he had printed more words and circulated them to the world, than existed in all the libraries of the world on the day when his printing enterprises began.

It will be more convenient, both to writer and reader, to bring into one short chapter the dates of different editorial enterprises, in the sixty years which followed my graduation, — and I do this here, even though I repeat some details which are scattered in other places in this volume. In "Lowell and His Friends," I have given some account of *Harvardana*, which was published at Cambridge for four years. It died with the volume of which Lowell was one of the editors. I was an active member of Alpha Delta Phi, —

with which it was born. But I do not remember that there was even a suggestion that we should attempt a fifth volume. In truth the college constituency was not then large enough to sustain any journal. I do not believe that there were ever printed more than three hundred copies of any one issue of *Harvardana*.

When I left college Dr. Palfrey asked me, very kindly, to furnish some articles for the *North American*, which he then edited, and these must be my first printed magazine articles. I was well pleased that the *Christian Examiner* printed an anonymous article which I sent them, the more pleased perhaps, because nearly at the same time they rejected an article which bore my name. In January, 1841, my father began the publication of the *Monthly Chronicle of Events, Discoveries, Improvements and Opinions* — and for the benefit of mankind, he continued it for three years. If mankind had had the good sense to continue it from that day to this, the fifty-eight volumes would be now of immense benefit to all of us who ever want to know anything on a sudden; — the three extant volumes being to this day a most available book of reference for the three years they cover. I acted, in a way, as office editor of this magazine, — reading proofs, writing much of the chronology, — and permitted occasionally to write longer articles. In the end of 1841 my brother Nathan was made editor of the *Boston Miscellany*, and I was a sort of Man

Friday on his staff also. "Short Stories," proof-sheets, an occasional poem written up to the one engraving for the month — whatever there was to do, I did it as well as I could. Such was the system of education in which we had been trained.

I have spoken of my work as a reporter. After I became a minister in Worcester the *Sunday School Gazette* was established at my suggestion and that of Edmund B. Willson, my life-long friend, and for three or four years I was more or less responsible for that. I received at that time a proposal which gratified me — to go to New York to edit a weekly newspaper. But I was too well satisfied with my own profession to accept the proposal, — not to say that I knew the daily slavery of editorial life too well.

When I returned to Boston, in 1856, the plans were already formed which led to the appointment of Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge as editor-in-chief of the *Christian Examiner*. He appointed me and my friend Joseph Henry Allen his assistants. We used to call him "The Chief," a title which he well deserved for many reasons. For two or three years I had a certain responsibility in the editing of the *Examiner*, which, as I suppose, directed attention to me when, in what I may call, I believe, the revival of the Unitarian Church, I was appointed to take charge of *Old and New*, which was established under the auspices of the Unitarian Association.

Old and New was a monthly magazine which

we started under what I still think a well conceived idea, that if we took the acceptable form of a literary and political journal, we could carry to thousands of people intelligent discussions on the subject of religion which they would otherwise never have read. I venture to say, in writing these words, that we attempted to do what the *Outlook* of New York does so well to-day. We took the ground that literature and politics and theology and religion might be discussed within the same covers and read by the same readers. If you please to take the language of the trade, we believed that the stories and the poems in our journal could "float" the theology and the religion.

I entered cordially into this plan, and in eleven volumes I edited the journal, which we called *Old and New*. It is interesting to me now to remember that its first name was *The Two Worlds*, — borrowed from the famous review of the French. A witty friend of mine had said before this that to read the *Revue de Deux Mondes* was in itself a liberal education. But after the name had been determined, and the titlepage had been printed, I said to myself, "What is our object but to show that the two worlds are one world, that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, that the same God rules here as rules through the universe? Why should we encumber ourselves with the constant necessity of saying to people that geology, which belongs to the world of nature, and loyalty to the word of the present God as it shows itself in man's daily life,

— that these two do not belong to two worlds but belong to one world? Why should we call our journal *The Two Worlds* when we mean that it is a journal which records the work of one God, the same in all worlds?" Without consultation with any of the persons who had agreed on the old name, I took the name *Old and New*, and I have never regretted it.

At the end of eleven volumes, we had more than one competitor in the same path; especially *Scribner's Magazine*, under the loyal oversight of Mr. Holland, Mr. Roswell-Smith, and Mr. Gilder. The Unitarian Association had long since tired of us; for it was impossible to make the directors of a denominational society understand that we were doing their work — as we were — better than they could do it for themselves. For myself, I was tired of the strain of editorial life, and *Old and New* was merged in *Scribner's Magazine*. This is the reason why "Philip Nolan's Friends" was printed in that magazine.

With that enterprise, ended for me, for eight years, any responsible charge of any magazine or newspaper. But I had earned a certain comradeship in newspaper and magazine offices which gave me ready access to their pages whenever I had anything to say. At one time I was under regular contract with *Harper's Magazine* to furnish short stories for them. In 1883, as has been said in a former volume of this series, we began to publish the circulars of the Lend a Hand Clubs; and this

monthly publication eventually grew into the magazine called *Lend a Hand*. Of this the first volume was published in 1886, and the last in 1897, when the magazine was merged in the *Charities Review* of New York. It was necessary, however, to have a means of communication with the various "silver cross clubs," so called, in different parts of the world, and at the central office of those clubs we began to publish the *Lend a Hand Record*, which has continued to this day. I have a general oversight of this journal.

I believe that I put down these details because I have so often advised my young friends in my own profession to be in the habit of writing a good deal for the press. There is no doubt that a man who has to address audiences, as ministers do, ought to be perfectly at ease in extempore speech. But the very fact that he is at ease in it involves danger to him unless he is always training himself in accurate habits of writing. I know no way in which those habits can be kept up so well as by writing for print. There is no such stringent criticism as the criticism which a man passes upon himself when he detects too late in print the carelessness which he did not notice in his manuscript.

LITERARY AND EDITORIAL WORK

I HAVE spoken in another place of the collection of Letters on Irish Emigration which was published in the winter of 1852. Four years earlier I had edited for Phillips and Sampson a Christmas book which we called "The Rosary;" and I think this is the first book which ever appeared with my name. I had before written a child's book in a series edited by my mother.

In the summer of 1850, I published in a Sunday School series, "Scenes from Christian History," twenty-nine sketches from the history of 1800 years. The next year my sister Lucretia and I wrote "Margaret Percival in America." Miss Sewell's novels were very popular at that time, and we took one of her heroines and brought her over to this country, to open her eyes a little as to the narrowness of her ecclesiastical associations. It was a little droll that the popularity of the name sold the book in several editions, all of which, so far as I ever could understand, went into the libraries of Episcopal churches, — the directors of those libraries not having read far enough to understand that the book was not drawn precisely in

the interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.

As my contribution to the Kansas movement, I prepared and published in 1854 a History of Kansas and Nebraska. As the preface of the book says, this is perhaps the first history which was ever written of a State which at that moment had not legally one white inhabitant. I could hardly have written this book, of which I am even now not ashamed, without the matchless resources of the American Antiquarian Society, where I found all the documents I needed as to the early explorations undertaken by the United States, and indeed by the French explorers. From more recent publications we now know some things which we did not know then; but so far as the authorities then known were of use, that book resumes the history of exploration in Kansas up till that time.

In 1859 I went to Europe for the first time, and afterwards printed some passages from my journals and letters, under the title, "Ninety Days' Worth of Europe."

In 1868 I printed a collection of short stories of which the earliest in date was from the "Boston Miscellany." We called this "If, Yes, and Perhaps." I justified this title in the preface by saying that some of the stories were probabilities, some of the narratives were pure fact, and some of the sketches were possibilities; yet we could not call the book by as cumbrous a name as "Proba-

bilities, Realities, and Possibilities." It proved necessary, however, to change the name, and this book has been published since with the title, "The Man without a Country, and other Tales."

To write the story of "The Man without a Country" and its sequel, "Philip Nolan's Friends," I had to make as careful study as I could of the history of the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States. California had always interested me, and I had made some contribution to its early history. These papers of mine attracted William Cullen Bryant's attention, and when he planned the "Popular History of the United States," he asked me to contribute the Spanish and French chapters. This I did, excepting the chapter in the first volume relating to the first settlement of Florida.

In the year 1850 I was chosen a member of the American Antiquarian Society, and I served as its secretary until I left Worcester in 1856.

For the encouragement of young authors, I will say that I have always enjoyed the lottery of the prize competitions, which were perhaps more frequent forty years ago than they are now. At a time when I was not troubled by having too much money, I received a prize offered by *Sartain's Magazine* for an essay called "Paul before Nero." I received a prize from the Philadelphia Orphan Refuge for a paper on the education of orphan children, which I shall try to publish in another volume of this series. No one has

ever taken the advice which it offered, but it was good advice for all that.

Frank Leslie offered a prize for a short story, and I received one of the second prizes for "The Children of the Public." Our dear friend Miss Louisa Alcott received the first prize, and deserved it. She used to say, whenever I met her, that she had always been afraid to republish the story, but I told her that I sat at her feet as a story-teller.

I received a prize at the outset of the Civil War for an essay on emigration from the North to the South. Since those days I have sat as judge in similar competitions more often than I have appeared as a competitor. I think competitions generally disappoint the gentlemen who offer the prizes. I believe I ought to say, however, that, speaking from experience, I know that the editors of magazines are eager to put "fresh hands at the bellows" whenever they can.

HARVARD REVISITED

[At the request of the Editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* I wrote for them in 1895 the following paper, on the changes in Cambridge in two generations. It was printed in the *Atlantic* in 1896.]

IT is three years since I promised *The Atlantic Monthly* that, by way of closing a series of reminiscences, I would attempt a comparison of Harvard College sixty years ago with the college of to-day.

The subject is an interesting one, and is very apt to come up at class dinners, as old gentlemen, in a figure, pick over their walnuts. If Mr. Hill will pardon a parenthesis, let me say that a hundred years ago and more George Washington would frequently "sit over his walnuts" two hours, really picking out the meats and nibbling at them, with the accompaniment of one only glass of Madeira. The subject is an interesting one, but it has proved so interesting that I have never put pen to paper until now. For *le mieux est l'ennemi du bon*, alas, and one does not very willingly handle a theme which so many other men can work out much better than he.

I am set on it, at last, by the accident that I

have been reading this week Mark Pattison's extraordinary and therefore amusing memorials of his own life in Oxford, to which place he went four years before I went to our Cambridge. The book, quite worthless in itself, is amusing, and indeed edifying, when matched in with Stanley's, Ward's, Newman's, and a dozen other memorials of Oxford life at the same time. To an American graduate it is simply amazing, as well as amusing, because it exhibits a habit of life — one hardly says of thought — among undergraduates as different from our undergraduate life as the life of Mr. Kipling's four-footed friends is different from the life of Thyrsis and Amyntas in Arcadia. Let me try my hand and memory in giving to the undergraduate of to-day some notion of what undergraduates at our Cambridge did, and what they thought about, fifty or sixty years ago. Possibly this may show how it happened that a few of them turned out to be of some use in the world.

As matter of familiar speech or language, let me begin with saying that, in the thirties, it was not the habit of Harvard College men or boys to say that they were of Harvard or from Harvard. We knew what such words meant, and Amherst or Williams men used them to us, not we to them. We spoke of ourselves as Cambridge men, — as a Balliol man now might say he was from Oxford. This means, I think, that we all wanted to hold to the phrase in the Constitution of Massachusetts which speaks of the "University at Cambridge."

Mr. Everett afterward introduced this on the college programmes and catalogues. It showed that a man was somewhat fresh if he said he was from Harvard. The present fashion came in a little after.

Professor Beers has just now written a pleasant book which he calls "Initial Studies in American Letters." He says good-naturedly that "the professors of literature in our colleges are usually persons who have made no additions to literature; and the professors of rhetoric seem ordinarily to have been selected to teach students how to write, for the reason that they themselves have never written anything that any one has read." And after this friendly joke on his own craft, he adds that "the Harvard College of some fifty years ago offers some striking exceptions to these remarks." I will own that, as a Cambridge man, I read with some pride and much pleasure his list of the seventeen years after 1821, in which there graduated Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, Thoreau, and Lowell. He had only to go a little farther to have added Higginson and Parkman. Let me say, in passing, that the inaugural address delivered by Edward Channing in 1819, when he assumed the Boylston Chair of Rhetoric at Cambridge, is still worth reading; and let me also say that we Cambridge men are a little surprised that in Dr. Beers's list we do not find the name of Frederic Henry Hedge. The years of which I am now to speak, of my own under-

graduate life, are years included in the period of which Dr. Beers speaks with such approval.

The Oxford of Stanley, Ward, and Pattison, and the Harvard of the same time, touch at only one point. In each, the freshman, on entering, if he thought at all, was amazed at the indifference with which some of his teachers handled the business of education. Here was poor Pattison, an unlicked cub from Yorkshire, who when he was eighteen years old turned up at Oxford. Poor boy, he says he went there with an idea that Oxford was a place for teaching and learning. He went to his first lecture, what we should call his first recitation, without any of the niceties of scholarship, not well grounded in the Greek grammar, and he had not been shown how to read Greek. To his amazement, he found that Dennison, his teacher, did not, in the whole course, make a single remark on Alkestis or Hippolytus which did not come from the notes at the foot of the page. "In less than a week," he says, "I was entirely disillusionized as to what I was to learn in an Oxford lecture-room."

Stanley, four years after, made just the same remark. Stanley had been well trained at Rugby. He went up to Oxford supposing that he was to be taught something. Here is his account, written after a month at Balliol: "Alas, most truly was it said that the last year at school surpassed a hundredfold the first year of college. . . . We construed in the old way, word for word in turn,

with one or two unimportant remarks from the tutor." Two out of three classical lectures he finds absolutely useless.

I copy these words from the Oxford men of that time, because such was exactly our experience in the classics at Cambridge.

I tried, in an earlier paper, to give some sense of the freshness and vitality of Longfellow's intimacy with his classes, and of Edward Channing's with his. I should be glad to speak at more length of Pietro Bachi, about whose life there was an element of mystery. All I knew of him was that he was an accomplished Italian gentleman, who made friends of us, and who interested us vitally in the literature of Italy. Mr. Sparks read a few lectures while I was in college, and was perfectly willing to make us companions and to talk with us about American history as a master has a right to talk. With Dr. Webster, also, and with Mr. Harris, the instructor in natural history, we were on intimate terms, and once in a while we got some bit of information from one of them or the other. For the rest, four years of college were, so far as the staff went, four years of mere mechanical drudgery. The bell rang, and you went in to the exercise. You sat through an hour, and heard other men blunder through it. Nobody told anybody anything, and nobody gave anybody any light.

My father published the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and so I was one of the few boys in college who

had a daily newspaper. After breakfast I used to walk round and get the paper, and was therefore ready to take it in to the eight o'clock recitation. I used to fold it lengthwise, so that I could turn it over without annoying my neighbors, and read it as the recitation in what they called philosophy went on. When I had done this a week or so, the teacher asked me to stop after the recitation, and remonstrated with me. I said: "You see I make no concealment of it. It seems a pity to waste the hour, and I bring in the paper to read it at that time." I then asked what good there was in my listening to a lot of men stumbling over something which only half of them knew anything about. He assented very frankly to my view of that part of the business. He did not pretend that he assisted by a word the process of learning. He only said he thought the newspaper was bad for the discipline of the place; and I said, if it was his wish that I should not read it, I would not. I closed the conversation by asking him a question on the subject we had in hand, which he could not answer. This anecdote, I think, is worth telling as an illustration of the view which both parties took of the transaction which was called a recitation.

So was it that, for most of us who had any enthusiasm or ambition, the work of the college, so called, was, generally speaking, a sad bore. In my junior year I was so annoyed by a bit of petty tyranny on the part of one of the teachers that I

went to Boston and told my father that I must give it all up. I said that I would not bear it any longer; that I wanted to go to work, and I would go to work wherever he would place me. He was a very wise man, and, among other things, he knew how to deal with boys. He told me that he knew very well that this particular person was my inferior. It was one of the misfortunes, he said, of such institutions that they had to enlist a great many inferior men in their management, but that I would find, as I went through life, that I had a great deal to do with men inferior to myself, and that he wanted me to take this experience as a part of the training of the university. His confidence in me would never be abated, he was pleased to say, and I might go back to Cambridge with that feeling. So I went back. I have never changed my opinion about the person who was involved, from that day to this day, but I have been grateful to my father for handling a pettish boy with such wisdom.

On the other hand, if we did not profit much from the functions of the staff, we had a good deal of time left to us in which to work out our own salvation. And as I look on the Cambridge of to-day, I am disposed to ask whether now young fellows who want to work are not kept up to the rack a little too closely. I sometimes think, if I may follow out the parallel with horses, that we got as much from that part of the time when we were kicking our heels in the pas-

ture as we got from the time when we were tied up in the stalls. Anyway, this is what happened: We had, on the average, three recitations a day, sometimes four. For each recitation it took an hour to prepare; at least, that was the rule I laid down. The thing was a thing to be done. I gave to it an hour; never more, and seldom less. If it could be done in that time, well; if it could not, why, so much the worse for the thing. I was not going to fool away any more time over that. Here were six hours, then, provided for, out of the fifteen. For the rest what? There was not nearly so much of athletics as there is now. There was no gymnasium, but there was, in summer, a circle of six miles radius where anybody who had legs could go in search of wild flowers or of butterflies, or to practise at a mark with pistols, or, if it were at the right season, even to look for partridge or quail or plover. A man could walk over to Revere Beach and collect shells, if the three recitations and the two chapel exercises did not come in at too close periods. Boats on the river were prohibited, under the statute, which we had all agreed to obey, forbidding us to keep "horses, dogs, or other animals."

Then there was the library, — a very poor library, as libraries now go, but it had fifty thousand books in it, and a good many of them were books worth reading. We were permitted to go in and out and find pasture. We took down just what we chose; nobody helped us, and nobody

hindered us. There were not many recent books there, but there were a few.

I forgot what it was, but something set me on the explorations of the Pacific coast. I read from the invaluable Ebeling collection ever so many things that are of use to me every day of my life now. Very likely this matchless collection gave a direction to my reading ever since, so I am very grateful for it, and to Mr. Eliot who gave it to the college. I used to hunt over the bound volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine.* Heaven knows what I found there, but I found something. In short, I taught myself how to work up a subject in this precious freedom of the library.

They gave out as a subject for a Bowdoin dissertation The Difference between the Imaginary Beings of the Poets and Those of Folk-Lore. I wanted the money for a Bowdoin prize badly, and I wrote on this subject, of which I knew nothing. But I went to the library, I dipped through Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, and all the recent translations of the prominent Greek and Latin classics, — I had no time to take them in the original, though I was ashamed that I did not, — and I wrote my essay accordingly. It was a good, deserving piece of hack-work, I guess. I have never read it from that day to this, but I know it got a second prize. Morison, my classmate, got another second prize, and we were both told that neither of the essays was good enough for a first prize. I learned the other day that Mr. Emerson once

came out in exactly the same way with both of his Bowdoin essays, and any mortification of mine certainly would have been soothed by that discovery. But I have no recollection of any sense of mortification, and I tell the story now simply to show how good a thing a good library is. If Mr. Hill will pardon another parenthesis, I will say that there was nothing which Emerson liked to discourse about more than this very matter of the good of an open library, where a person may rove about at his will. And Dr. Wayland said to me the very same thing. He opened the whole library of Brown University to every pupil he had there. He told me that they never lost a book but one miniature edition of Shakespeare, and he said, "And that is doing good to somebody somewhere, now."

In the next place, we had the college societies. Observe there was no professor of botany; there was nobody who taught anything of natural history, excepting that Mr. Harris delivered a few lectures on botany, and Dr. Webster a few on mineralogy. But a lot of the fellows got together who were interested in such things, and we spent a great deal of time on our collections and on our studies in connection with them. A man took the habit of research from such work in such fashion that he never lost it. Alpha Delta Phi was founded in my day, and did for us exactly the same thing in matters of literature, in history, and in classical study. James Russell Lowell, I rather think,

wrote his Beaumont and Fletcher lectures for Alpha Delta, of which he was a member. I know that I did some of the most solid work of my college life in Alpha Delta. And there again the stimulus of co-operation, of friendship, of mutual sympathy, did for us what it was not worth the while of the staff to try to do. The debating societies were much more of an element in college than they are now, and most of us then and there had a chance to learn how to stand erect and speak without a trembling of the knees. I dare say the debates were wretched, but we did learn not to be afraid of an audience.

Our connection with the outside world was very close. Certainly we knew more of its affairs than the average undergraduate does now. This seems rather strange to say, in the presence of the newspaper life of to-day, but I have within ten years met a well-trained graduate, who had taken high rank in modern Cambridge, but did not know that there was any question of copyright between England and America. He had never heard of it. When I was a chaplain at Cambridge, between the years 1886 and 1888, I was constantly seeing young gentlemen who came to me for advice about their career after they should leave college, who had not the slightest idea of the duties of a civil engineer, of a mining engineer, of a clergyman, or of the superintendent of a factory or a railroad. These same men could have told me all about nines and elevens, and such things which

I did not know. What I mean to say is that the university is now so large a world that the fellows are much more satisfied with its home concerns than they were then. On the other hand, we were crazily interested in politics. We were just on the beginning of the anti-slavery conflict, and we knew we were. We had our opinions, such as they were, on every important subject which the men of the time were discussing. Nobody pretended to talk about indifference; the word had not yet been applied to college life.

And to bring to an end such hasty generalizations, we were interested in literature, as the average undergraduate of to-day is not. Let me repeat what I said three years ago. Emerson had come from England. He had the first published volume of Tennyson, and we copied Tennyson's poems and passed them from hand to hand. Somebody in Philadelphia had printed Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats in one volume, and we had that volume on our tables as a text-book. I had read every one of the principal poems of the prominent English poets from Chaucer down to Cowper, before I was a junior. I do not believe that there was a man in the Harvard Union who had not read Paradise Lost, and who was not reasonably well up in his Chaucer or his Spenser. In brief, literary ambition was the ambition before every man in the class. Although there were a great many stupid men and a great many lazy men, every one of them felt that it would be a

disgrace if he were not in touch with literature. I need not say that the presence of Henry Longfellow was a great satisfaction to us in such a habit. I think it more likely, however, that Lowell, who was an undergraduate, showed Tennyson's poems to Longfellow than that Longfellow showed them to Lowell.

Considering the hard things I have said about the indifference of the staff in the recitation-room, I am bound to say that I am afraid we rejected in a very cubbish way their advances in private. I ought to say, what I observe poor old Pattison says, that I feel mortification now for the hardness or coldness with which we almost always received the overtures of officers who were entirely our superiors, who wanted to come into closer touch with us. I was afterwards on the most intimate terms with George Frederick Simmons, a charming and accomplished man, — a little too fine, perhaps, for this world. I am, therefore, personally led to reflect with shame on the sternness with which I had refused every effort which he made, when I was in college, to render my life agreeable to me. He was a proctor, who lived in the next room to me when I was a freshman.

I lived for two years in the same entry with Jones Very, whose sonnets, written at that time, have been of value to me since, which I will not try to express. He was our proctor. But I have no recollection of ever entering his room, though

he offered me his hospitality in the most cordial and courteous way. I make these two mortifying confessions because I think they may be of use to men who are as young now as I was then. A few years afterward I lost my only opportunity of talking with Allston because I had some ridiculous evening engagement, which of course I have long since forgotten. *Hæc narratio docet* what young people who hear me preach know very well,— that it is always well to talk with people who are wiser than you.

All these personal reminiscences may readily be compared with observations made now in any of the great colleges. There is hardly a detail to which I have referred where matters are not quite different now. Of such details I will speak before I have done. There is certainly an interesting question how far, with us, they have been affected by the very important changes which have come into the government of the university between that time and this. A college which was little more than a high school has been changed into a university. How far did this change come from pre-ordained changes of method of administration, and how far is it the result of the growth of the country in wealth and of the growth of the world in intelligence?

Old Dr. Dwight, who was a very wise as well as a very amusing person, now wholly forgotten, says in his journal, when he visits Bowdoin College,

that the plan of the government of that college is the same as that of Harvard College, namely, that it has two boards of government, whose only business is to quarrel with each other. The method of government of Yale College, of which he was president, was quite different: it was governed wholly by Dr. Dwight, and any boards that there were stood out of his way. There are who say that this system has been continued at Yale in later times. Anybody who cares for the history of such things might make an amusing study of the parallels and contrasts to be run between Yale and Harvard for a hundred years, resulting from this radical diversity. The theory of Harvard College was that "The Corporation," as it is still called in very old-fashioned circles, was the executive of the college, and the Board of Overseers a sort of advisory or visitatorial body.

From time to time, from very early times, the professors and tutors would protest; sometimes they would come almost into revolt. Edward Everett published a pamphlet to show that the professors were the proper Fellows of the college, and ought to have some voice in the management of it. But here was the Corporation, the "We are seven" of Dr. Weld's amusing poem, who had the keys and the money and the power. The Board of Overseers, by the original charter, consisted of the "Governor and Deputy Governor of the State, all the magistrates of this jurisdiction, and the teaching elders [that is, the min-

isters] of Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester, and the President of the college of the time being." This cumbrous board, after various changes, in 1814 became a board made up mostly from the Senate of the State; that is to say, of forty laymen. There were also fifteen ministers of Congregational churches, and sundry and various people by subsequent election; and this lasted till 1852. Since 1866, thanks to an admirable arrangement driven through, one might say, by Mr. Darwin, Erastus Ware, the Overseers have been made up of the president and treasurer, and thirty persons chosen by the alumni at annual meetings. This practice has resulted in giving a Board of Overseers of very great ability. It has the confidence of the community and of the college.

But, oddly enough, the Board of Overseers has not, and never has had, any direct power excepting in one contingency. When there is no president, the Corporation may not choose a president except by the permission of the Overseers. During that interregnum the Overseers may frighten the Corporation as much as they choose or can. Excepting at that time, they can annoy them a good deal, but can do nothing directly. President Eliot put the thing admirably in his inaugural, when he said: —

"The real function of the Board of Overseers is to stimulate and watch the President and Fellows. Without the Overseers, the President and Fellows

would be a board of private trustees, self-perpetuated and self-controlled. Provided as it is with two governing boards, the University enjoys that principal safeguard of all American governments, — the natural antagonism between two bodies of different constitution, powers, and privileges. While having with the Corporation a common interest of the deepest kind in the welfare of the University and the advancement of learning, the Overseers should always hold towards the Corporation an attitude of suspicious vigilance. They ought always to be pushing and prying. It would be hard to overstate the importance of the public supervision exercised by the Board of Overseers. Experience proves that our main hope for the permanence and ever-widening influence of the University must rest upon this double-headed organization."

For this world is not carried on by the forms of written constitutions; it is carried on by good sense. The Board of Overseers makes an admirable medium between the Corporation and the public. If the Overseers give advice, with an intelligent president who knows mankind, that advice is very apt to be followed, and it is just as well that that advice should not be put in the form of an edict. I had the honor of serving on the board for fifteen years, more or less, and it is the only board on which I ever served which was not a nuisance. At this board, on the other hand, the debates are of the greatest inter-

est, and the conclusions are often of very great importance. But sixty years ago all this was different. The college Faculty met once a week, and determined whether Jones should have an oration or Smith should be suspended. The Corporation also met once a fortnight, I think, and determined whether Casaubon should be appointed professor or Scaliger continue another year as tutor. If the truth were to be told, I do not think the president was much more than the clerk of the Corporation. The poor fellow had a deal of office work to do, and unless he were a man fond of detail he must have winced under it. I have told here the story how, a few years afterward, the first official duty of President Everett was to see that the carpet of Madam Pettigrew's pew in the chapel was properly swept. The Corporation had not much money to spend, they spent it as well as they could, they put in the professors and tutors, — so many for the undergraduate department, so many more for the professional schools, — and then they let the thing go.

As to the Corporation, one speaks of it even to-day with bated breath. It chose, as it still chooses, its own members, who hold for life; but the choice is subject to the approval of the Overseers. There was in old times a theory that there should be one representative of each "learned profession" on the Corporation, but in my time there was no physician; Dr. Walker represented divinity. The five other members

of the board, beside the president, were Judge Story, Nathaniel Bowditch, Mr. Francis C. Gray (succeeded by Mr. John A. Lowell), and Mr. Charles G. Loring. People who remember the Boston of fifty years ago will agree with me that it would be hard to find a board more distinguished. There was a little cynical criticism that the Salem element was very strong in it, but the Essex County element has always been so good in Massachusetts life that nobody seriously finds fault with it. These six gentlemen, with Josiah Quincy, the President, did what they chose with the college. Its affairs seldom got into the newspaper, and, generally speaking, I think people were disposed to let it run on its own wheels in its own way.

But in conversation, for five-and-twenty years after this time, there was more or less speculation as to why, if it were called a university, it should not be a university. A visible stimulus in such conversation was the Phi Beta Kappa oration of Dr. Hedge in the year 1850. Most of the Phi Beta orations had had a great deal of the same sort in them, but Hedge spoke with authority, because he had himself been at Göttingen, and so far knew what he was talking about. It is not the place of this paper to review the history of the changes, which seem marvellous, which have made the university of to-day. All that I am asked to do is to compare the methods of to-day with the method of sixty years ago. A review of the his-

tory would have little interest to any one outside the college circle, and I have said almost all that I can say in the reminiscences which I have already given in this magazine.

After the freshman year, the undergraduate of to-day has very large latitude in his choice of studies. Sixty years ago, he might select the modern language he would study, and when he became a senior he might go on with Latin and Greek or not, as he chose; but practically these were the only matters left open to his choice. It followed that every man, when he graduated, had a certain knowledge of the externals of science and criticism, which I think the graduates of to-day hardly claim. He had an outside knowledge, little more, in the half dozen ranges of inquiry which were then classified as separate sciences. On the other hand, it was simply impossible for a man to go as far as any well-intentioned undergraduate can go now, in any study. No matter how much a man might be interested in philology, what he might do in college was simply to translate such and such books, and that was the end of it; nobody meant to teach him philology, — of which, indeed, nobody excepting Mr. Felton knew much. If a man were interested in English literature, he could work it up, as I said Mr. Lowell did Beaumont and Fletcher; but it was nobody's business to tell him whether Beaumont were a writer under Darius Hystaspes, or Fletcher one of the authors of the Vedas. In this remark I think

I have stated what is substantially the contrast between that high school of 1835 and the university of to-day.

It must be remembered that the annual income of the college in 1842 was $225,561. Its annual income now, as recorded by the treasurer in his last report, is $1,201,908. In the same year, 1894–95, the treasurer received from what he calls "receipts exclusive of income," meaning new gifts and incidental or occasional receipts, $1,900,000. The total funds in 1842 were $680,-649; in 1895 they were $8,381,586. Such figures alone are enough to show the world-wide difference between what was done then and what is attempted with so great success now. Yet if anybody is audacious enough to compare the all-round information, say, of Jared Sparks in matters of history with the accomplishments of gentlemen who have to deal with history to-day, why, let him make the comparison. Only let him remember that the business of the college of that day was to make all-round scholars, while the business of the college to-day is to make men skilful in their respective departments of science or of study.

This is certain, that the university of to-day gains immensely over the college of that time in its nationality. Dr. Beers says, in the book to which I have referred, that the college of that time was equipped mostly by men of eastern Massachusetts, and was for students from eastern Massachusetts.

This is as true as most epigrams are. But it is quite sure that, of the professors of that time, almost all had grown up in this region of country. Longfellow came from as far away as Portland; Beck came from Germany; the foreign-language gentlemen were all, I think, natives of European countries. But for the rest, they were Yankees, and had the instincts and prejudices of Yankees. Now it is an advantage which cannot be overestimated, to the undergraduate of to-day, that he falls in with gentlemen from Japan and other parts of Asia, from Europe, from Canada, from South America, from the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and probably from every State of the forty-five. He has among his professors such men as Shaler, Royce, Bôcher, Sumichrast, Lanman, Francke, — not to go farther than the first page of the catalogue, — men who really know that there is a nation called the United States, west and south of the Hudson River. The provincialism which was almost a necessary element, and an important element, in the Harvard College of 1830 and 1840 exists no longer. There was at that time, undoubtedly, a notion that it would be better if the professors could all be graduates of our own college. Longfellow was from Bowdoin, but as I look over one of the old catalogues I do not observe any other professor who was not a Harvard graduate, excepting the gentlemen from Europe. Now we are glad to welcome, from all climes and all schools of training, whoever can

help us. There is no such thing as Prussian algebra or Carolinian optics or Californian divinity; and the undergraduate of to-day may go to Cambridge as narrow and bigoted as most freshmen are, but after four years he will come out with a great deal of such nonsense taken out of him. The most important part of that nonsense will be his impression that he is a person of any great importance himself.

In the same years he will slowly lose the other impression, that the particular place in which he was born had any special importance in the theory of the good God for the constitution of the universe. If one get only this out of four years of college, he has gained what he gains in no other method of training for life with which I am acquainted.

Living close to Cambridge, and always well acquainted with many of the officers and students, I never lost the tie which binds one to his Alma Mater. In 1866, after the graduates had received the power to choose the Overseers, I was honored by election to a seat in that body, and I retained that position until the year 1875. I saw, of course, the beginning of the admirable advance which the university has made under the direction of President Eliot, whom we still call "the young president."

For most of this time I was chairman of the committee in the Divinity School. James Freeman Clarke was greatly interested in the work of the school, of which he was a graduate, as I was not. He always pressed earnestly upon the Overseers the possibility of establishing a school at Cambridge which should meet the needs of more than one Christian communion. And he lived to see his wish, to a considerable degree, carried out. The Divinity School of to-day has professors and students who represent the Unitarian Church, the Universalist Church, the Baptist Church, the Orthodox Congregational body, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

In the year 1886 it was determined, at first as a temporary measure, that the clerical members of the Board of Overseers should take the charge of the chapel service. These gentlemen at that time were Phillips Brooks, Alexander McKenzie, and myself; and we divided between us the daily chapel services of each year. I think I was the first person, not a college professor, who acted in this capacity.

A very interesting service it was. We had an admirable choir, under the training of Mr. Payne, the professor of music. And we had in attendance every morning the largest congregation of men, as I venture to say, which met in the whole world for the reverent worship of God.

In the same year, when compulsory attendance at chapel was discontinued at Harvard, six Preachers

to the University were appointed, of whom I was one, to whom was intrusted the conduct of the daily religious service and of the Sunday services.

This office, under the rules which we made, demands of the preacher during his term of residence that he shall, every morning, be in the "minister's room," to meet any undergraduates who care to wait upon him. The intimacies thus formed are of the most interesting character; and in the midst of other pressing duty, I always enjoyed extremely the six weeks' service which I thus gave to the college.

In 1876 and 1877, I was honored by a choice as president of Phi Beta Kappa. This means that you preside at the annual meeting of the society and at its dinner, which is the most satisfactory of all the Cambridge observances.

As four of my sons have gone through Harvard, I have been kept in close touch with the college which I did not leave when a New England Boyhood ended.

In 1866 I became a trustee of Antioch College in Ohio. This appointment gave me an intimacy, not simply with the work of education in the middle States, but with leaders of opinion there. I retained this position until the present summer, when my friend Mr. James De Normandie was appointed in my place.

THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL AND PERMANENT PEACE

DR. ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY in an address delivered at Cambridge a generation ago said that "every man should have a vocation and an avocation." The epigram is excellent, and gives an excellent working rule for life. It will be found in many places in these volumes. But I ought to say in passing that philologically the words "vocation" and "avocation" do not have the contrasted meaning which the epigram requires.

The good sense of the statement is all the same, — philology notwithstanding. Work is best done when it is relieved from time to time by other work, — in a different channel.

The chapters in this book, on which this reader has, perhaps, cast his eye, relate to many of what may be called "avocations" — what the critics would call "excursions" — in the main duty of the Christian ministry. To this ministry I have tried to devote my life. I was ordained to it in Worcester in April, 1846. My appointment to it was confirmed when I was installed as minister of the South Congregational Church in Boston. As

the minister of that church I have tried to do my duty since. I have just now resigned the charge.

I do not, however, attempt here the serious duty which would be implied in any effort to describe, even briefly, the life of a New England minister, — though that life were my own. It would be an interesting thing to do this, if one could do it well. But to do it at all would be difficult — to do it well, if one may judge from many failures, seems nearly or quite impossible.

The life of a man whose first duty is to sacrifice himself to others, or to set aside his immediate purpose, if he can advance the higher life or the better purpose of others, must, from the nature of the case, be unsystematic. Those of us who are in the profession of the ministry say among ourselves, that no one of us knows in the morning where he shall be, or what he shall do, before night. I am in the habit of saying to the young gentlemen who come into my office as my "assistants," that I will never ask them to do anything which I would not do myself; but that this condition may involve blacking John Phelan's boots or putting up the Widow Flaherty's stove. We are in the habit of saying that life, in our profession, is a series of surprises and of romances.

Thus, I have twice in my life made the acquaintance, somewhat intimate, with people of the very highest rank in the feudal aristocracy of Europe. In one case the friendship began when I gave to my new friend a slice of cold mutton and a pair of

pantaloons. After he had regained his possessions in Europe, he invited me to visit him in the elegant castle which he inherited from his ancestors. Of the other of these friendships, I could tell a more striking contrast between poverty and comfort in after years, but I ought not to speak of it in print. Our duties are commonly spoken of as if we studied Hebrew all the morning, and chatted with aged beggars all the afternoon. In truth, the duties and the privileges of the ministry range through the widest possible horizons of life. Our great master and friend, Henry Whitney Bellows was known for the last half of his life as the leader of our Unitarian ministry in America. After his death, a gentleman on the Pacific coast wrote to me the detail of anxious weeks, forty years before, in New York, when his young bride was lying sick with smallpox in a New York hotel. The keeper of the hotel wanted to turn her out, and when this proved impossible, he boycotted them. Bellows was the only person they knew in New York; and, in his capacity as minister of the All Souls Church, he took the daily care of that sick-room, attending twice a day to what men call the menial services of a sick-room, and teaching those young travellers the lesson of the hymn,—

> "Who sweeps a room, if this the cause,
> Makes that and the action fine."

In the system of government which has evolved

itself in New England in two hundred and eighty years, the same men control the arrangements of what we still call the Church with those of what we still call the State. The man who votes for a governor on Monday, may vote perhaps for a minister on Tuesday. The State assumes duties in charity, in education, in hygiene which would, two hundred years ago, have everywhere been said to belong to the Church. In the week in which I write, I have sent to the same person the pension which the State pays to him to-day, and the similar pension which our Church pays to him for precisely the same reasons. The chairman of the Board of Charities in this church is at the same time the chairman of the Board of Overseers of the Poor of the city of Boston. The South Friendly society of this church sends twice a year to Taunton the clothing for an aged insane woman whom the State of Massachusetts maintains in its hospital.

Practically, the New England Church assumes the duty which under the Roman Catholic system of Europe belongs to the Priesthood. Practically, then, it is impossible for a minister who has been in service half a century to say which part of his life has belonged to his "vocations" and which to his "avocations."

At this time, — in the "Annus Mirabilis" which has seen twenty-four nations unite in the great conference at The Hague, — and strike out in seventy days the proposal for an International Court for

which the world has been waiting for nineteen centuries, — I shall close this volume of Biography by reprinting some of the addresses and reports which in twenty years I have been presenting to my public regarding A PERMANENT TRIBUNAL.

As a statement of my theory of Church and State, I print first the Election Sermon of 1859 which I delivered in the Old South Church before the Governor and the General Court.

A SERMON

[DELIVERED BEFORE GOVERNOR BANKS, THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, THE COUNCIL, AND THE GENERAL COURT, JAN. 5, 1859.]

"Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation. He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence." — ROMANS xii. 6, 7, 8.

THIS text describes the duties of the different officers in a Christian community, and the way in which they discharge them. It shows that the inspiration of rulers, of preachers, or of the administrators of charities, is one and the same spirit. It belongs thus to this service. For this service is the public and formal proclamation, for this Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the relation which here connects the officers of the State and the officers of the Church.

The careless political speakers, and speakers from the pulpit as careless, are, indeed, apt to say, that under our system, the Church and the State are entirely divorced from each other. This careless proposition, however, is radically false, and every corollary drawn from it is false, as well. It

is true, that, in that profound philosophy which has ordered both our system of political government and our system of religious administration, the place of every officer is quite distinctly defined. And therefore, we do not have bishops usurping the functions of judges, nor Secretaries of State usurping the functions of preachers, any more than we have judges usurping the functions of Secretaries of State, or major-generals usurping the functions of everybody. But we might as well say, therefore, that there is no intimate relation between the Judiciary and the Legislature, as to say that there is no intimate relation between the Church and State.

When, in 1848, the new revolutions of Europe had spread general enthusiasm among all the young liberals of the world, I happened to express that enthusiasm to one of the most learned statesmen of our time, — himself an exile from Germany.[1] I spoke, with a young man's eager hope, of the work of that Constituent Assembly in France, which had been summoned at the bidding of Lamartine. But my older and more learned friend replied, "What have you in France for a foundation? What will your new constitution stand upon?" It could not stand upon any well-drained and compacted basis of old village, town, or province administration. France knows no such system. Not upon any mass of traditions

[1] This was Dr. Francis Lieber, then Professor in the University of South Carolina.

regarding ancient customs, making a great unwritten constitutional law, — than which "the memory of man goes not to the contrary," — like that of England. France knows no such traditions. The prairie fires of the last century have burned every straw and shred of them from her soil. Not upon the well-knit force of a landed or a learned aristocracy. The same prairie fires have destroyed these growths as they have those of humbler herbage. Not upon the sense of right. The French people, as a people, have no such adequate sense of the higher law. Not upon the belief in God. The French people, as a people, have no adequate sense of God.

"The only existing reality in France," said my philosophic friend, "strong enough to bear up the weight of a government, and so serve as its foundation, is the army. The constitution of France must be based upon its army." And his prophecy proved true.

Our fortune in Massachusetts, our blessed good fortune in Massachusetts, is, — that when Winthrop and Johnson and Dudley and the other sainted statesmen, or statesmen saints, of the beginning, had to build the constitution of what was even then the independent Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and what they meant should continue such forever, they had something to build upon. They had the sense of justice or the love of right, as the spirit of God planted it new each day in the hearts of godly Englishmen. And they had the

pervading, overwhelming sense of the God who so communes with His children. On this belief in God they built their Commonwealth. They believed His Church to be essential and eternal, and they built their State upon it. They knew what was the Rock against which the gates of hell should not prevail. And, having to rear a Commonwealth which they meant should out-last England, out-last Venice, and out-last Rome, — upon that Rock they builded.

It is true, that, in that constant process of simplification which is an organic element in a republican system, we have struck out of existence many of the forms by which they intimated the mutual relation between the functions of the Church and of the State. The State, for instance, no longer requires that all its voters shall be church members; nor, on the other hand, does the Church any longer collect its revenues, as it did within a generation, by the authority of the State. But it ought to be recollected that even so great changes in administration are simply changes in detail. They do not affect at the heart's core the system on which the first fathers built, when they built so much better than they knew. The suffrage of the State has become universal. Yes; and practically the suffrage of the Church has become universal, too. You do not hear of one of our Churches, even of the closest organization, which refuses the contributions of those not members of its close organi-

zation, or which refuses their votes, either in the settlement of a minister, in the erection of a meeting-house, or in any of the other practical affairs by which a Church certifies its real existence to the world. Whoever is enough interested in the service to contribute to the service becomes a voter, and so far a master in the regulation of the service. It is just as in that civil order to which you owe your election, we have decided that whoever bears a part of the burdens of the State shall hold an equal share with every other man in its power. And this is but an instance of the vital, electric connection between the one department of administration and the other. In this same way we shall go on. You, statesmen, may continue to simplify to the utmost, the arrangements of our political system; and we, the Church's men, may continue to simplify to the utmost the details of our ecclesiastical system. Still there remain, first, the great historical fact, that the State of Massachusetts stratified and took order as a secondary geologic formation upon that majestic, primitive rock of the Churches of Massachusetts, upon which rest all her stratifications since: and, second, the present fact, the bald, commonplace statement of that simple truth which this historical statement illustrates, — that, in our system the working powers of the State and of the Church are really one and the same. The statesmen are really Church's men, and the Church's men are really State's men. The men who vote for representatives and senators, and

secretaries and governors to-day, are, or may be, the same men who vote for deacons, or vestrymen, or ministers, or bishops to-morrow. If they are excluded from any elective body, it is simply their own will which excludes them. The indifference of the voter excludes him from participation in the affairs of the State; the indifference of the voter excludes him from a participation in the affairs of the Church. But the Church does not attempt to govern itself by a hierarchy, any more than the State attempts to govern itself by an aristocracy. The State has caught the voice of the spirit; — and by every appeal repeats it—

> "Come who will, a voice from heaven
> Like a silver trumpet calls,
> Come who will, The Church has given
> Back the echo from its walls!"

There is not any other Christian country in the world where Church and State acknowledge so radically that, at bottom, the machinery of all their administration is intrusted to the same hands. There is not, consequently, the country in the world where they *exchange duties* so often or so easily. In just the same proportion does the service of to-day become real, — when, by the invitation of the servants of the State, a servant of the Church appears before them, to pass in review the duties which the people intrust to the hands of both parties, to find the mutual relations of both parties in these duties, and to state, even succinctly, what each has a right to

expect of the other. The same sovereign power which in Massachusetts has directed some two thousand of us to act as ministers in its religious concerns, has set apart, you, gentlemen, and those who serve, in the government of the several towns, to be their ministers of State in a very large variety of concerns. If we follow the classification of the text, we have intrusted to us the "prophecy" and "exhortation" or preaching, — a part of the "ministering" and part of the "teaching." But you of the civil government have, intrusted to you, even a larger share of the "ministering," and "teaching," — and, as to the charities of which the apostle speaks, you have almost all of the duty of "the givers," while you have the whole of the duty of "the rulers." Your services and our services thus lap over each other. In the discharge of our duties, we meet every day with the officers you appoint, and have to submit ourselves to the statutes you frame. And on the other hand, rulers though you are, your laws are chaff and your sway is nothing, unless you rule as the subjects of the King who is alike your master and ours.

My object then, to-day, is perfectly defined, though twofold. We have only these two questions to answer: First — What have we, ministers of the Church, a right to expect of you, in our interwoven duty? Second — What have you, ministers of the State, a right to expect of us?

And because it is rather your business to tell

us what you expect of us, I shall speak chiefly of the first of these two questions now.

As things are, what have we, ministers of the Church, in this mutual duty of ours, to expect of you?

I. First — and simply then, we ask you to remember how far you became this day ministers of the gospel, — ministers of the Christian Church. We remind you that the larger proportion of your duty in the government is specifically Christian duty. In truth — though we call you, in conversation, officers of the State, still, in the arrangement of which we have been speaking, the larger part of those duties to society, which the Christian Church created, invented, and is responsible for, here devolve on you. So little divorced are State and Church in practice. If you had only the duties which a Roman legislator had, before Rome was Christian, — or which a Roman civilian has now, — diminished by the withdrawing of those important functions which the Federal Government has taken off your hands, you would have little indeed to do. In fact, however, besides that little handful of civil trifles, you have an immense Christian duty for which the people, rulers of the Church here, have made you their agents. If I had met this morning any scholar not acquainted with our institutions, but trained well in that theory of government which was the only theory two cen-

turies ago, — if I had said to such a man that I was to address to-day some hundred men, who had the oversight of all our hospitals for the sick, the insane, the blind, deaf, and dumb, — the charge of all our hospitals for crime — our prisons and reform schools; — the charge again of our chief arrangements for the poor, whether of our own number or strangers, — the charge of all the hospitality extended by this community, as a community, to foreigners; and also the charge of all the education given to all the children and all the young men in this community, — such a man, — supposing things regulated under the system to which Luther was accustomed, or Hampden, or to which any Roman Cardinal is used to-day, — would take it for granted that you, whom I was to address, were a body of clergymen, of parish priests, doctors of divinity, monks, abbots, or bishops. Indeed, there is no standard Christian treatise on government till you come down to times almost within our memory, which does not take it for granted, that it is the special business of the Church to teach the young, to provide for the higher institutions of learning, to care for strangers, to rear and support hospitals, and to relieve the poor. And this is the business of the Church. Jesus Christ introduced these duties into society. By a modern discovery, by no means universal yet, it has been proved that the Church does all this work most efficiently when it puts it into the hands of the so-called

officers of State to accomplish. None the less, however, is it Christian service. This is a modern discovery, because it is a Protestant discovery, — which is indeed in large measure an American discovery and almost wholly a Massachusetts discovery. True, the Protestant rulers of England had hit on the plan of poor relief by State in part — instead of church officers. But for education they made no such discovery. It was the first planters of Massachusetts who discovered that the Church must *educate everybody;* — who, therefore, gave education to the management of the town meeting, which was with them a church meeting; and it is an extension of that same policy, from which your State hospitals, and State Schools of Reform have grown.

I have to remind you, therefore, that the General Court of Massachusetts is the administrator of the largest single system of Christian charities in the world. The system intrusted to you embraces more points of supervision than any Œcumenical council, — any Roman conclave, — or any English Parliament ever had in hand.

The reform of 14,000 criminals yearly; the cure of a thousand lunatics and idiots; the reception of 10,000 exiles; the finding eyes for all the blind, and ears for all the deaf, and tongues for all the dumb; the education of 200,000 children; and the expenditure of a million for the poor: — these are the duties, Christ-imposed, which under our system fall under your direction and super-

vision. I might almost take the pecuniary amount expended annually for these charges, raised by taxation at your order, and say that it is a larger amount than any board in the world administers for its specially Christian purposes. There are one or two exceptions, where *Empires* have in hand larger sums. But nowhere is there a million of people, who give to one body such a variety and amount of Christian philanthropic duty, as the million men now in Massachusetts have intrusted, gentlemen, to you.

It is not I, who magnify your office in thus speaking. This is simply the result which must follow where a Church becomes truly Catholic or universal, and says, "Everybody shall be fed, — everybody shall be nursed, — everybody shall be taught in this land." That Church intrusts such Christian service to those officers who have an eye on every household, and a strong arm for every purse; — who can command the last farthing of every man's property before one of these functions should fail. I remind you, gentlemen, that *you* are administrators of a trust of such unequalled magnificence, — more than princely — princes cannot do such things, — more than imperial — no Emperor has ever dreamed of them. I speak of this trust in its details, because on our side we have a feeling that your predecessors have not always appreciated its grandeur. We ask you, frankly, if the little handful of civil duties left them has not often received more attention than the principles

of this immense Christian social charge. We think, for a single instance, that the reports show that in the last twenty years, the Legislature of Massachusetts has spent ten times the strength, and care, and watch, and deliberation on the system of the State Printing, that it has given to the careful, delicate questions as to the system of the State Prison. We have a feeling that there has often been more eager thought and discussion on the appointment of a bridge agent or a lamp-lighter with a salary, — than has ever been demanded by the choice of the unpaid overseers of either of the three colleges. We think we have seen a tendency to transfer to the next General Court, — that morrow which never comes, — the delicate questions relating to the settlement of paupers, which have been postponed, in that way, since the time of Queen Elizabeth, — the management of reform schools, — even the discipline of the town schools, where all our children go. And these are but instances; for, to speak in general, we think that has often been true of the State, which is so often true of individual men, that the matters which get attended to are the matters of to-day, those things which connect with some personal interest of the present time. With Government, as with individuals, we think these have obtained more thought and study, more system, more care in short, than most of the questions, which by consent of all, connect distinctly with the relations of eternity. We admit, with you, that on the whole the best government

is that which governs least. If there is any courteous way to say it, — the shorter any session the better, — of a committee, whether parish or legislative, — of a conference, whether in the church or between the two Houses, — of a council, whether clerical or executive, — of a Court, whether Ecclesiastical, or Great and General. Still we feel it remarkable, that, in attaining such brevity, it has happened so often, that the merest detail of police is attended to, — while those functions which are the direct requisitions of the spirit of Christ, have been so often the functions left dormant till a more convenient season.

There is no fair complaint to be made that your predecessors have failed in liberality. We only ask for system equal to this liberality. They have given like water. We remind you that "he who giveth must give with simplicity." Gentlemen, there are already careful students of social science, who declare that every dollar spent by your official Overseers of the Poor, does more harm than good. We have the right to ask you to see that no such charges as that come to be true. Asking that, — I have spoken at such length in reminding you that the administration of the charities and of the education of Massachusetts is by far the largest as well as the most important branch of duty which the Government has in hand.

You do not meet simply to see that no town encroaches on another's lines. It is not simply to see that there are enough railroads built for those

who would travel, or enough banks chartered for those who would borrow and lend, that we the people, acting as the children of God, have bidden you come together. Nay, it is not what the old witticism makes it — to see that twelve honest men be got into a jury box in every contest between man and man. That can be done without a legislature, if not quite so conveniently. Two years' experience of the law-abiding people of Kansas, showed how well Americans can adjust their daily affairs and live at peace among themselves without any statutes, without any government. No, gentlemen, that is not all your duty, nor half your duty. That is only your local, present duty, — the hand-to-mouth duty of an hour. You are met because there are these thousand weak creatures in your prisons whose wives and children are imploring you by my voice, that these men may come forth stronger than they went in. You are met because there are these thousand famished exiles landing on your shores asking you how they shall serve you, where and when. You are met because the chatter of idiocy, yes, even the dead, still, muttering glare of insanity, have called you and plead with you, with an awful, unrivalled eloquence, to say that God has trusted to you only their relief and care. You are met because your own children, the bone of your bone, the blood of your blood, children, also, of an eternal God, are at this moment in your schools receiving the daily training which is to fit them for active life, or to unfit

them. And with you, in the principles you lay down, comes the decision whether it shall do the one thing or the other!

II. If I seem to state this too broadly, gentlemen, let me, for the second point I make, call your attention to one single detail of this duty. That shall serve as my only illustration of my position. It seems certain that in a most important department of the Christian duty, which you of the government and we of the organized churches share, somebody, somewhere, has made a terrible failure. Perhaps it is we on our side who have neglected the weightier matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith, in our contests about things which the angels only desire to look into, and do not examine. Perhaps there has been a similar oversight on the other side. In eager effort to arrange that the right man should be in the right place, those intrusted like you with the most important practical functions of Church and State together, have been tempted, maybe, just as we have been. I think we have all been to blame. I am sure somebody has been at fault, when I find from your documents that in the last thirteen years preceding your last returns, the amount of crime in this State, as shown by a number of persons committed to your prisons, had tripled. You have had, in that time, to double your prison accommodations. We have not had to double our churches, our schools, or our dwelling-houses.

Our population has not tripled itself in thirteen years, it has not doubled, it has not gained one-half. It is only our crime. Now, this is a very ugly symptom of social disease. It is a symptom to which we can shut our eyes. We have shown that. But is it, on the whole, very wise to shut our eyes to it? People well-informed say that crime is a contagious disease. Do you like to let contagious disease go, by so simple a process as shutting your eyes to it? In fact, if this disease, crime, — which eats into men's hearts, which destroys the very essence of their manliness, debauches and torpifies, where it does not even kill, their souls, — if it had been a mere bodily disease, putting in peril or in pain this flesh and blood, which are as nothing in comparison, should we have shut our eyes to it, should have let it gain head so steadily? If Dr. Shurtleff reported this year that the deaths in Massachusetts had been three times as many as they were fourteen years ago; that consumption struck three times as many victims; that scarlet fever crept into men's houses three times as often; — if the reports of your insane hospitals said that there were three times as many people crazy; if from the blind and deaf and dumb asylums they said there were three times as many people who could not see or speak or hear? — should we take that perfectly calmly, as a Turk takes the visitation of God? Should we say "it is written," calmly pay every tax-bill threefold, quietly enlarge

every hospital threefold, swing open the creaking doors of the tomb three times as often, to lay there the bodies of our children, without agonizing, tearful, day and night inquiry into the causes of the miasma which was spreading in such deadly desolation through the land? Surely not. We should at least make a struggle to preserve our children, and while there was time, to drain the Pontine Marshes, wherever they might be, and to fill up the yawning abysses with whatever sacrifice science might demand, — until we either died in our effort, or could say that the plague was stayed.

Now what is reported to us by the inspectors, keepers, and trustees of the prisons and schools, is that there has been such an increase of crime. If there is any sign of moral disease the prison returns and the Attorney-General's records give that statistic. Of contagious disease as much more terrible than these bodily diseases, as the soul is greater than the body, or heaven is higher than the earth, we have this testimony. There is only one distinction between the fact and the case which I have supposed. It is this. In controlling bodily disease, we do not profess to have any absolute specific or panacea. Science, as it grows more scientific, is all the more eager to disclaim specifics or panaceas for the body. But it is not so with Moral Disease. A Christian commonwealth proclaims every day, through a thousand voices, that there is a remedy which

can be made everywhere effective. Through a thousand voices she speaks of one, named Jesus, — so named, because he shall save the people from their sins. Through a thousand voices she professes that crime is a curable disease, and that for its cure she has the sacred specifics intrusted to her. And then if she sit quiet — to see the amount of that disease multiply threefold upon her hands, as fourteen years go by, she is all the more responsible, because she professes to hold the cure. Or is she all the more hypocritical! Which shall I say?

Let me anticipate the easy excuse which has possibly flitted across some minds as I speak: that it is all the foreign emigration that has done this; that we are imprisoning those who contracted their habits elsewhere. For the sake of Puritanism, gentlemen, I wish this were true. But, unfortunately, your fatal documents seem to show that the fact is just the other way; that native crime increases faster than foreign, if the ratio of population be kept in view. That is the impression of the persons best informed in criminal administration. That is the declaration of the returns of your State prison. It is impossible to speak with more confidence. For, as your predecessor, Mr. Secretary, said officially, the reports published by the State of its jails and houses of correction "are entitled to little or no credit" and "fail to give anything like a full or just view of them." In his own spirited effort to correct their omis-

sions he thus alludes to the indifference which had long shrouded their capital errors. Take that, by the way, as a hint as to the degree in which the study of your criminal administration has escaped review. The fact demonstrated, is that we imprisoned three times as many men in 1857, as in 1844. The reason must be sought somewhere upon our own soil.

Now, gentlemen, it is perfectly true, that the first responsibility in this matter is with the prisoners themselves. I have no wish to deny that. It is also true that, so long as you and I were in private life, we had only a general share in an undivided responsibility about this moral disease, which we shared with a million other Massachusetts men and women who are in private life. But the moment you and I took office as servants of a Christian State and a Christian Church, we assumed special responsibility with regard to the moral diseases of this community. We were chosen to office with the distinct duty of meeting them, handling them, repressing them, and, where we can, curing them. We have no right to stand back as if there was no responsibility. And I think the simple figures show that we have no right to say things are going on very well as they are.

Three times as much crime to punish as we had fourteen years ago!

These figures make my appeal for me. You have in charge the whole criminal law. You have

in charge the whole administration of prisons. As before those tempted to crime, you represent the eternal will of God, His justice and His mercy. We beg you, gentlemen, to bear in mind the responsibility and the power which you have in hand. We beg you to lay down for yourselves the Christian principles on which you mean to exert it. On what principle do you propose to punish crime? Is it the principle of those writers who say that the object of punishment is to inflict God's retribution for the crime? Or is it the principle of those who say that it is the reform of the prisoner? Or yet again, of those who say that it is terror to other ill-doers? Here are three completely distinct principles of conduct. It is not for me to say which is the true one. But I beg every man who hears me to ask himself which *he* believes to be the true one, and to act on that principle in measuring out the consequences of crime. In my profession, gentlemen, no man gives a moment's thought to the daily record of sin, as he reads it in the morning newspaper, without saying "this is the very thing Jesus Christ sent us to cure. Where is it we have fallen short? What have we left undone which has made it possible, for this clerk to defraud his employer, for this child to rob his mother, for this boy to kill his prison-keeper?" Your election to office, by the people, throws upon you the same responsibility, — and I should say in fuller measure, — which to us is so constantly and intensely familiar.

"How happened this broil in this tavern? Who left these women in their iniquity, or who pretended to reform these orphan boys, and, in the effort, so completely failed?" The moment, gentlemen, that you assumed office in the Commonwealth, you shared with us this Christian responsibility.

This shall be my only illustration of the special Christian duties intrusted to you under our system. Of those duties, making the chief division of my subject, I will say no more. We beg you to remember, that in your hands you have by far the largest share of those duties to the public which belong to the Christian Church. We agree with you, that this division of labor between you and us is the best possible. But as you have thus the charge of poverty, of public hospitality, of prisons and of the reform of criminals, and of education in every department, as we cannot undertake one of our professional duties in these matters without meeting you in yours, we beg you to assume that responsibility with the energy of Christian men. And, by way of illustration, in one very important subdivision of these duties — we remind you that the present aspect of affairs is not so encouraging, that you should lay it upon your table as unessential, or postpone it to a General Court which is to succeed you.

III. I have said that I would not close without a single word as to the special share which the

ministers of the Church have in this immense range of Christian duty.

The division of duty between you and us seems to result naturally from the essential character of law.

Laws and Constitutions must, from the nature of the case, deal with men in the general, as organized in society. In communities like ours, where all men are absolutely equal before the law, its work must be entirely general. It cannot bend to any exigency of detail. It knows nothing of exceptions. But, meanwhile, there is no single man who precisely conforms to the average of manhood. The equality of men before the law is their only equality. The exceptions which the law must not account for, are always occurring in fact, in the case of every man. And, therefore, you find our Saviour always providing for individuals, and never for classes. And to use Maffei's figure, — Christ's successful fishers of men draw men into his Church by the hook, and never by the net; — one by one, and never in shoals. There is, therefore, no theory about a class, or community, for which some exceptions may not be made, under his direction, for every single individual. Humanity, in the abstract, may require one thing; but the claim of each individual man is, to the Christ-trained ear, louder than the claim of humanity. There is no doubt, for instance, that the prevention of pauperism requires, if that were all, the strictest limitation of alms-giving. But when

you are dealing with a starving woman, her personal claim on you as a dying sister, is stronger than any claim which the future can make. The future demands, vainly, that by stoic cruelty you deny her, let her starve, and so far check pauperism in the abstract. Each man is thus on a higher level than humanity as a whole.

Now, your position, gentlemen, requires you to provide the great average system in the matters with which we deal, which is, on the whole, the best for all parties. We beg you to do that. When you have done it, you have a right to turn to the several Churches of the State, and say to us, "See you to the exceptions, to the details." Thus you are to make as perfect as you can the general system of instruction. When we find the individual case of the boy Pascal, unrivalled in his mathematical ability, of the girl Jenny Lind, of unrivalled musical capacity, it is for us to see that this new-found Pegasus is not worked in the wrong harness, and to provide distinctly and with delicate care for the detail. You make the general system of criminal law. It is for us to see that some Christian missionary is in attendance at every criminal court, to make certain and to report of the detailed difficulty, error, possible exception, betrayed in the case of everybody accused, to be his personal friend if he need; and to interpret to your officers the position in which, to the eye of humanity, he stands. It is your business to administer prisons; to punish crime firmly and system-

atically. It is ours to see what has become of the family of the prisoner, and to see that the punishment you aim at him does not, in fact, fall upon their heads. It is your business, I think, so to punish him that he shall leave the prison a stronger, better man than he went in. It is ours to meet him at the door, and to take care that he is not led into new temptation. It is your business to receive within the protection of the arms of our mother, the State, every orphan child who is left friendless. It is ours to knock every morning at the door of your almshouses, and to take those children whom you have welcomed there, to the gentle adoption of separate Christian homes. Wherever the surges of life throw some light shallop hard against your unyielding pier, it is for us to drop in the fender, which shall keep any from being crushed or wounded. Statutes are necessarily made more severe than individual cases require, for you must provide for extreme cases. There are thousands of boys in our Commonwealth who might under our general statute be sent as disobedient to your institution at Westborough. But it is our business so to watch each household that the necessary severity of the statute shall be defrauded, that not one of these shall be remanded there till it is certain that that is the only place for his cure. There is many an intemperate husband who might be legally sent to the House of Correction for his cruelty to his wife, and his neglect of his children. But you

expect us, and you are right, to exhaust every appeal of domestic love and of Christian kindness in seeking to reclaim him, before we embarrass your crowded prisons with his care. Let your system press where it may, this is our privilege, as well as our duty. Your law may require that the pauper exile from Irish misery shall be returned to the Irish poorhouse whence he came. But we shall find, and shall be glad to find, a thousand ways for retaining him, and for letting the possible severities of your statute slumber. So the theory of your law may require that the fugitive from more severe oppression shall be returned at the summons of his master. But you will expect us, and not in vain, to arrest again the mechanism of the system, and to prepare, through the thousand channels of unseen benevolence, for receiving him with a Christian hospitality, and securing him a Christian home. For, in a word, such is the regular process of the reduction of severity in a Christian State. If the statute is too severe, as the code of England was half a century since, the community, acting under a higher law, calmly leaves it inoperative. And at last, the conservative in government joins with the Mackintosh and the Romilly who have been at work for a generation in striving to abate something from the bloodthirsty requisition of the latter.

If I detain you a moment longer on this branch of my subject, it is because here is the line of public duty in which Protestant churches and

Protestant States seem weakest. Do not shut your eyes, gentlemen, to the fact that in some of the results of Christian social science, Europe is in advance of us in Massachusetts. Let us rather learn what we can, in our prosperity, from her experience of horrors. In especial, her leading writers of every school now insist that where moral ends are to be attained, the efficient work of any charitable institution must be by voluntary effort. You can feed and clothe men by expending money well; but when you have souls to save, you need willing souls to take the duty. The noblest institutions in the world, therefore, are those whose mechanism is well provided by the salaries and other payments by the State, while the volunteer action of Christian men and women comes in to give to the daily administration of the officers of government that multiform assistance which they are so glad to welcome. We have, indeed, proved this in Massachusetts. But in Europe they have carried it much farther than we, and to vast advantage.

Any physician who hears me would tell us that the chief advantage which the great hospitals of continental Europe have over those of England and America, is in the thorough trained body of nurses, volunteers all of them, provided by the Sisters of Charity and other religious societies. While our boards of hospital trustees are at their wits' end to keep full their staffs of well-trained, conscientious, temperate women, the hospitals of

Catholic and Protestant countries in Europe have the unpurchasable services of careful, tender women, who come in to serve day and night in the discharge of their highest duty to God. So in institutions for reform. I have the highest respect, from all that I know, for the force and character of our staff of officers at Westborough. Yet I know how difficult the trustees there have found it to marshal such a staff; and when I read the accounts of the volunteer services rendered in the reform schools of Hamburg and at Mettrai, in Europe, by religious societies of men and women, whose religious duty leads them to this work, — remembering our constant difficulties here, I wonder no longer that, on the whole, the best European institutions for juvenile criminals have succeeded, — and that, on the whole, ours in America are more costly, and more densely peopled every year. As a Protestant, I should be ashamed to say that the Roman Catholic Church can furnish volunteer assistance for the charge of those morally or physically diseased, in a measure which the Protestant churches cannot furnish. Yet if you asked, in any church in Boston, how many of the church members had ever visited the almshouse, the hospital, or the prison, with any motive but curiosity, the answer would be painfully small.

Gentlemen, whenever your arrangements call for volunteer assistance, the Christian churches of the Commonwealth meet you more than half-way.

The unbought service of the Boards of Trustees, which manage all your institutions, illustrates the force you can rely upon; the services which no salary compensates, of many of your physicians and wardens, are illustrations. You may well go further in the same line. If you will go further, your duty will be better done, — and ours also. When you call on us for further service in those lines, you will be sure of the motive of the work you get. And we, as we render it, as we send to you those, who from the love of God and of Christ work among your imbeciles, your prisoners, or your poor, shall find the curse dispelled which rests of necessity on all those congregations which only cry "*Lord! Lord!*" and do not the things which He says.

YOUR Excellency's administration[1] has already won the popular reputation of special and new care for the varied home interests and institutions of Massachusetts. There is a peculiar satisfaction in making such plea as I have made, to an officer whose views and system in the management of our complicated charities, have been so sharp-sighted, far-sighted, deep-sighted, and humane. Your Honor, and you, gentlemen of the Coun-

[1] As Election Sermons are now unknown even in Massachusetts, I am tempted to recall the memory of a fine piece of Puritan ritual. The custom was of more than two centuries, that at the end of the sermon the preacher addressed personally, as I did here, the public officers, and they rose in their places to receive his words. E. E. H., 1899.

cil, certainly need not fear that you have been called to any nominal or formal position, when your office is the hourly supervision of these broad ministries of the State, — yourselves the standing Commission to inspect them, and indeed to govern them; that she who giveth, may give with simplicity; — that they who rule may rule with diligence. And you, Mr. President and Senators, Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House of Representatives, having made the sacrifice of two months of winter to the discharge of these duties which our mother demands on behalf of all her children, may well ask for God's blessings upon your effort, that its fruit may be real. I have said that to-day admitted you all into a Christian ministry. To many of you it is a day of ordination; to all it is a day of consecration. May God guide you in such sacred duties; and in the sense of His presence, as you appeal constantly to His will, may you find every day that Rock, unshaken and unchangeable, on which our Commonwealth is founded.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

A PERMANENT TRIBUNAL

[The following passage is taken from a sermon which I preached in All Souls Church in Washington on the 3d of March, 1889. We were right in considering that day a day of good omen, This sermon was printed as soon as I returned to Boston under the title of "The ~~Nineteenth~~ Century."]

"THIS means that the nineteenth century applies the word of the Prince of Peace to international life. 'No war nor battle sound' was heard when he was born. And as he advances, the echoes of such sounds are farther and farther away. The wisdom of statesmen will devise the solution which soldiers and people will accept with thankfulness. The beginning will not be made at the end of war, but in time of peace. The suggestion will come from one of the Six Great Powers. It will be made by a nation which has no large permanent military establishment. That is to say, it will probably come from the United States. This nation, in the most friendly way, will propose to the other great powers to name each one jurist, of world-wide fame, who, with the other five, shall form a permanent Tribunal of the highest dignity. Everything will be done to give to this Tribunal the honor and respect of the world. As an International Court, it will be organized without reference to any especial case under discussion. Thus it will *exist*. Its members may prepare themselves

as they choose for their great duty. Timidly at first, and with a certain curiosity, two nations will refer to it some international question, not of large importance, which has perplexed their negotiations. The Tribunal will hear counsel, and will decide. The decision will be the first in a series which will mark the great victory of the twentieth century. Its simplicity, its dignity, and its good sense will commend it to the world. Again it will be clear that those who look on always understand a game better than the players do. That first decision will be accepted. The next question may be of more importance, the next of even more; and thus, gradually, the habit will be formed of consulting this august Tribunal in all questions between States. More and more will men of honor and command feel that an appointment to serve on this Tribunal is the highest human dignity. Of such a Tribunal, the decisions, though no musket enforce them, will one day be received of course. It will be as to-day, in any two States of America, the great decisions are received of that great American Court, indeed Supreme, from whose methods the Great Tribunal of the New Century will have to study its procedure."

On Christmas Day in the same year, I renewed this statement in an address in our church. When Mr. Blaine summoned the Pan-American Congress in 1890, I printed the following paper in *Lend a Hand* for December of that year.

THE HIGH COURT OF AMERICA

THE meeting of the American Congress has no object so important as the establishment of a system of arbitration as to any questions which may arise between the different States of North and South America.

What must be attempted is the establishment of a system. Discussion is not enough. Resolutions are not enough, nor any professions. It is possible to establish a system, and a long period must pass before so favorable an opportunity can occur again.

It is too much forgotten that an essential part of the prosperity and success of the United States as a nation is the system by which questions between the States are adjusted. Difficulties, indeed, are brought to an end almost as soon as they begin. Many a contest between neighboring and rival States has been adjusted by the Supreme Court, while most of the citizens of each State did not know that there was any question. Thus the Supreme Court adjusted a boundary question between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, of more importance than many boundary questions which

have plunged Europe in war. And it would be fair to say that half the people of both States did not know that there had been any controversy.

It is not enough for the Congress to vote that, in the future, questions of dispute shall be referred to courts of arbitration. When questions assume importance, after they have been neglected, and when they have had a chance to grow in consequence, it may be too late to constitute a proper court of arbitration. The demand of our time is that a permanent court of arbitration shall be appointed at once, and shall be in readiness to receive all such questions as soon as they arise. Indeed, it may be possible for such a court to give such counsel as shall solve the question at its very birth.

The court should *exist* and hold its sessions from time to time, ready to receive inquiries and to solve doubts as to international law, and ready at any moment to hear an international question as soon as it arises.

Such a court should consist of statesmen and jurists of the very highest rank, — men who have distinguished themselves before the world by their equity and wisdom in public affairs. Its establishment should be on such a scale of dignity, and the powers conferred on it should be so high, that even a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States should feel honored by an appointment to serve on

it, or such a statesman as John Quincy Adams, after he had left the Presidential chair.

It should meet, quarterly, at least, for regular sessions, now at one of the cities of North America, now at one of South America, as convenience might order. There is no reason, indeed, why it should not meet in Europe, or in one of the West India Islands. It would have permanent clerks, and reporters of its decisions.

At first, probably, no questions would be referred to it, except, perhaps a few trifles of form. But it should be required to publish from time to time opinions, in the line of "*obiter dicta*," its members devoting themselves exclusively to the study of international law and the study of such principles as shall bring in the reign of justice among men.

The several States should have a right to submit to it, in advance, questions as to public policy as governed by international law. And to such questions it should give immediate attention, and return short rescripts in the form of practical answers.

Before such a tribunal, sooner or later, two States, in contest with each other, would bring the subject of their debate. The court would hear them by counsel, and would give its decision. To enforce that decision, it is perfectly true, it would not have a musket nor a ship. But the moral weight of its decision would be absolute. No State in America is so strong that it could stand

against it. The legislation of every State and its conduct would, sooner or later, comply with the court's decision.

Take, for instance, the question now existing as the preservation of seals in the Northern waters. No nation concerned wishes to do wrong in the matter. No intelligent person wishes to see this race of animals annihilated. It is a subject eminently fit to be presented to such a court, that it may say what the laws of nations, or the eternal justice, would command in that affair. And England, Canada, or the United States would have to obey the decision.

The manner of composing such a court is rather a matter of detail. Our experience in the Supreme Court of the United States would suggest a tribunal of seven or nine jurists. They should be selected from the different nations, so that all parts of America might be represented, and authority might be given to appoint one or two "assessors" from the most distinguished jurists of Europe. The honors and emoluments of the court should be such that any man in the world might be proud and glad to hold a place on it.

The appointments should be for good behavior, to cease at the age, say, of sixty-five or seventy years, with a handsome retiring pension.

The judges might be appointed by such a Congress as now is in session, with a provision that their successors should be named in rotation by

the several nations. It might be well that the name of a new candidate should be selected from a list drawn up by the other members of the tribunal. The judges should appoint their own secretaries and other officers.

Their salaries should be paid from a common treasury established for the purpose. This treasury should be kept full by contributions assessed on the several States in proportion to their wealth or population. The expenses might mount to a quarter of a million dollars annually, or even half a million; but this is nothing for the object in view.

It is difficult to estimate the value of such a tribunal, in its every-day duty of working on the international law of the world, and answering its demands. And so soon as one of the exigencies arise which create wars between nations, its worth would be more than can be told.

We trust that the American Congress, representing North and South America, will address itself squarely to some such practicable system, not content with general statements, which are, after all, merely declamatory, of the folly and cost and horror of war.

A PERMANENT TRIBUNAL

[Address given at the Mohonk Arbitration Conference, June, 1895.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — The words which the President has just used are a a good abridgment of my speech, — a Permanent Tribunal. The illustration which Mr. Abbott used this morning is perfect; it cannot be pressed too far, — the illustration of the United States of America. The United States of America is the oldest, as it is the largest and most successful, peace society which the world has ever known. All these different societies of which Mr. Trueblood spoke this morning, however successful they have been, are utterly inferior to the remarkable association known as the "United States of America." Beginning with thirteen independent States, proud of their independency, having very strong grounds for alienation from each other, and including afterward the acquisitions from Louisiana and from the Spanish territory, — acquisitions which mix the Latin race with the Teutonic race and bring in the Catholic religion to mix with the Protestant religion; in the face of all the difficulties which such

a condition of things presents, you have the extraordinary spectacle of one hundred and six years of peace broken only by the calamity of the Civil War. That calamity may be considered separately, and if properly considered it is itself an argument, and a very strong argument, in the line which we are pursuing. Leaving that out, speaking of the hundred and one years of perfect peace which have been preserved, beginning with thirteen different States and coming down to forty-four, you have the most remarkable history of peace in the world since the reign of the Antonines. And the great principles which are laid down by such writers as William Penn, and by Henry IV a hundred years earlier, whose "Great Design" for the same purpose is almost word for word the design of William Penn, — these principles may be illustrated to the letter by anybody who chooses to study the history of the United States of America.

It is perfectly true, as was said this morning, that this is done so peacefully that nothing gets into the histories. That is the general rule, for a history to leave out what is important, and to put in what is unimportant, if only to be noisy. It would be a matter of surprise in most schools, and perhaps in most colleges, if you should say to them that in one hundred and five years there have been thirty or forty conflicts between States in the American Union which, under any other circumstances, would have been adjusted by shock of arms. We had be-

tween Massachusetts and Rhode Island, in the year 1841, I think, a boundary contest, of a difficulty quite equal to the boundary contest of which the newspapers are full now, between the Central American States. Here were two independent States, with an absolute difference. The question was submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States; it was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and I do not believe that at the present moment there are fifty men or women in the State of Massachusetts or in the State of Rhode Island who know what the question was, or would be prepared to give any intelligent account of a matter which, under any other system, would have brought the troops of these two States into collision. This is one illustration out of a great many. There was a similar question between the State of Missouri and the State of Iowa as to their boundary, — a question which perhaps made rather more mark upon national politics. There have been countless questions with respect to the jurisdiction of States, but the Supreme Court does its work so quietly that it does not get into print. It is every now and then announced by European writers, with the most extraordinary fanfaronade, that there is such a court; it takes them entirely by surprise. Our English friends, when they travel here, call the President of the United States the "ruler" of the United States. He is not. The people of the United States is the ruler of the United States. We have had lately a very striking instance of the

way in which the Supreme Court is virtually at the head of the government of America.

Now why was not Henry IV right when he said there might be the United States of Europe? Why might there not be a permanent tribunal which could be called into session at any moment, and which could have the questions referred to it which are now referred to war? I was glad that that little conversation took place just now with regard to the word "arbitration." I think all of us who have come here have come supposing that the word is to be interpreted in the larger sense in which it comes into literature. There is a good New England phrase, "Leave it out to men." When a couple of farmers have got into a discussion as to whose ox gored whose cow, and they feel afraid of the lawyers, and do not want to go to the county town, they say, "I guess we 'll leave it out to men." So one names Mr. Jones, and the other names Mr. Black, and they two name Mr. White, and then the three hear the whole story, and they settle it. We have a home habit of calling that "arbitration," and that is the scheme which has brought about seventy-seven arbitraments since the year 1815, — and a very good scheme it is, if you must create a court for the immediate occasion. But the world, on the whole, in affairs of business, has got beyond the method of making a court for every separate occasion. It has found out, for many reasons, that it is better, instead of having Mr. Black and Mr. White and Mr. Jones engaged

for that particular occasion, to have some people used to deciding cases, — to have a court which, by the correctness and purity of its decisions, year in and out, gains the confidence of all the people engaged, — to have a court preordained, if one may say so, made long beforehand, without the possibility of the judges being selected with reference to the particular matter which they are to decide.

And so I want to urge, first, second, last, and always, a permanent tribunal. That is the thing which, if I may use the expression of the streets, must be "rubbed in" to the public mind. You really do not advance much on the present condition of affairs until you can get the governments of the world to see that it is a great deal better to appoint one permanent tribunal, — I shall say those words a hundred times before I have sat down, for I wish that people may dream of it at night and think of it in the morning, — one permanent tribunal to sit for a hundred years, than to have to make a new tribunal for each particular case. It is exactly as my young friend who went out on a bicycle ride this morning was glad he had the same bicycle he rode on yesterday, instead of being obliged to go and make a bicycle for himself. He was glad to have a permanent bicycle, made by people who understood how to make them, and to use the same bicycle all through his travel.

This was considered, in Henry IV's time, as

somewhat visionary, though he came very near carrying the plan out. In the time of William Penn, a hundred years afterwards, it was still considered a dream, an ideal. But a hundred years after William Penn, comes along the United States of America, tries the great experiment, and it succeeds; and seventy millions of people, in forty-four States, are now living under the success of that experiment. Nobody dares any longer say that it is dreamy or poetical or visionary, because it has succeeded better than the "dread arbitrament of war," better than the experiments of diplomacy. It has turned out that a permanent tribunal in the United States has wrought the success which no other experiment that has been tried has wrought. So we are, if I again may use the language of the ungodly, "on the inside track," and the burden of proof in this argument is on those people who want to make a separate court every time there is a quarrel.

I should like to go into the realm of imagination a little as to the future in this matter. You would appoint your court, and your court would *exist*. You would not say, "This court is appointed for the purpose of determining about the seals," or "about the indemnity which Nicaragua owes to Great Britain;" you would say, "This court is appointed to *exist* as a permanent tribunal." I should say that a good plan to begin with would be for the six great powers to name each a jurist of the highest rank in jurisprudence, precisely as

the President now appoints a jurist to the Supreme Bench of the United States. It should be the highest honor to be given in the service of each of those powers. This gentleman should be named to sit as long as his health permitted, or to retire, if he pleased, at a fixed age, with an honorable pension. The honorarium to be paid to him should be of the very highest; and the dignities of his position should be of the very noblest. This court of six persons, appointed by the six great powers, might then name six "assessors" with themselves, from the smaller powers of the world, so that they might have a court of twelve persons, not too large for consultation, and at the same time the susceptibilities of every one of the powers might be met by more frequent changes among the assessors, as I call them, than among the original six. I would have the vacancies in the six filled by the powers who originally appointed them.

This court would *meet*. It would be a great thing to have it meet; after the world had been in existence six thousand years, or six hundred thousand, as you take it, to know that six men of conscience, religion, and integrity were sitting somewhere for the purpose of finding out the living truth on the practical questions which came before the world. This court would sit, first in London, then in Paris, then perhaps in Rio Janeiro, or Washington, then in Berlin. I do not say the whole twelve would meet, but a sufficient

quorum would meet. I know very well that at first these States would be very slow about bringing their questions to the diplomatists. But there would come along some question, say as to whether the whole race of seals should be annihilated, — a question that nobody understood; and they would say, "Here is this ornamental court, let us leave it to them." The court will decide it; it would decide wisely, and the public opinion of the world would confirm the opinion of that court.

There would be no talk of resistance. This is precisely the point where the theorists find fault with any such statement. William Penn, as our friend said, was obliged to imagine an army behind. Has the presence of the United States army been needed to enforce the decision of the income tax? Was a file of soldiers necessary anywhere to compel agreement in the decision that I speak of, between the State of Massachusetts and the State of Rhode Island, — did it require even a sergeant or a corporal? Not at all. It is just as when Colonel Scott aimed at the coon; the coon said, "Don't waste your powder, Colonel, I 'll come down." The coons of this world know when a decision has been made. There has not been necessary, in the whole course of the jurisdiction of the United States, between State and State, the burning of one ounce of powder to enforce a decision which the Supreme Court made, so certain was it that public opinion would confirm its decisions.

Now compare this with the decision made, even by as respectable a board of arbitration as that which met at Paris, which proved not to understand the subject at all, and which has decided it in such a manner that all the seals are being killed, and there may not be any left for another arbitrament. Under such circumstances you name people who are not used to sitting together as a court, you have a court about which it is very doubtful how it is to get its witnesses together, a court creating the law which they are to administer. In place of that, by a permanent tribunal, you are gradually forming a body of international law all the time. For the first time since the days of the Antonines, or perhaps since Adam and Eve, there is somebody to say what international law is, instead of its being left for professors of colleges to write about. There will grow up a body of law from the decisions of this permanent tribunal, and to the decisions of that court everybody will be disposed more and more to submit. There was growling about submission to the Alabama decision; there was growling about the murder of the seals; but there has been an eager assent to every decision made by our Supreme Court.

I will not go into further detail with regard to a proposal which I have confessed to be imaginary. I do think, however, after a discussion which has lasted nearly a hundred years, it is quite necessary that this country, if it means to make any proposal at all to the other nations of the world, should

come forward with a practical and definite proposal. It is not enough to sing, —

> "No war nor battle sound
> Was heard the world around."

This thing is not to be settled by singing. It is going to be settled by a hard-and-fast system, laid down in consequence of historical precedents, and in such a way that it may command the attention and respect of the practical people in the world. And with that remark, and a single illustration, I will not try to hold your attention any longer.

It is to be observed that the passion for war is not a passion of the men who create the wealth of the world, or who are the really important people in the work of the world. Merchants never want to make war; the persons who pass from country to country never want to make war; scholars never want to make war. War checks the real progress of the world in invention, manufacture, trade; and all these demands for war which Mr. Abbott alluded to this morning are superficial. The real workers and thinkers are always opposed to war. It is the loafers; the people who wait for something to turn up; those who think they shall like to enlist in the armies; the people who are supposed to make public opinion, but who really follow public opinion, — who make wars popular at the beginning. And it is the steady dislike of people to being killed, and to having their brothers killed, to spending money in taxes, to having their ships taken at

sea, which always makes war unpopular when it comes to an end. We may be quite sure that, if we can propose a practical system which will commend itself to practical men, we shall go into any discussion of the subject with a good working force behind us.

THE HIGH COURT OF NATIONS

[A lecture delivered at the Mittleberger School, in Cleveland, before its Alumnæ, February 12, 1896.]

PEOPLE say squarely that the High Court of Nations is an impossibility.

I know only too well that three-fourths of the audience whom I am addressing believe that what I am speaking of is a poet's fancy, as when Tennyson sings:

"The Parliament of Peace, the Federation of the World."

I have simply to say then, in beginning, that there is a certain satisfaction in addressing an audience as kind as this is, when at bottom most of that audience believes that you are wrong.

And then I have, before I come at my subject proper, to show from history that universal peace among civilized nations is not the absurdity which careless readers suppose.

"You know, of course," people say, "that nations must fight with each other. Of course you know there always have been wars and there always must be wars. You know, of course, that the more civilized a nation is, of course, the more sure it is

to make war, you know." And irreverent people, of the kind who quote scripture to cover their own ignorance, and by citing the Saviour, remind us that the Prince of Peace said that he did not bring peace, but a sword.

I begin, then, by asking such people to devote a few minutes, or better, a few months, to the study of three bits of history. The first is the history of the Roman Empire, including Europe, Northern Africa, and Western Asia, for a century and a half after Titus took Jerusalem. Speaking in general, the history of the second century of the Christian era is the history of profound peace among civilized men. It is this which makes Gibbon say that the reigns of the two Antonines make the happiest period of the world's history. From the Euphrates to the Atlantic, men of different races, customs, and religion lived in profound peace. "No war or battle sound was heard the world around." And the consequences of this peace, to this hour, cannot be measured. Among other things, we are in this hall at this hour, because the world was at peace in that century. I owe the coat which I wear, I owe this bit of linen paper to the pacific conquest of the West by the East in those centuries. When Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or when Paul first visited Spain, Spain and Gaul were such wastes of wooded mountains or swampy valleys as you might find in Central America or on the Amazon to-day, or where Blackfeet or Sioux Indians killed each other as lately as the days of Lewis and Clark. But

after two centuries of peace, the quiet farmers in those valleys of Spain and Gaul ate the peaches which had been sent from Persia, and plucked her roses. They hackled the flax which came from Armenia, and their wives spun it and wove it. They did it as well, by the way, as any woman in the Western Reserve can do it to-day. These victories were two or three of ten thousand victories which truth had been winning over error, by which light had dispelled darkness, as four or five generations of peace had gone by.

Read for a month the fascinating details of such victories won in a hundred and fifty years, and perhaps you will come here and say:

"Of course, you know, you know, of course, that when people are at all civilized, you know, of course, they do not make war against each other, but peace and permanent peace is perfectly possible."

Read, as illustrations of what I have said, a few passages from Gibbon:

"The obedient provinces were united by laws and adorned by arts. They might occasionally suffer from the partial abuse of a delegated authority; but the general principle of government was wise, simple, and beneficent. They enjoyed the religion of their ancestors, while in civil honors and advantages they were exalted, by just degrees, to an equality with their conquerors.

"Domestic peace and union were the natural consequences of [this] moderate and comprehensive

policy. The obedience of the Roman world was uniform, voluntary, and permanent. The legions were destined to serve against the public enemy— and the civil magistrate seldom required the aid of military force. In this state of general security, the leisure as well as opulence, both of the prince and people, were devoted to improve and adorn the Roman Empire."

"They united the most distant provinces by easy and familiar intercourse, and the communication by sea was no less free and open than by land. The productions of happier climates and the industry of more civilized nations were gradually introduced into Western Europe. Almost all the flowers, herbs, and fruits of our European gardens are of foreign extraction."[1]

"The tranquil and prosperous state of the empire was warmly felt and honestly confessed everywhere. The true principles of social life,— laws, agriculture, and science,— first invented by the wisdom of Athens, now firmly established by the power of Rome, under whose auspicious influence the fiercest barbarians were united by an equal government of a common language. The human race visibly multiplied, with the improvement of art. Men celebrate the increasing splendor of cities,— the beautiful face of the country cultivated and adorned like an immense garden,— and the long festival of peace, in which so many nations forgot their an-

[1] Flax, for instance, transplanted from Egypt to Gaul, artificial grasses and cattle with them.

cient animosities, and were delivered from the apprehension of future danger."

Again, I am speaking to excellent people who trust greatly in the authority of men of experience. These are the practical people; they are the people who do not give themselves away to a sentiment unless that sentiment has been tested by great men or women who have succeeded, who have looked upon both sides of the canvas, who know when life fails and what progress is.

Now to them, in full sympathy with them, I want to adduce the experience and the advice of Henri IV of France, the most successful sovereign of his time, not excepting Queen Elizabeth, whose remarkable success is also acknowledged. Here is Henri, the best fighter in Europe and the greatest administrator. And this man, he is neither poet nor dreamer, cheers the last years of his life by what he calls "The Great Design." The Great Design is a design for uniting all Europe in peace, with a permanent tribunal for the adjustment of its difficulties. He works out this Great Design in its nicer details. He does this so nicely that he converts to it the great Sully, his own prime minister, a man not accustomed to change his mind. Sully was inclined to pooh-pooh the Great Design, but Henri compelled him to attend to it, and you shall hear in a moment how. There were at that time sixteen nations in Europe. Russia did not yet count. Of the sixteen, they made fourteen rulers believe in the Great Design for universal peace,

that it was sensible, practical, and could be carried through. Not to mention other names, they converted to it Elizabeth and Burleigh and Walsingham, who believed in it, and committed to it the power of England in Europe. Ah! when that crazy Ravaillac stuck his dagger into the heart of the kindest of kings, that heart was at that moment beating in high hope for the practical pacification of Europe.

No man then says that men of sense and experience reject the hope of one permanent tribunal for the civilized nations who does not coolly blot out the names of Walsingham, of Burleigh, of Sully, and of Henri IV.

I must not go into detail. The plan provided a permanent council, to be appointed by fifteen, or possibly sixteen, States, which made up all of Europe west of Russia and Turkey. It provided for a common army of 250,000 men to protect Europe against Asia and Africa, and a European fleet to protect commerce against pirates.

But let me read one of Sully's notes on the Great Design:

"I found myself confirmed in the opinion that the (Great Design) was, upon the whole, just in its intention, possible, and even practicable in all its parts and infinitely glorious in all its effects; so that upon all occasions, I was the first to recall the king to his engagements, and sometimes to convince him by those very arguments which he had himself taught me."

"Elizabeth, in 1601, was deeply engaged in the means by which it might be executed. A very great number of the articles, conditions, and different dispositions is due to the Queen. They sufficiently show that in wisdom, penetration, and all other perfections of the mind, she was not inferior to any king, the most truly deserving of that title."

"The death of the King of Spain was most fortunate — but the Great Design received a violent shock by Elizabeth's death."

But you are surprised that I hold back from the greatest examples of a permanent tribunal in history. It is the example not of the Great Design; nay! not only of a great experiment — but of the great experiment which succeeded, succeeded better than those who tried it dared to dream. What was United Europe from Portugal to the Baltic, the Europe of Henri's Great Design, what was this compared with the continental nation made one out of many which stretches from ocean to ocean and takes in the pine-tree and the palm? The United States of America is the great Peace Society of history. And it owes its freedom from that wretched drain of its blood from standing armies which is the ruin of Europe, to one permanent tribunal, to a court which is indeed Supreme. Of course, I do not forget the Civil War, when for four cruel years this nation had to use the power of arms to suppress a rebellion. But even there I

remember that it did use the power of arms, and that it so suppressed that rebellion that it will never have to suppress another. And I remember also that that rebellion sprang from the timidity which in the beginning left outside one fatal question, with the proviso that it should not be submitted to the Permanent Tribunal.

We of the fourth generation are so entirely used to the even working of our Supreme Court that we are really unconscious of the dangers from which it saves us every day. That I might speak here to-night, I have crossed the dividing lines which separate three great States. The smallest of the three has a larger population than the kingdom of Saxony had when Saxony fought Frederic of Prussia to the death. These States have different laws and different histories. They have as many occasions for division as ever divided two Italian States or two German kingdoms. Yet for one hundred and seven years these States have lived together in absolute harmony. No criminal from one has found an asylum in another. No question of boundary has disturbed their frontier. In just such harmony are forty-five States living at this moment, in many cases unlike each other in religion, in history, even in the origin and race of their people. And there is no lack of questions between them. Let me speak as a Massachusetts man. It is not sixty years since there came to an issue in my own State an open boundary question between us and the people of Rhode Island. It

rested on old charters and old maps, older and more intricate than those which must determine the line between Venezuela and Guiana. The States of Europe have fought over such difficulties hundreds of times. Yet it is no disgrace to a Rhode Island man or a Massachusetts man if he do not know to-day that any such question ever existed. The governors of the States knew; the sheriffs of counties knew; the tax collectors knew; I suppose some of the people who lived on the disputed territory knew. But most people neither knew nor cared! Why should they know? Why should they care? They knew there was a Supreme Tribunal whose business it was to determine all such questions. When the time came, that tribunal determined this question. Both States, of course, deferred. It never was a question again.

Pray observe that we are talking not of Mr. Tennyson's Parliament of Peace. We are talking of a Supreme Tribunal.

Parliaments talk. Tribunals decide. There are perhaps too many parliaments in the world now. This is certain, that there is too much talk.

What the world needs is a Permanent Tribunal.

And now I turn from old history to our present problem and our present duty.

We have to show that this dream of an arbitration and decision more solid than war, advances steadily towards fulfilment. It is now seventy-five years, — three-quarters of a century, — since the

Congress of Vienna re-made the map of Europe. That was a step, due, if you please, to the provocation and exhaustion of every State of Europe. But it was a step forward. The military armaments of Europe have been, and are, excessive. But from that day to this there has been no such general war as devastated Europe for twenty-five years before the congress, or in the Thirty Years' War. In that time Russia has fought England and France; Austria has fought with Russia and with France. France has fought with Northern Germany. Italy has freed herself and united herself. But each of these conflicts has been short, and none of them has been general. On the whole, the century stands, like the centuries of the Antonines, as a century of peace. On the whole, invention and science, art and education, have made their way in the world. In more than fifty instances, since 1815, have difficulties between States been settled by international arbitration, which, under the savage system, would have been left to war. In the recent wars, private war at sea has been abolished. There has been no commission given to privateers. So much has been gained.

And five years ago, at the end of twenty-five years, at the instance of our own government, another congress has been held this very year, of delegates from eighteen American nations. The population of those nations is not so large as the populations of Europe ruled by the sovereigns who were represented at Vienna. But the congress

at Washington was the more important of the two, and so it will appear in history. In the sad irony by which some immediate question of profit and loss seems larger than an infinite principle, we watched the congress of the United States with more curiosity than the congress of United America. The congress of Vienna was only a representation of sovereigns. This was the first proper congress of nations. It represented peoples, and not merely their rulers. Nearly sixty gentlemen, of the highest intelligence and position, were appointed by their several governments to sit in this Pan-American Congress. Almost all of them had been in diplomatic life, and had been students of international law. Many of them were men of letters, known as authors in their own lands. The nations of South America, of Central America, and of Mexico, were, generally speaking, colonized from Portugal or from Spain, and they use the Spanish or Portuguese language. But although, from pride of origin, the delegates generally preferred to address the congress in Spanish, almost every man spoke English, easily and intelligently. This congress sat for several months in the city of Washington, after long excursions in which the delegates had observed the methods of industry and life in different parts of the United States. Most of the real work was done in committee rooms, and the debates, which are all printed in their own journals, were not published in the newspapers of the day.

The result of their work is far more important than is generally supposed. They presented reports of the first value to merchants and manufacturers as to methods of mutual communication. Thus they looked forward to improved postal and cable communication. They made the reports on which is based the new arrangement of reciprocity in tariffs. These are two or three illustrations only. What concerns us now is their careful and exhaustive report on arbitration and the methods of arbitration, in the event of any question arising between State and State of the great American Alliance.

This subject was discussed with the greatest care by a committee of signal ability, representing men of large diplomatic experience. It is understood that the committee considered different plans for tribunals which might hear discussions of questions arising between American nations, and might decide such questions with authority. But they finally determined to report simply a plan, by which the nations are to bind themselves, in all events arising for discussion, to submit the open questions to arbitration on a uniform plan prepared by them.

The plan contemplates no central armed force — such as Henri and Elizabeth's plan provided — to secure the obedience of the several States. It relies on the moral might of the arbitration alone. And it would not be vain to make such reliance. The other plans have many ways to compel

obedience to a decision fairly made by such a court of arbitration.

It cannot be said that this plan of a treaty profoundly stirred this nation or any nation. It is not the sort of thing about which partisan politicians occupy themselves. And they are responsible for most of the public utterances on statesmanship — in all these countries. But it is fair to say that the plan, though it does not go far, does meet the assent of thoughtful leaders of the community.

Let us be grateful for a statement so definite. It is quite in advance of any statement made in international law by authority till now. It will mark the year 1890 in history.

It is accompanied by a request of this august congress to powers of Europe that they will consider these conditions, in the hope that they will introduce them to European diplomacy.

It prepares the way for the next step, which is not so far away.

You have seen my purposes, as I dwelt even at length, on the arrangement, familiar to any American citizen, of the Supreme Court of the United States. I did so, because we are now to see how simple will be the step which should appoint such a permanent tribunal, to sit as a High Court of Nations.

Change the word "states" to the word "nations," and in the constitution of such a court as our Supreme Court we have all that we need to adjust the differences of all the nations of America.

In the old days of 1785, of the old Confederation after the Revolution, if two States differed as to boundary, as to justice, they had no court of appeal. They would have perhaps to go before Congress, or they would appoint — as these articles appoint — a temporary arbitrator.

Since 1789 there has been a *permanent tribunal* of the highest dignity to hear any such questions between State and State to decide them.

A Permanent Tribunal! It has gained strength and authority by every decision. Its opinions are now cited with respect in all the jurisprudence of the world.

You see at once how the work of such a court differs from the arbitration of a tribunal appointed for a special purpose. Such an arbitration has no authority borrowed from the past. The judges do not even know each other. They are appointed, one because he is a friend of one party, one the friend of the other; and on the umpire falls the decision. The decision once made, the tribunal is dispersed. It melts into thin air. It ceases to be.

A Permanent Tribunal, on the other hand, acts with experience. Its members are consecrated for their lives to the study of just these international questions. They have no temptation to partisanship. On the other hand, the dignity and reputation of every member, as of the whole court, requires calm and impartial justice, — in the least as in the largest considerations.

Again: Before such a tribunal the affair to be

decided would be brought at the first moment of controversy. It would not be left to grow in proportion, as passions were excited, as prejudices were created, as sparks were blown into a flame.

Such a tribunal will be appointed from the most distinguished statesmen of the different nations. A seat in it will be the highest place of honor. Even such a man as Judge Marshall will be promoted from presiding over the Supreme Court of the United States, and will feel that it is promotion to sit as one of its members.

The first students of international law might be summoned to fill places on such a bench, which has for its duty to study and to apply the whole science of the law of nations.

Before the full court, or before smaller courts made from their members, would be brought great cases or small, arising between the nations. The court would have power to call witnesses and to take testimony. It would hear counsel, acting by a uniform and intelligent mode of procedure.

At the first, the nations would be doubtful, and would bring before the court only lesser cases: "What is the real line in an old boundary?" "Was this tide-waiter right or wrong in such a controversy with a schooner's captain?" "May these poor seals live to be six months old, or shall they be massacred in babyhood!" The Permanent Tribunal would administer such little questions so prudently that men would see in practice what it was good for. It would accept the Eternal

Principles of Justice, about which there is never question. And on these principles its decisions would stand. Because right is right, they would be respected. And large questions, more difficult, what you call more important, would be submitted to it; until, in the end, nothing should be left for what we call the arbitraments of war. As if war decided any question of right. War only decides the question, "Which is the stronger?"

Year by year would give new moral power to such a tribunal. Year by year would give more and more of the conquests of peace — to nations thus united. It is not too much to say that the glamour and poetry of war would gradually die out, — as the military class became smaller, — and as there was less need for men to train themselves for battle. The nations would look more curiously into a system so simple and so strong. They know to-day what is the difference between a German at work in Illinois and his brother on the old homestead in Prussia. The brother in America is no stronger than the brother in Europe. But the brother in Europe has to carry a soldier on his back as he ploughs and reaps. Men will not always wish to plough and to reap, to forge and to build, with that heavy condition. The dream of Sully and Henri and Elizabeth will appear again as a dream not quite impossible. The United Nations of America will then give the example for the United Nations of Christendom, and with their establishment of a Permanent Tribunal, the sword

of Europe may be sheathed, to be used no more between kindred peoples.

We may well remember at such a time that in America we are all statesmen and all rulers. Our language must not be borrowed from the turf or the gambling table. It is not he who can brag the most complacently, or keep the most steadfast countenance, who wins in these contests. Let the rulers of Europe, bred in a worse school than ours, lose their equanimity. We remember that the "gentleman is quiet." He knows his rights too well to be always preaching them. Before God and history, England and America have the privilege and pride that they are in the advance of civilization, of law, of government, and of religion. You and I and the rest are the princes of this nation. It becomes us to speak and act with the dignity, the simplicity, and the moderation of princes.

It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it as a giant.

Those of you who are to live through the first quarter of the twentieth century have this great opportunity. The second millennium shall draw to its end with the fulfilment in the affairs of Christendom of the promise of the beginning. And you, who make up the public opinion of this land of all lands, you lead in this victory, and are not as those who follow. You have the right to sing the hymns. You have a right to repeat the prophecies. You shall depart in peace, having

seen this great salvation. You shall know what you say when you recite the words,

> "Mercy and truth are met together,
> Righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

A PERMANENT TRIBUNAL

[Address at the Arbitration Conference at Lake Monhonk, June, 1896.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I am sure we all feel how much the growth of public spirit in the English-speaking countries has been led and helped by the great poet who wrote "Locksley Hall." To have had these words spoken as pieces, written in school-girls' albums, for sixty years, has been a great advantage to the public sentiment of our race. But we will remember too that they were written sixty years ago, and that when the great practical man of our time speaks, what he asks for is a Supreme Court of the nations, and no longer a "Parliament of Man." As Judge Brewer said so well, quoting an epigram which was older than himself, "We have too many parliaments, and we do not have enough courts." What we are after here is not a Parliament of Peace; it is a Supreme Court of the Nations; it is a Permanent Tribunal.

The analogy is so absolutely perfect between the condition of the world now and the condition of the thirteen States of America just a hundred

years ago, that we cannot repeat it too often. The great victory of the United States Constitution is not in the establishment of the Federal Congress, not in the establishment of the executive; it is in the establishment of a Supreme Court. Supreme above the President, — as he and his Secretary of the Treasury have found out within the last year; supreme above Congress, as Congress has found out a hundred times; an absolutely supreme court before which all questions shall be heard. We are here to consider what are the things to be done in the establishment of a such a supreme court between England and the United States, and eventually between the nations of mankind.

I was particularly interested, as Dr. Abbott read his well-condensed and vigorous questions, which he wants to hold us to, to observe that the rather vague word "arbitration," which figured here twelve months ago, does not occur in the five points submitted to us to-day. This is not an assembly simply to protest against war; to say in any vague, sentimental way that it would be a good thing if people would not quarrel, and if, when they do quarrel, they would leave it out to their neighbors. It is an assembly to bring about a Permanent Tribunal, to which the affairs of the nations shall be referred. In the little I shall say, I shall follow absolutely the analogy of the Constitution of the United States.

When Mr. Jones and Mr. Thompson have a quarrel, and Mr. Jones selects Mr. White, and Mr.

Thompson selects Mr. Black, they get together in the parlor of a tavern, and they ask Mr. Green to come in and be a third, and so it is "left out to men," as we say in our happy New England phrase. Then there comes up the question, What is the law by which it is to be administered? And one says he will have it administered by the law of eternal justice as set down in the Book of Deuteronomy; and another says it shall be administered by the law of the State of Connecticut, and not by the law of eternal justice; there is no code for the case. Then they want to get witnesses, and the men send over to South Goshen by the stage-driver, and ask him to ask the man if he will come. And the witness says he won't come, and that is the end of that.

The founders of the American Constitution understood this thing absolutely. They were going to establish a Supreme Court of the United States, and they have established it. I have lived through times when the State of Massachusetts did not love the Southern government of the United States very much, and when it blocked the wheels of that government in every way it knew how. It refused to fly the flag of the United States on the State House; it passed a law that no jail or other building of the State of Massachusetts should receive any prisoners confined by the United States courts, that there might not be any fugitive slaves put into one of our jails. What did the United States do? It said: "Pass what laws you choose. Our

marshal will get a room tight enough to lock up a fugitive slave." And their marshal did do it, and we could not help ourselves. That is to say, the Constitution of the United States foresaw the probability of the individual Mr. Black or Mr. White not proposing to agree to this arbitration; and the Constitution of the United States established, not a court of arbitration, but a Supreme Court over the thirteen States of America. And that Supreme Court has been supreme from that hour to this hour, excepting in one miserable instance, due to the cowardice which left slavery outside of its jurisdiction, because of which we were involved in four years of civil war.

This senator whom I have heard quoted says that no nation will willingly submit a question of boundary to the supreme court. All I know is that the thirteen States, which were nations at the moment, did submit their questions of boundary to the Supreme Court of the United States again and again and again; — I think there are nearly forty instances where questions of boundary have been decided by the Supreme Court. I referred here a year ago to a question of boundary between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which was decided by the Supreme Court; and I do not believe that there are fifty persons in Massachusetts who know where those disputed boundaries were, which were thus decided sixty years ago.

The very first question which was brought before the Supreme Court was a question whether a State

might be sued in its own courts by one of its own citizens. The Supreme Court decided squarely that it might be so sued, and it was necessary to bring about an amendment to the Constitution, to prevent that action, which was thought at that time to be undesirable. But the States have, one after another, granted that privilege; and even the United States, in the Court of Claims, is virtually sued by its own citizens.

THE PRESIDENT. — And also now in the judicial courts.

DR. HALE. — Such is the steady progress of the determination to do this. What we want is a tribunal which shall have the power to lay down its own methods of procedure. I do not care whether this tribunal is of four men or six or thirteen. In my judgment it ought to be a body of students, informing us from time to time what international law is, and what it is not; what the authorities on international law have, on the whole, determined upon; what the treaties of the world have established as international law. I believe, if you were to establish such a tribunal to-morrow, — and my friend on the left would of course be a member of it [Judge Edmunds], — it might be well employed for the next two, three, or five years in giving, from time to time, its *dicta* as to what the law of the world is on privateering, what the law of the world is on hospitality, what the law of the world is on a hundred points on which the writers of international law have written, and which

may be said to be really decided. It would be the first business of such a court to state in general to the world what were the authorities which it looked upon with respect, and on what authorities it did not look with such favor.

Then, one fine day, there would come along a quarrel. It might be a question like that very funny question as to what is the river St. Croix, or like our question in Massachusetts, what waters belonged to Charles River. Or the question might be whether the captain of an English schooner lying in the Bay of Gobblegobble, in the southern part of Africa, should or should not have slapped in the face the captain of an American schooner which had laths on board; — one of those highly important questions which have again and again brought on wars might be submitted to this international court, because it was such a little question that the army and navy did not want to bother with it, and "them literary fellers" might have the joy of it. And the court would decide it. It would decide it wisely, — so wisely that it would command the respect of the world. And then might come along the question whether a whole race of inoffensive animals like the seals should be demolished or not; or whether certain swamps and marshes and malarial beaches between one nation and another on the South American coast belonged to Nation A or to Nation B, or to nobody but the good God. The court might be left to settle such a question as that. Once give such a court dig-

nity, once have it established, established so that by day and by night it should be in existence, so that no question shall arise too suddenly to be submitted to it, and there is no fear but that the civilized opinions of the world would come round to it.

It should have power to state the general rules of its practice, and when and where it should meet; — I should suppose it would meet in different cities of the world from time to time. It should have power to call witnesses, to have its own marshals to get those witnesses into court. And the salaries and expenses should be provided by the most liberal gifts of the powers agreeing for this purpose. In these regards I am following absolutely the analogy of the Supreme Court of the United States. Compare all that with the working of these seventy arbitrations which have been described to us so well. You have a court of arbitration meeting in Geneva, and again in Paris. Each of them is a spectacle which angels regarded with pleasure. Each of them called together men of the greatest distinction, but men who had never seen each other before; men who had to be introduced to each other and whose reputations were not known before; men who had to determine in what language they would speak to each other, who, when they got together, had not power to call a witness from the other side of the street; men who had to take up the case without any rule of procedure as to what testimony should

be admitted and what should not be admitted. It is a court worse, if I dare to say so, than an ecclesiastical court, and when I have said that I have got pretty near the bottom of human nonsense. It is a miracle that in the great tribunal created at Geneva, and fading away like the mists of these mountains when its meeting was over, without any laws of procedure, without any standard as to what should be testimony, they were able to get anything on which people could rely in the least, on which this high tribunal made the decision which they did make. What we claim is that when you have a Permanent Tribunal, the rule which that tribunal adopts, and the reputation which it has, and the prestige which it gains in the world, will carry the decisions of that tribunal where the proceedings of none of these courts of arbitration would ever pretend to go.

The truth is that now you lose all that you have gained in each one of these arbitrations. You fall to the bottom of your mountain every time, and then climb up again and say, "We have climbed up to this place seventy-one times before. Is n't that encouraging?"

The way to begin is to begin. It is not to talk about beginning. It is not to talk about the twentieth century; it is to act like the men of 1896, and begin to-day.

Do not let us be deceived by the glamour which we can throw over the meeting at Washington. The meeting at Washington was presided over by

our honored friend who does us the great favor to preside over us here. It called together four hundred men of the greatest distinction in the States to which they belong. It was well said that in the last hundred years no such list of names has been brought together in any great public movement as the list of four hundred names on the register of that convention. Trust me, if I have any knowledge of men or affairs, the meeting at Washington did not create a ripple on the surface of the average life of the city of Washington. We were not honored by any public expression of opinion by the President or any of his cabinet; not one of them darkened our doors for the quarter of a second. We were not honored by any public expression of opinion by the Senate or House of Representatives of the United States; I was not so fortunate as to see any member of either of those bodies within our doors. It happened on the first day of the convention that the forefoot of one of the horses of the President's carriage got lodged in the track of the street railway. The horse fell down, and Mr. Cleveland opened the carriage door and stepped out on the sidewalk; and another carriage passed by, in which Mr. Cleveland was taken to his home. That incident, of which I have now told you the whole, took up more of the attention, and twice as much space in the journals of the city of Washington as the proceedings of the great international arbitration conference on the same day. Do not let us de-

ceive ourselves, then, by any glamour of what we ourselves could say and what our own reports could be, about our own convention. But at the same time let us observe that here was a convention called, not by idealists, not by poets, not by "men of the twentieth century," but by the hard-headed men of the city of New York, who did not want any nonsense in this business. These hard-headed men had taken it into their heads that at the end of the nineteenth century it was not worth while for nations to be cutting each other's throats. That, I think, was the great lesson of the conference at Washington. The thing we got out of the conference at Washington was that our president appointed a strong executive committee of twenty-five, which was a permanent committee, — a committee which may be in session, if it chooses, from the first of January, early in the morning, to the thirty-first of December, late in the afternoon; ready to prompt President Cleveland's somewhat lagging memory, to keep up Mr. Secretary Olney's tone of humanity, to be present everywhere where there is a chance to urge the necessity of a Permanent Tribunal among nations. That is what we have got out of the conference at Washington. Let us hope that that permanent committee is in session at this moment.

I believe that I was assigned to say what I thought was practicable at the present time; I can say it in a very few minutes. When the Pan-American Congress met, — which was the great-

est thing in the history of the last twenty-five years, and which two hundred years hence will be marked as such, — when those sixteen States met at Washington, under the masterly lead of Mr. Blaine, I had the honor to present to Mr. Blaine a plan for a Permanent Tribunal for the nations of America. Mr. Blaine was a statesman who would grasp any such idea, and he took the suggestion, which had undoubtedly been made to him by others, as one not in the least new to him, and he brought it before the private conference that assembled. The leading gentlemen of that assembly saw the importance of the matter; in particular, the representatives from Mexico. But on considering what they could do and what they could not do, they satisfied themselves, as I remember some gentlemen said here a year ago, that "it was not yet time" for a Permanent Tribunal, and therefore waited for a more convenient season, as a certain person waited in the Book of Acts, for whom it was not found that a more convenient season ever came. Accordingly they did not propose a Permanent Tribunal, but proposed a treaty of arbitration. And I should like to have the gentlemen who roll the word "arbitration" under their tongues too eagerly, observe that nothing came from this proposal, and that not one of the sixteen States has ever adopted the form of the treaty which was brought forward. Whether it were the best thing to be done or not, it has not been done, from that moment to this.

I believe that at the present moment a proper overture by us to the Republic of Mexico, to the government of Brazil, and to the government of Chile, for the establishment of a permanent board to which could be referred all disputes arising between these States, would be favorably received. I believe that if such a court, consisting of eight jurists, were to sit, — simply to sit, and be in existence, the men being honored in each case as the men who receive the highest honor in the States appointing (such men as John Quincy Adams was after he retired from the office of President, such men as Benjamin Harrison is to-day, are the sort of men you want to put upon such a tribunal), I believe that to such a tribunal every State in America would refer the questions which arise, which now at any moment may plunge it into war.

My other practical plan is of the less consequence. It is understood that the President and Mr. Olney have one in view. It is understood that Lord Salisbury and, I think, the Archbishop of Canterbury have another in view. It is understood that the Bar Association has another in view. There are undoubtedly forty plans for permanent tribunals between the United States and Great Britain. My plan is that when the Lord Chief-Justice of England arrives in America within the next month, the Chief-Justice of the United States shall ask him to lunch some day. And if, while they sat at lunch, the Chief-Justice said to

the Lord Chief-Justice, "Don't you think this nonsense has gone on long enough? And could not you and I go into another room and block out on a bit of paper the few central principles for this thing?" I think the Lord Chief-Justice would say "Yes," and I think they would go into the library, and on a bit of paper the principles for the High Court of the future might be laid down then and there.

I had the great pleasure, a year ago, of listening to Sir Frederick Pollock, who is now professor of jurisprudence at Oxford, and is a person of such importance in England that the English government gave to him the preparation of their Venezuelan case. When he addressed the graduates of the Dane Law School at Cambridge Sir Frederick said:

"There is nothing I know of in our constitution to prevent the House of Lords, if it should think fit, from desiring the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, by some indirect process, if not directly, and as a matter of personal favor, to communicate their collective or individual opinions on any question of general law; nor, I should apprehend, can there be anything in the constitution of that most honorable court or the office of its judges, to prevent them from acceding to such a request, if it could be done without prejudice to their regular duties. And if the thing could be done at all, I suppose it could be done reciprocally from this side, with no

greater trouble. Such a proceeding could not, in any event, be common. Could the precedent be made once or twice, in an informal and semi-official manner, it might safely be left to posterity to devise the means for turning a laudable occasional usage into a custom clothed with adequate form. As for the difficulties, they are of the kind that can be made to look formidable by persons unwilling to move, and can be made to vanish by active good will. There is no reason why we should not live in hope of our system of judicial law being confirmed and exalted in a judgment seat more than national, in a tribunal more comprehensive, more authoritative, and more august than any the world has yet known."

THE MT. VERNON DINNER-PARTY

[A speech before the American Peace Society, in Huntington Hall, May 13, 1896.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I wish to call to your attention the meeting of a few gentlemen, rather more than one hundred years ago, which in its outcome has a right to be regarded as the first Peace Society of modern times. I do not forget the Great Design of Henri IV of France, Queen Elizabeth, and other leaders of their time, who proposed a permanent tribunal of peace and the pacification of Europe. But that demand of theirs had been permitted to go by, and it is on an occasion which you will think, perhaps, too small for consideration now, that the greatest peace society on the earth was born.

I suppose it to have been, indeed, at the dinner-table of President Washington, — certainly it was under the hospitable shelter of Mount Vernon, that the greatest peace society in the world was born. It was in the year 1785, two years after what had been called peace had been arranged with England. Then it had proved that here were thirteen nations, jarring against each other, quar-

relling at every point, fierce animosities existing on the right hand and on the left, and that there was no peace. A question with regard to some oysters in the Bay of Chesapeake is the beginning which has started a contest: the oystermen of Maryland and the oystermen of Virginia are in collision, and here are two sovereign States ready for war, in order each to defend the honor of the oyster, whether of Virginia or of Maryland. And it is under those circumstances that the great nation of Virginia on one side of the Chesapeake, and the great nation of Maryland on both sides, — it is on that occasion that they invited commissioners to meet to settle the question of the oysters. And George Washington, who has lately laid down the sword, is one of these commissioners of arbitration; and as his habit was, he asked these gentlemen to stay with him as his guests in the matchless hospitality of Mount Vernon. And, as I like to imagine, it is at a dinner party after the oysters on the shell have been served from the Virginia side, after Madam Washington's magnificent *purée de huitres* has been served from the Maryland side, after the fried oysters, gathered perhaps from both shores, — it is then that the conversation, from the question of the oysters, works itself out, as it must do where sensible people have come together, and General Washington, or one of these gentlemen, whose names I will not repeat, says, "But this is only one subject. We can settle this business of the oysters here

to-night; but there are other contests between the States. There is the whole shad question from the Susquehanna above, which is going to sweep down upon us next spring; there is the question of lumber; there is the question of imports and exports on which every one of the thirteen States is at war with every other one. We must have some larger method of arranging the difficulties between us." And it is from such conversation, under the hospitable roof of Mount Vernon, that there is born the great Federal Convention of which Mr. Gladstone said that it struck out in the fewest months the greatest amount of wisdom which had ever been struck out by men brought together.

What did the Federal Convention bring about? It brought, you say, the nation of the United States; and so it did. And how did it do it? By creating an army? No. Could it add anything to history? No. Were there any arrangements of detail which would "keep these people from cutting each other's throats a little longer?" as one of them said.[1] You can scarcely say that. As the century has gone by, the great work of the Federal Convention, in stopping not only such petty attacks upon each other as that of the oystermen, but in preventing war, with one exception only in a century, — the great work of the Federal Convention was the establishment of the Supreme Court of the United States. A Permanent Tri-

[1] John Adams in a private letter to Dr. Price.

bunal which should always be in session, day and night, which should have its marshals, its officers, and its established rules of procedure to determine any questions which might arise between these thirteen States, — the Supreme Court was called into existence. Supreme, remember; it has shown itself a supreme court again and again, from that day to this day. It showed itself a supreme court only in this last summer when, over the head of the President and the Congress, the Supreme Court said: "No; the income tax stops, and this money goes back to the men who have paid it." The Supreme Court is supreme over the executive, over Congress, over every one of the forty-five States which make up the American nation. You have thus a supreme court, a Permanent Tribunal, which can sit in judgment on a question of very small importance between individuals of any two States of the United States, and which can decide State questions as well, such as have again and again sent nations into war against each other.

I would not attempt, on such an occasion as this, to go over even the names of the discussions, between sovereign States, remember, which this Supreme Court — because it is permanent, because it is supreme — has adjudicated and settled. I am speaking to a great many Massachusetts men; I am speaking, I see, to many men and women of great intelligence; but it would be no disgrace to any person in this room not to know that within fifty years there has been a question

between the State of Rhode Island and the State of Massachusetts such as has again and again sent German States to war against each other, such as has again and again sent kings of Italy to war. And here we do not so much as know the names of the places involved in the question between Rhode Island and Massachusetts! It is rather an interesting question; I looked it up in order that I might come to this meeting; I knew nobody else would do anything about it. And I think it might be as well to say what were the causes of war.

In the beginning, Charles the First — who had just as much right in the business as I have to adjudicate between the boundaries of Patagonia and Chile — declared that the southern boundary of Massachusetts should run from the Atlantic to the Pacific on a line three miles south of the southernmost water of Charles River. In those early days you sent out your surveyor, and he went up in his canoe, and when he got above the canoe he worked up, though he had no rubber boots, till the brook got small, and finally he said, "This point is the southernmost point of Charles River," and he put up a stone there and ran a line east and west, and that line was accepted as the southern boundary of the State of Massachusetts. Then a couple of hundred years go by, more or less, and at the end of a century or two some man who wants to make a better map discovers another brook which will go up far enough, if you go on a rainy day, to bring the head-waters

two miles farther south than the head-waters in the original survey. Excellent question to fight about — which of these is the head-water which shall decide the southern line of the State of Massachusetts? Excellent question, — almost exactly like the question on which we are invited to fight with regard to the boundary of Venezuela at the present moment. And on that question Massachusetts and Rhode Island might have gone to war, — we did have constables arresting the wrong men because they did not pay their taxes to the right State. But the Supreme Court of the United States said, "We are supreme in this business. You may bring your maps." And they adjudicated the question, and the boundary is decided forever, and you and I do not know on which side it is decided. And this is because there is a Permanent Tribunal, a supreme tribunal, which shall arrange the disputes among the States which make up the nation which is the United States. And that nation would not exist to-day unless such a supreme tribunal had been the master-stroke of the great policy of the men who made the Federal Constitution.

My friends here are proud, and are rightly proud, that to-day they celebrate the sixty-eighth anniversary of this Society, one of the oldest, perhaps the oldest peace society, so-called, in this world. But long before their time, as early as 1789, when the United States of America was founded, it became as the United-States-of-America, the greatest

peace society that the sun of God has ever shone upon. The United States of America is to-day a peace society; that is what the name stands for. It is a peace society preserving peace, first among thirteen States, then among fifteen, then among twenty-four, and now at last among forty-five States between ocean and ocean.

My little parable of the oysters has extended itself longer than I meant it should. But it is not very difficult to apply the lesson of the meeting under the roof of Mount Vernon to the lesson which ought to go forth from this place to-night, from all the places where people are brought together who have to do with the government of this country. At the present moment we are interested, at any moment we ought to be interested, in the relations between England and America. Will you let me read to you a pregnant passage which I heard from the lips of its distinguished author last June, in the Sanders Theatre at Cambridge? Sir Frederick Pollock, the gentleman to whom, as the highest legal authority in England, the English government intrusted the make-up of its case in the Venezuelan matter, said in the great oration which he delivered on that day:

"There is nothing I know of in our constitution to prevent the House of Lords, if it should think fit, from desiring the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, by some indirect process, if not directly, and as a matter of personal favor, to communicate their collective or individual opinions on any question of general law;

nor, I should apprehend, can there be anything in the constitution of that most honorable court, or the office of its judges, to prevent them from acceding to such a request, if it could be done without prejudice to their regular duties. Such a proceeding could not, in any event, be common. It might happen twice or thrice in a generation, in a great and dubious case touching fundamental principles, like that of Dalton *v.* Angus, — a case in which some strong American opinions, if they could have been obtained, would have been specially valuable and instructive.

"Could the precedent be made once or twice in an informal and semi-official manner, it might safely be left to posterity to devise the means of turning a laudable occasional usage into a custom clothed with adequate form. As for the difficulties, they are of the kind that can be made to look formidable by persons unwilling to move, and can be made to vanish by active good will. Objections on the score of distance and delay would be inconsiderable, not to say frivolous. From Westminster to Washington is for our mails and despatches hardly so much of a journey as it was a century ago from Westminster to an English judge on the Northern or Western circuit. Opinions from every supreme appellate court in every English-speaking jurisdiction might now be collected within the time that Lord Eldon commonly devoted to the preliminary consideration of an appeal from the Master of the Rolls."

This is an opinion from the highest legal authority which England could name as to what is the present position of things between the nation of England and the nation of America.

I hope that some day one of our young historical painters will make for us a picture of the dinner-table at Mount Vernon, of the half-dozen delegates assembled there, and the moment when the suggestion was made of the permanent tribunal which should make the greatest peace society in the world. If one may look into the future, a somewhat similar moment will be the moment when the Chief-Justice of the United States and the Lord High Chief-Justice of England shall meet together in a conference, — perhaps on the lives of the thirty thousand baby seals who are to starve to death within the next six months because their mothers have been slaughtered; perhaps that matter will seem of sufficient importance to two nations for them to ask the heads of their judiciary to consider whether such famine and slaughter are creditable to the civilization of the one nation and of the other. But no matter what that first question may be; perhaps it may be as to what are the head-waters of the River Otranto, whether they cross by the side of two palm-trees or by the side of three dragon-bayonet-trees; whatever the question which may be referred to these two gentlemen, it might be that as they sit at lunch one of them should say to the other, "My good brother, we have become excellent friends in the course of this discussion; surely we are not going home never to see each other again? Would it not be possible for us to propose an enlargement of this thing, and to make it permanent?

If you could only have, sitting at your side here, one of your coadjutors and one of mine; if we could call in, — don't you remember that very bright Frenchman that you met in the arbitration business four years ago, — the man who spoke English so well? If we could have him there, and that fine Swiss, — and, don't you know, those Italian fellows are working out their whole business on philosophical lines, getting ahead of us, — you might have So-and-So?" If out of this discussion about the seals or the head-waters of the Otranto there could grow up the Permanent Tribunal, of six, eight, ten, or thirteen judges, in session, with its officers, its marshals, with its right to command testimony, with its sifting over of evidence, and gradually with the prestige of the world attached to its decisions, — what a blessing that for this twentieth century of ours to boast over!

Mr. Tennyson has written no line which has been more often quoted and more widely remembered than that fine line with which "Locksley Hall" closes, where he expresses the hope for

"The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

But the world has already, in the generation and more which has passed since then, got beyond its need of parliaments of peace. We have only too many parliaments now, and too many speeches. What the world wants is a Tribunal of Peace, a Permanent Tribunal; and the world is sure to

have it. And all meetings to-day are looking forward to this Permanent Tribunal, — to begin, if you please, between England and America; to go farther, till the nations of Christendom are made one out of many, as the Lord Jesus prayed.

"That day is coming," says Sir Frederick Pollock, "and every one of us can do something to hasten it; of us, I say, not only as citizens, but as especially bound thereto by the history and traditions of our profession, which belong to America no less than to England."

That day is coming, and every one of us can do more or less to hasten it!

THE OLD DIPLOMACY, AND THE PERMANENT TRIBUNAL

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LET us remember, as a foundation in all these discussions, that what is called diplomacy is really as much out of date as is plate-armor or a mail shirt, or archery or hunting with falcons. For a person who has eight days in the week nothing could be more entertaining than to study the origin of modern diplomacy, its development, and its preservation now among the other etiquettes of the past. It has done a certain duty in the past, as plate-armor did, and as falcons did. But now what is done is done outside of its forms and its etiquettes, and these forms and etiquettes are preserved simply for record, or, if you please, to place the final seal on transactions which are wrought out elsewhere.

We still have ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary and chancelries and attachés. And so we still have plate-armor; there are two large factories in Europe which are devoted to the making of plate-armor which is very good plate armor. The demand for it in the opera-houses is sufficient

to maintain these institutions. And so we still have at the great cities ambassadors, who are very good fellows and do very good work. They prepare the way, in a fashion, and they keep excellent record of what is going on; but the business of the world is not transacted by them.

The world, indeed, since this century began, has been looking round, more or less uneasily, for better methods of achieving its purposes than the methods employed, say by Philip II., Henri IV., and Queen Elizabeth. The gentleman or lady who is studying the history of diplomacy may connect with this study the progress which has been made in new devices.

Of these devices the methods of what we call Arbitration are by far the most striking. They are so successful that we cannot but congratulate ourselves on their achievements. What is called arbitration amounts to this: two nations have come to issue on some point which concerns them both; — a good instance is the arbitration of the northeast boundary question, between Maine on the one hand and New Brunswick and Canada on the other. The United States had its construction of the Treaty of Paris of 1783, as to the line of boundary to be run, which was to be on the highlands which separate the waters flowing into the Atlantic from the waters flowing into the River St. Lawrence. The English government had another construction of this same article of this same treaty. The question at issue was whether the St. John River did

or did not "flow into the Atlantic." It discharges into the Bay of Fundy, which discharges into the Atlantic. Was it then a river flowing into the Atlantic, or was it not? The United States said that it was, the English government said it was not, and that therefore it must not be considered in drawing the line of highlands.

The diplomatic system amounted to this, that the Secretary of State at Washington produced every reason in his power to show that in the minds of the seven men who made the Treaty of Paris there was but one thought: that they regarded all rivers which did not flow into the St. Lawrence as flowing into the Atlantic. If they made no mention of the St. John,—and they did not,—it was simply because it seemed to them so clear that the name of the bay which received its waters was of no consequence, that they classed it with all the other rivers on the south side of the boundary line. Against this the English government presented all their reasons for considering that the line should run south of the St. John, and that its waters should be treated as if they did not exist.

On an issue like this, diplomatists could spend hundreds of years if they wanted to. There have been such questions which have been open for that length of time. The United States government and the English government, after a diplomatic discussion of fifty years, determined to leave the question to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. This does not mean that the King

personally considered the subject; it means that he selected competent and impartial students who should consider it, and who should report to him. The King of the Netherlands was a respectable person, who had no special prejudices in favor of either power. He accepted the proposal, and he made a report. His report was that neither of the two parties had maintained its claim, and that he would make a new line, between the two, not pretending that it was the line of the treaty, but pretending that it was a good line which they had better both establish.

Each party refused to be bound by the arbitration. They said he had not done what he was appointed to do; and the whole matter was left for further negotiation.

When, in the year 1842, Sir Robert Peel came into power in England, he determined to settle the question. He sent over to America Lord Ashburton, a gentleman who, as one of the Barings, had very large financial relations with America, and was well known and esteemed here. On our side, Mr. Webster was then at the head of the Department of State. Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster met; Mr. Webster brought together experts from Massachusetts and Maine, and so gathered a staff of seven people around him. He was the eighth, Lord Ashburton was the ninth, and they agreed together, as a body of men of sense, that they would abandon the old treaty of 1783, and make a new line. They made a line, and that line is now

the line between the two countries. This was no triumph of diplomacy; it was a frank rejection of the old methods of diplomacy. And such a transaction is one of the movements of this century which show that old-fashioned diplomacy cannot be trusted in such affairs, and that you have to devise some method, as Sir Robert Peel did, more in consonance with what we may call the business habits of the time.

The intercourse of nations is so much larger than it was in the times of Queen Elizabeth, and the personal relations of individuals so much closer, that there is something absurd in the diplomatic pretence. It is absurd to pretend that any gentleman, however well informed, who represents the Queen of England, meeting with any gentleman, however well informed, who represents the President of the United States, can even begin to express or to carry into effect such arrangements as are necessary in the mutual intercourse or in the commerce between the nations called England and the United States. A very pathetic illustration of the failure of any reliance upon such agents was in the famous Jay Treaty of the end of the last century. Jay was a man as well informed as most Americans of his time. The English government, of course, took counsel which they thought good. But they made a treaty of commerce which made no reference to the fact that cotton was raised in the United States. Nobody connected with the treaty on either side knew that it was raised in the

United States. And that treaty had to meet a terrible storm of indignation in America. The men of affairs, who did know that there had come in this new-born stranger who was to be a giant in the line of international commerce, were able to twit the diplomatists who had made that treaty with their ignorance of a factor so important.

It may readily enough be said, however, that the real business of diplomatists is not to open new channels of intercourse, but that it is to smooth the intercourse which exists and remove causes of complaint. Should there turn up ground of quarrel between the two nations, is it not well that there should be, at the capital of each, a representative of the other, who may make or obtain the necessary explanations? In theory this sounds very well. But what happens in practice?

Suppose in Delagoa Bay an American schooner is unloading lumber. Suppose a midshipman from one of the Queen's ships comes on board on some errand or other, and he and the American skipper get into a quarrel. Perhaps the midshipman has to be ejected forcibly; perhaps not. But each of them is very angry, — perhaps each of them is a little drunk, — and each swears revenge. So soon as the schooner returns to America, her captain reports what he calls the facts at his headquarters. Before that time a report has gone to England of the insult given to an English officer. Here is ample ground for war, on the old theories of war. Jenkins's ear is not more important than the slap

in the face which one of these two men may or may not have given the other. What possible chance is there of obtaining the truth in the diplomatic contest which is to follow? The American skipper and one or two of his crew are examined at Washington, and they tell the story in their own way and with their own color. Nobody cross-examines them, the offending parties have no opportunity to hear them; but careful statements of their evidence are laid before the proper officials in our State Department. They issue the proper instructions to the United States minister in England, and he, by virtue of his office, is bound to take our side. He does take it, takes it through and through.

Exactly the same thing is gone through on the other side. Each government educates a set of men who understand about the Delagoa incident. These men persuade themselves of the absolute right of their own view. You could carry on discussion, on such a basis, for a hundred years, and come to no settlement. Neither party has any power to cross-examine witnesses. The cases are confessedly made up on *ex-parte* testimony, and have to run the chances of such *ex-parte* testimony in the decision which must be arrived at.

This Delagoa case is pure imagination. I do not know that we ever send lumber to Delagoa Bay. But anybody who will read the long and rather dreary discussions of the Venezuela case will see how great is the danger of pure *ex-parte*

opinion. It has been whispered that Lord Salisbury himself, when at last he was obliged to give his personal attention to the details of this controversy, was surprised to find what was the class of errors into which the advocates of England's claim in the English Foreign Office has been led by the documents which they had on their files.

Now there were more than seventy-five important arbitrations in the seventy-five years which followed the Treaty of Ghent. Here was an immense step forward in international relations. Our own country took advantage of arbitration in the well-known instance of the northwestern boundary, when we accepted the adverse decision of the Emperor of Germany; of the Alabama claims, when England accepted the adverse decision, and subsequently in the Alaskan contention. But while we acknowledge all that was thus gained, one cannot but remember how much dissatisfaction these awards gave, and one cannot but ask how much was to be expected from such tribunals.

For the purpose of these arbitrations, seventy-five distinct tribunals, more or less, were established; and these tribunals ceased to be tribunals as soon as the award was made. There was therefore in no case any prestige, in the court making the decision, gained by its earlier successes; nor indeed were the persons who constituted such tribunals in the least prepared by previous experience in the same line. They were all novices. Worse than this, in no case had they any power

to call witnesses, excepting so far as the courtesy of the different States suggested. When the King of the Netherlands had referred to him the north-east boundary question which has been alluded to, the English government had and knew it had in its possession, in the King's own library, a map on which the *American* line was drawn distinctly, with the manuscript statement, "This is the line agreed upon by the Commission." The English government did not consider that it was their duty to bring this map before the King of the Netherlands, and he never knew that it existed. Many years after Mr. Sparks discovered in France the celebrated "red line map," which favored the *British* claim, though it had no manuscript statement, and no one knew what was its origin. He gave the American government the knowledge of this fact, and they did not consider it their business to apprise Lord Ashburton of its existence. Every arbitration has been obliged to act with the consciousness that each party was putting its best foot foremost, and no one of them has had any power to call for witnesses as to the existence of another foot, or to cross-examine witnesses. The great arbitration of the Alabama claims was decided by a court which had only the testimony which the two countries brought before it, and which had to judge for itself of the value of that testimony.

Such are the reasons for saying that as the century has worked along, the progress of man has

proved the necessity of a Permanent Tribunal between States, which should be in session all the time. It should be entrusted, first, with power to lay down certain fundamental principles of international law. This is not impossible, nor even difficult, for the study of the theory of international law has gone on, not interrupted by diplomatists, who have not had much to do with it, but asserting itself more and more in the affairs of commerce and nations.

Second, this Tribunal, permanently established, must have power to call for witnesses, wherever they may be, and to authenticate written statements wherever they may be made.

Third, it must have power to establish its own rules of procedure, and it must fix reasonable times for the hearing and adjudication of questions brought before it.

Fourth, these questions must be international questions. The court is not established to define the rights of individuals, or to decide in their controversies. It is established simply to give to one nation an opportunity to prove a case in a contention with another nation.

Fifth, this court need not define, nor need anybody define, what class of questions the nations shall thus bring forward. Come who will! The court *exists*, and it exists to promote international justice. As was well said by a member of the New York State Bar Association, it hangs out its sign, "International Justice Administered Here."

Sixth, having hung out its sign, this court hears all international cases brought before it. It hears counsel on each side, and examines the testimony which they bring forward. If necessary, it calls for more testimony. If necessary, it refers questions to masters and it demands reports on side issues from experts. Having thus informed itself, this court pronounces its decision.

Now when that decision has been made, in such a way, no power can stand against it. New questions may be brought up; but that question, in the minds of men and in the public opinion of the world, will be considered as decided. The question need not be asked what army or what fleet shall enforce these decisions.

In saying all this, one is simply following the great analogy of the Supreme Court of the United States. There are forty-five States which submit all their interstate questions to the decision of the Supreme Court. Every year the Supreme Court decides such questions. It has decided such questions for a hundred years. Unfortunately, the Constitution itself waived the right of considering the question of slavery among those questions. But with the exception of this question, thus taken away from the decision of the Supreme Court, it has made no decision which has not on the instant been silently obeyed. *Vox populi, vox Dei;* and the will of the people of America expresses itself in the decision of the Supreme Court.

It should be remembered that the great treaty

which has distinguished the names of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney failed simply on questions of detail respecting the cases which might and might not be brought before the tribunal which they established. The treaty expressed this in these words:

ARTICLE IV

All pecuniary claims or groups of pecuniary claims which shall exceed £100,000 in amount, and all other matters in difference, in respect of which either of the high contracting parties shall have rights against the other under treaty or otherwise, provided that such matters in difference do not involve the determination of territorial claims, shall be dealt with and decided by an arbitral tribunal constituted as provided in the next following article.

But it appeared at once that such a treaty was binding the hands of the men of the future. The men of the future will not like to have their hands bound, and will be very apt to protest against decisions made in advance, as to what is a "question of honor," for instance. It was therefore the great advantage of the other plan, — that presented by the New York State Bar Association, — that it prescribed no restriction on the questions which might be brought, if both parties agreed. It did not compel them to bring their cases to the international tribunal, any more than a man is compelled to bring an action against another man. If he prefers to let the matter grind along without

trial, he can do so. This open permission to the nations to use the new tribunal is probably necessary in inducing them to agree to establish it.

The different plans which have been suggested for the personnel of such a tribunal are interesting, but they are not fundamentally important. The important thing is that the personnel shall be such as to command the respect and confidence of the world from the beginning. If the United States of America commissioned its two most distinguished jurists to such a court, if England did the same, and France the same, there would be a beginning. Let these six gentlemen meet, and let them determine on three men well known in the world as students of international law, whom they will add to their number. Here you would have a tribunal of nine, well fitted for the beginning of this great enterprise. It would be well, perhaps, if it were determined to add to this tribunal six assessors, not of the same rank as the nine judges, but such as could represent the smaller States of Europe and America, and such as could be relied upon, perhaps in holding local inquiries in regions where such inquiries have to be made. If such a court existed, if only the questions between these three nations, England, France, and America, were submitted to it, its decisions would at once attract attention and would command the respect of the world. At some fortunate moment, Germany would ask to be received into the circle of its operations. Russia would have the same wish, Aus-

tria would not be left out, and probably the smaller States would be more eager than the six great powers to join in so simple an arrangement for deciding questions of fact and law, such as make the difficulties between nations.

The court would be established, then, and it would *exist*. If established on a provision of sufficient dignity, it would so exist that nations would be glad to bring many cases under its decision. It will study such cases, and will make its decision. Such a tribunal as we propose would command respect for these decisions, however slight the subjects which were involved. The question, not in itself important, whether the interesting race of seals shall exist or shall not exist in 1950, would be brought before it. Some wretched question of boundary between Costa Rica and Nicaragua would be brought before it; — whether the St. Matthew River were ever called the St. Mark, or whether that river exists at all; — some of the Venezuelan questions were as trivial as this. With every new decision the new tribunal would gain prestige and authority, and thus any two nations which had cause for controversy, instead of having to create a new court, out of new cloth, with inexperienced judges and with no traditional forms of procedure, would come before the International Tribunal, knowing what testimony it was to bring, how it was to authenticate its claims, and sure of an impartial hearing of its arguments.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND HIS CIRCULAR

[A sermon preached at All Souls' Church in New York, 1899.]

"On earth peace, good will toward men." — LUKE ii. 14.

THE song of the angels is taken fairly to express the hope and aim of the Church of Christ. He has no title more tender and true than that of "the Prince of Peace," though he himself said so sadly, "Think not that I have come to bring peace, but a sword," though his triumph was to be won when the blood flowed from his side, drawn by the spear of a Roman soldier.

In our great festivals, as on Christmas morning or on Easter Day, if we dare, we are glad to sing Milton's hymn.

> "Nor war or battle sound
> Was heard the world around.
> No hostile chiefs to mutual conflict ran."

And our prayer to God is always that the sword may be sheathed, and men need study war no more.

But, in face of this hope, — yes, and prophecy, — we have to own that even in Christendom the gen-

eral belief and practice is the other way. Men will laugh in your face when you say, "The lion shall lie down with the lamb." They will repeat the old jest that the lamb will be inside the lion. They will sneer at talk of universal peace, as being only the dream of poets and of prophets. "The men who swing on rainbows," they say, "the sonneteers, the sweet singers, — they are the men who prattle about lambs and kids and doves, and swords beaten into ploughshares." And this sneer of the "men of practice," as they love to call themselves, goes so far that in average talk you find the recurrence of war spoken of as a regular necessity. As in our Spartan times, the mothers of our Israel assembled their families in springtime, and gave to each member a dose of nauseous medicine, — to the weak that they might be made strong, to the strong that they might not be sick, — you are coolly told that once in a generation there must be a drawing of blood. It is like Dr. Sangrado in the novel. What people called in old times the "bad humors" must be drawn off, and this means bloodshed. You hear this in the pulpit. You hear it in common talk. It works its way into senates and councils.

Within a month, in a large assembly in a university of years of honest fame, a professor said to me, confidently, "Why is it that every century is more warlike than any before?" And I had to answer, "Because it is not so." I had to remind him that the people of the United States had had

scarcely eight years of war in this nineteenth century, against thirty-four or five in the century before. In the same two centuries, England's contrast, in general European wars, is fourteen years of war, with Napoleon and afterwards with Russia, against nearly fifty years in the century before. In face of figures so distinct as these, that easy phrase that men make war more than ever finds way in conversation and even affects public policy and education.

But, in truth, all the time the civilization of the world advances, commerce advances, education advances, the Christian religion advances. And commerce, education, civilization, and Christianity mean peace. Prophecy is more and more intelligible with every year; and prophets know — because prophets are poets if you please — that all their prophecies of the twentieth century will fail if it is not a century of peace.

Of a sudden the time comes, and the clock strikes. "The present moment would be a favorable time to find the means for insuring durable peace to all people."

"To all people." "Durable peace." "The present moment." Whose are these words? Is this some dreamy poet swinging on a rainbow? Is this some coward lover wanting to play with Neæra's hair? It is the leader of the largest army in the world. "Let us have peace," as the great soldier of America said. It is the sovereign of the largest territorial dominion in the world. It is the

Czar of Russia. "The present moment," he says. What is the present moment? It is the moment when that nation which best represents modern life has crushed by a single blow the only State which was left to represent bigotry and tyranny and savagery. America has crushed Spain, and is arranging the terms of permanent peace between the new and the old. The miserable blunder of King James the Fool, of England, after Elizabeth had crushed the Spanish Armada, has been atoned for, and that business has been finished. The new has asserted itself, and feudalism is at an end. To-day has spoken, and yesterday is nowhere.

This moment, then, is the moment to insure durable peace, — "the present moment."

The czar's proclamation is carelessly spoken of as simply a proposal for disarmament. It is criticised with sneers, abuse, ridicule, or indifference, mostly by people who have taken the precaution not to read it. In truth, however, it begins: "The preservation of universal peace and the reduction of armaments make the ideal to which all governments should direct their efforts." It ends with a prayer that these efforts may be united in one focus. That is the striking figure of the appeal which the czar makes for a formal consecration of the principles of right, on which rest the security of government and the progress of the peoples.

The czar takes pains to show that now for twenty years every important treaty has affected to seek this object, — "general pacification," or, in a more

literal rendering, "the peace-loving tendencies." He now proposes a conference of all the powers of the civilized world, great and small, to occupy itself with this object so generally desired. I am not sure but I should best advance my purpose now if I took your time in reading the whole of his appeal. I will read the beginning and the end. It begins with these words, of which I have already cited some: —

"*The preservation of general peace* and the possible reduction of the excessive armaments now pressing upon all nations make the ideal towards which the endeavors of all government should be directed.

"His Majesty, the Emperor, my august master, has been won over to this view.

"Convinced that this lofty aim accords with the essential interests and legitimate views of all the powers, the Imperial Government believes the present moment to be the favorable time to seek by an international council the most practicable means of insuring real and durable peace to all peoples; and, above all, of limiting the ever-increasing development of the present armaments."

And it ends thus: "Filled with this idea, his Majesty has been pleased to order that I propose to all the governments who have accredited ministers at his court the meeting of a conference which should occupy itself with this great problem.

"This conference, by the help of God, would be a happy presage of the century now about to be-

gin. It would converge in one focus all the efforts of all the States which sincerely desire that the great conception of universal peace should triumph over the elements of strife and discord. It would at the same time, by formal union, cement an agreement among the nations on those principles of equity and right on which rest the security of governments and the progress of peoples."

Observe, now, these are the words of a man or of men who have read the important treaties of twenty years. These men tell us that all these treaties embody some wish or plan for permanent peace. In quite wide conversation with many people who ridicule them, I have not met one person who has taken the precaution to follow that example in reading these treaties.

I do meet every day persons who make the reply dictated by the somewhat hasty slang of our time, and are satisfied to say, " The czar lies."

I am not, myself, in the habit of ascribing the worst motives to any man, when he professes other motives. If, as the Prayer Book has it, a man profess and call himself a Christian, I call him so, too. And, if an emperor tells me that twenty years have taught him this or that, I believe it is so till some one can prove the contrary. But in this case we need not discuss his motives. Happily, the conference proposed by him has been agreed upon by all the great powers addressed. Lord Salisbury's magnificent letter is even stronger than the czar's in its statement of a great necessity

and a noble hope. If the czar have bent from his throne, as I am asked to believe, to mumble out a coward's lie, it is but one instance more where Satan has served the servants of the Lord.

The czar's word once spoken cannot be unspoken. This conference has been called, and will be held. What Isaiah looked forward to will come to pass. What Henri IV died for will come to pass. What William Penn begged for will come to pass. What Immanuel Kant demanded will come to pass. That is to say, men, representing nations, with authority given them to confer on what is possible, will enter one room, to make for the next century some plan for the maintenance of permanent peace. So many rays will be "united in one focus."

There is, as I intimated, a tragic interest, as one remembers that we were almost at this point three centuries ago. This great proposal of the czar's recalls, at once, the memory of what Henri Quatre and Sully and Elizabeth and Burleigh called the "Great Design." Successful at every point, Henri, at the head of France, proposed the "Great Design." It was a design by which the fifteen States of Europe should unite in one permanent council for the mutual preservation of peace. I never heard any one say that Henri swung on rainbows or played with fancies. Men say he is the greatest monarch of three centuries, Frederic and Napoleon not excepted. I do not hear men call his minister Sully a dreamer or a

lazy poet. Rather I hear him called the first statesman of five centuries. These men prepared the "Great Design." They submitted it to Elizabeth just after she had crushed the Armada. She and her ministers, such men as Burleigh and Walsingham, agreed to it, and improved it. They proposed it to the other States of Europe, with the eloquence of sovereigns who had armaments behind them. All but one of these States fell into the "Great Design." Yes, and Henri was no such dreamer, but he meant to compel by force the Emperor of Germany to fall into line with the rest. It was at that moment that tyranny and bigotry used their one weapon, and the dagger of Ravaillac pierced the heart which was throbbing with the hope of universal peace for Europe.

It is not amiss to go back three centuries to learn that a design like this is not unfamiliar to statesmen and to soldiers.

But in America we need no such examples. America is the great example. The United States of America is the great peace society of history. Thirteen little States unite. Because they unite, in one century's time they make the strongest empire in the world. What is the secret of their peace, of their prosperity? There are forty-five States, after a century, knit together as one, "made perfect in one," as the Saviour prayed, — *E pluribus unum*, as our fathers chose our motto. For one hundred and ten years — with one wretched

exception, which is not an exception — these States have been at peace. Think of it! Thirteen bankrupt, war-worn, jealous little provinces stretched, starving, along the sands of the Western Atlantic. Thirteen States, different in origin, in interests, in religion, in commerce, in habits of life, in education. Why do they not quarrel and fight, as the little States of Germany have done, as the provinces of France and Spain, as the duchies of Italy, always warring and wrangling? Why for one hundred and six years peace, absolute peace?

Why, there have been questions of boundary, since my own memory, such as have convulsed Europe and South America a hundred times in two centuries, such as are breeding war in the world to-day. Between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, between Iowa and Missouri, have been such questions. And yet men have already forgotten that they ever existed. Why do we not know of wars about them, as those which convulsed Italy till our own time? Because the wisdom of the Fathers, in the providence of God, under the gospel of Jesus Christ, created

A Permanent Tribunal,
A Supreme Court,

which should hear all such questions, and decide them without appeal to arms. A supreme court, — *supreme*, indeed! Higher than president. Higher than senates or assemblies. Higher than

governors or councils or separate States. It speaks. Men hear, and they obey.

It is to the infinite credit of the lawyers of the world that they see the possibilities of a supreme court which shall be the arbiter thus in the quarrels of nations. I think we owe to Henri or to Sully the phrase the "United States of Europe." It is to the great lawyers of our own time that we owe practical plans, the possibilities for the *permanent tribunal*, the supreme court of Christendom.

Of twenty plans for a permanent tribunal which will be laid before this conference, — where at last such plans can be considered, — that which now has the highest sanction is that wrought out by the Bar Association of this State. It was drawn up by a special committee of the distinguished lawyers of the city of New York after careful consultation. They intrusted the draft of their proposal to Mr. W. Martin Jones, of Rochester, and Mr. Walter S. Logan, of this city. It received the indorsement of the whole committee, most or all of whom are known by those to whom I speak. Let me repeat the names of Mr. Veeder, the chairman; of the two gentlemen whom I have named; of Messrs. Rogers of Buffalo, Gilbert of Malone, Deshon and Whittaker of this city; of Messrs. Robertson and Davison. When I say that Mr. Chauncey Depew and Professor Moore are advisory members of the committee, I have certainly named persons whom you do not think of generally as swinging upon rainbows, or as lying in

hammocks writing sonnets to their mistresses' eyebrows. I think, if any one of us here had important business in hand, he would be glad if he could enlist Mr. Depew, Mr. Logan, or any of these gentlemen in his business. This committee prepared a plan which received the approval — unanimous or almost unanimous — of the full meeting of the association. They addressed it to the President of the United States. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney both expressed interest in the project and proposition.

The plan is so simple that it does not need a long statement, and I will not read it here. It proposes that, if nine nations can be induced to combine in the great combination, the highest court of each one of them shall be empowered to name one of its own members for life as a permanent member of the great national tribunal. If only two nations or three agree to the plan, it can begin.

These lawyers are practical men who do not mean to compel a nation to appear before the tribunal any more than you compel a man, a private citizen, to come to law, if he does not want to. They do propose, as one of the wisest and wittiest said to me not long ago, to "hang up their shingle," and write on it the words, "International Justice administered here."

A court to consist of two nations, or three, or of nine, would be looked upon with a certain doubt. The least important cases would be sub-

mitted to it first. Some question as to whether there shall be a seal left in the world, or a seal-skin sack for our grand-daughters to wear in 1950, would be submitted to it. The diplomats of Russia, England, Canada, and the United States, under great pressure, have not succeeded in determining in thirty years whether this interesting race of animals — our nearest kin, as Mr. Darwin has it — shall exist a century longer. If there were this international court, the diplomats would be glad to turn over to it for an answer the questions which are involved. Or, for a good instance, the question whether a lobster be a fish or not, — a question which the newspapers told us six weeks ago was going to bring the nations of England and France into collision.

As the central tribunal decided such lesser questions, it would be gaining prestige and authority. It would have a right to call for witnesses, perhaps from all parts of the world, and for experts on questions of science; and it would decide then, and on such a decision the nations of the world would wait. I do not say they would always obey, but here would be time given for consideration; and the opinion of a board of honor, integrity, and impartiality, would be very difficult for any nation to evade.

Let me suppose that in the harbor of one nation the war-ship of another should be destroyed by some explosion. Let me suppose that such a permanent tribunal as the Bar Association proposes

had been in existence, under favorable prestige, for ten or twenty years. Does any one doubt that to such a tribunal both nations thus involved would gladly have referred all the questions of the duties, effects, and responsibilities of the two nations concerned?

I speak with some care of the power of this Supreme Court to compel the attendance of witnesses, because even in great international arbitrations there is, in practice, no such power. In the eighty-four years since the Treaty of Vienna, there have been more than eighty-four cases where questions in contention were decided by special boards of arbitration. So much have we gained, and we may thank God for the gift. Eighty-four wars prevented for the nations involved! So many years of peace where there might have been years of bloodshed. But — it is a pity to have to say it — each one of these courts of arbitration has been dissolved as soon as it has done its work. The great tribunal of Geneva, which decided the "Alabama claims," may be spoken of with the highest respect as perhaps the most distinguished tribunal which has existed in centuries. The character of the judges, their learning and ability, the well-earned distinction of the counsel, the importance of the questions at issue, all gave to the decisions of this court the greatest interest. The court made its decision, and the nations obeyed; and then this distinguished court dissolved, its powers melted into thin air, it was nowhere. It had no precedents

to govern it, I might say it had no future before it; and it had no power to call a witness to testify as to the expense of a pin, though the witness lived in the building in which the court was sitting. It was obliged to act upon the statements put in by the respective governments. It could hardly inquire where they received their information. It could not test that information by cross-examination or by any additional testimony. Indeed, the tribunal may be compared to the simple arrangements of the frontier, where two quarrelling neighbors agree to "leave out their case to men," and where these men, poor fellows, cannot summon a witness, perhaps cannot order the production of a title, and can ask for no information but that which the prejudiced parties give them.

In place of this the Bar Association proposes a Permanent Tribunal, to be in session from the first moment of one century to the last moment of the next, ready to hear any nation which wishes to bring its questions for decision, to hear the arguments of their counsel, to possess itself of all the facts, and then, without prejudice, to decide.

Such is the great opportunity which is given to the next century, — a presage, as the czar says so well, for the beginning of the century new-born.

As Americans, we may well be proud that a commission of our most distinguished lawyers have connected themselves with the details which treat of such a possibility. It ought to be said that

the great lawyers always understand and recognize such possibilities. I am tempted to read to you a part of the magnificent speech of Mr. Chauncey Depew when he gave his approval to the plan of the Bar Association as between England and America.

He speaks of the lawyers of Charles I's time, and of their leadership in that advance which England and the world made in the English rebellion and revolution. "We remember that, even in the days of almost universal assent to the divine authority of kings, Justice Coke could boldly challenge and check the autocratic Charles with the judgment that the law was superior to the will of the sovereign. Christian teachings and evolution of two thousand years, and the slow and laborious development of the principles of justice and judgment by proof, demand this crowning triumph of ages of sacrifice and struggle. The closing of the nineteenth, the most beneficent and progressive of centuries, would be made glorious by giving to the twentieth this rich lesson and guide for the growth of its humanities and the preservation and perpetuity of civilization and liberty."

As Americans, I say that we are proud that such an initiative should be given by the great lawyers of our own country. But, in truth, as I have said already, the American Union is itself an object-lesson, showing what a "supreme tribunal" is. It is an example of authority to examine and to decide the questions which arise between so many

States, stretching from ocean to ocean, among men of every pursuit and of different interests and all religions. Thus has the supreme tribunal of America shown to the world what is possible in maintaining the peace of "the United States of America." With this object-lesson, we are able to make a step forward, which shall lead to what Henri IV called "the United States of Europe," and to what we will yet call, not the United States of Europe, but the "United States of Christendom."

And as Christian men and women, as we read every prophecy of the past, we have a right to look forward with the eye of those who believe that the good God made of one blood "all races of men." We see the prophecy of the past accomplishing itself more and more distinctly, as every year comes forward of what we now call the future. More and more confidently do we thank God that our children, if not we ourselves, shall live in the century

"Where the common sense of most shall hold a fretful world in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in Universal Law."

"Earth, wise from out the foolish past,
Shall peradventure hail at last
The advent of that morn divine,
When nations shall like forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor birches wish the cedars woe;
But all in their unlikeness blend,
Confederate to one golden end."

MATUNUCK

[That the reader may better understand where in summer life the most of these sketches are written — I print here a paper originally published in the *Outlook*.

At the beginning of this volume is a picture, from the Pond, of the Red House, — which has been my summer home since 1873.

E. E. H.]

MY SUMMER HOME ON THE PIAZZA

"IF you do not talk in riddles!"

"No one talks in riddles," I said. "We talk the language of the country. If you do not understand that, it is not our fault."

"But just now you called this road Ben Franklin's road, and I am sure that yesterday somebody called it Queen Anne's road. What had Ben Franklin to do with Queen Anne?"

"He had this much to do with her, that he rode over the highway which became a highway under her rule. Will you please to remember that you are in Kingstown, and that Kingstown is so called because it is a principal part of the King's province? Will you please to remember, in your rank democracy, that you and yours once lived under a king, and were loyal to him? Now this king, his name it was Charles the Second, and he left no children. But he did leave a brother, and his brother acted

very badly, and was sent about his business, as perhaps you have heard. And he left a daughter, as perhaps you have heard, and she and her husband were king and queen, as perhaps you have heard. And they died without any child, but this ex-king had another daughter, as perhaps you have heard. And her name it was Anne, and she reigned, and reigned to the glory of the Protestant succession, as perhaps you have heard. Now it was in her day and generation that the road became the Queen's Road, and we call it affectionately the Queen's Road until this day."

"You say it 'became.' Pray, what was it before?".

"What was it before? Ask Robert, yonder. He will tell you, as he told me the other day, that it was the Indian's trail 'when they went from New York to Boston.' It is true that Boston and New York existed only potentially, as my Presbyterian friends would say. But the trail existed, and it was predestined that the trail should go from Boston to New York, and from Boston to New York it goes now. Now, Queen Anne, or the people who did her work, understood that there must be a road from Boston to New York, and they took the old Indian trail. Now, this Indian trail wound along so far inland that they did not have to swim when they came to the locks or inlets like Perch Cove yonder, or Trustem's Bay below here; and, on the other hand, it kept as near the sea as it might, so that they should not have to toil over

these hills which were left that fine day when the second glacial wave receded."

"Glacial wave receded? You talk as if you were present at the foundation of the world!"

"No, I was not present; but if you had gone to Oberlin and studied New Testament Greek with Dr. Wright — and you might have done a great deal worse — and caught him off hours or on a holiday, he would have told you that the second glacial wave stopped here, and left this very hill that you are sitting on, among other things. And it left a great deal of rough country, as you shall see when you go to walk with us to-morrow. Now, these Indians had some sense, and when they were walking from Boston to New York — that is, from the possible Boston to the possible New York — they kept off the hills as well as they could, and, as I said, they kept off the sea as well as they could. So they made the road which now goes from the Newport ferry south and west till it becomes the Bowery."

The next question was, "Pray, what has this to do with Dr. Franklin?" To which the answer was evident: —

"Ben Franklin organized the American post-office. Now, the American post-office had no route more important than the route from Boston to New York. Accordingly, Ben Franklin arranged that a man called a post-rider should leave the ferry yonder, beyond Tower Hill, and should ride with such letters as the merchants of Boston could

send down to Newport, and as the Newport postmaster had sent across the ferry, till he came into Connecticut, and so till he came to your grand Bowery, and delivered all these letters in New York. For all which the country was more obliged to Ben Franklin than it knew; for probably in that arrangement of his was the real beginning of the union of which we are all so proud of to-day. What is perhaps more to the purpose, when Ben Franklin came on occasionally to visit his old mother, he came by this road. When he went, he went in a little sloop by water from Providence to New York. But that passage was a long one, and in after days he was much more in the habit of coming by land. There are proud traditions in the better houses between here and New York of his visits at one or the other as he came on. So it is that somewhere between here and New Haven is placed the traditional story of Ben Franklin's horse and the oysters."

"Why, what has a horse to do with oysters?" said Polly, who up to this time had only been watching humming-birds, and was quite indifferent to this grave historical conversation.

"That the ballad shall tell you, Polly. Oliver, here, will repeat it to you. I made him learn it for 'a piece' at school."

So Oliver repeated the words: —

"Franklin one night, cold freezing to the skin,
Stopped on his journey at a public inn;

Rejoiced perceives the kindling flames arise;
But, luckless sage, he sees with distant eyes
A motley crew monopolize the heat—
Each firm as Banquo's ghost retains his seat.

"'Ho!' cries the Doctor, never at a loss;
'Landlord, a peck of oysters for my horse!'
'Your horse eat oysters?' cries the wondering host.
'Give him a peck; you 'll see they won't be lost.'
The crowd, astonished, rush into the stall—
'A horse eat oysters—what!—with shells and all!'

"Meanwhile our traveller, as the rest retire,
Picks the best seat at the deserted fire—
A place convenient for the cunning elf
To roast his oysters, and to warm himself.
The host returned: 'Your horse won't eat them, sir.'
'Won't eat good oysters? he 's a simple cur.
I know who will,' he adds, in merry mood.
'Hand them to me; a horse don't know what 's good!'"

"I am fond of saying that this all happened at Willow Dell yonder. For, a hundred and thirty years ago, when Franklin was coming and going here, Willow Dell was a snug house of entertainment, where the hospitable people took care of travellers. You can see by the curve at the door to this day how the horses swept up there, and I remember when the old tavern stable was standing."

"Well, is the story true, then, grandpapa?"

"My dear child, it ought to be true by this time, for it has been told for at least two thousand years. They tell me something of the sort is told in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' which is fourteen hundred years old, and that it can be traced back

from that into Greek literature. But Franklin was well read, and I do not see why he should not have tried the experiment as they tried it. I tried to find who wrote the ballad which Oliver has just repeated to you, and I could get no farther back than 1817, when it appeared in the *Connecticut Courant*, in which a good many good things have appeared, even before Mr. Warner's day. But our local version here is more rollicking: —

"It was Mr. Benjamin Franklin, a-carrying of the mail,
(Sing ho, for the tallow-chandler's brother.)
He had to be at Newport Friday morning without fail,
(Sing rather, t'other, pother, fuss and bother.)
When passing Trustom Pond, as he rode with might and main,
He was soaked to the skin by the thunder and the rain;
And when he came to Dead Man's Brook his pony stumbled in,
And tumbled Mr. Franklin off and soaked him through again.
(Sing ho, for the tallow-chandler's mother.)

"'Speed up,' he cried, 'and bring me to the Inn at Willow Dell;'
(Sing ho, for the tallow-chandler's cousin.)
'Ben Seegar there shall give you oats, and Hiram groom you well.'
(Sing ten, eleven, twelve, a baker's dozen.)
So quick they strode along the road, and here he entered in,
But first, of course, he left his horse all wetted to the skin.
But lo! so many people were around the landlord's fire
That he was forced to stand outside, and could n't come no nigher.
(Sing five and four and two and one 's a dozen.)

"'Good friend,' said Mr. Franklin, as if it were of course,
(Sing Trustom Bay and lobster-claw and clam-shell,)
'I wish that you would give a peck of oysters to my horse.'
(Sing lobster-claw and pickerel and clam-shell.)
The landlord heard without a word, and quick as he was able,
He shelled the fish and took the dish of oysters to the stable!
And with surprise in all their eyes, the people left the stranger,
And crossed the yard in tempest hard to crowd around the manger.
Ben Franklin he cared not to see, but took the warmest seat.
And hung his coat above the fire and sat and dried his feet.
(Sing centipede and crocodile and bomb-shell.)

"Five minutes more and through the door came Mr. Landlord swearing,
(Sing Oliver, Tom Nopes, and Benjamin Seegar.)
And after him came all the folks a-wondering and a-staring,
(Sing Oliver, Queen Moll, and Colonel Wager.)
'Your horse won't touch the oysters, sir, altho' they 're fresh and new, sir.'
'He won't?' asked Mr. Franklin; 'that's no offence to you, sir.
You see he does n't know what's good; but if he don't I do, sir!'
(Sing rheumatiz and gout and shaking ager.)
'If he had tried your oysters fried he might not then refuse 'em;
But I will sit and toast my feet while Mistress Bowers stews 'em.'

"And we have a local version as well of Queen Anne's taking hold of the Indian road. I am afraid, however, it is not much more authentic than the Franklin story. For as you will see when I read it to you, it introduces a son of Roger Wil-

liams, who is a purely mythical person. All the same, it gives a good enough description of the fight which took place around the poor Queen's bed when the Catholic Church on the one side and the English Church on the other were fighting for the possession of her soul: —

"Old Queen Anne, she lay a-dying,
Oh, sad to see,
On her silver bedstead lying,
While the golden sands are flying,
Ah, weary me!

"On her right the priest is kneeling,
With his Latin prayer
To the queen of heaven appealing,
That this queen, whose life is stealing
Far from earth or earthly feeling,
May quickly name her heir.

"At her left the bishop praying,
And the words he said:
'Recollect, Great God, the wonder
When her fleets with bolt of thunder
Drove the wicked Papists under,
And their armies fled.'

"Sudden steps surprise the palace!—
Vain the sentry at the wall is; —
The Messenger upsets the chalice!—
Roger Williams' son
Scornfully upsets the chalice,
And defies the churchman's malice.
He has words to cheer the dying
On her silver bedstead lying.
Hear him in her chamber crying
That her work is done.

"O'er the dying queen he bended,
Screaming in her ear,
'Great Queen Anne, your road is mended,
From the floods the track 's defended,
All your money is expended,
But the task has been well ended,
And the road is there.

"'From Block-house on Tower Hill'
(Screaming in her ear),
'By Willow Dell to Perryville,
By Loisha's home to Cross's Mill,
Queen Anne's road is built with skill, —
Tell me if you hear!'

"See the Queen's dim eyeballs glisten,
Rising in her bed;
How her frail form bends to listen
To the words he said.
'Williams, say those words again!
Those are words that conquer pain.
All the work explain — explain —
Say again — say — say — again —'
And the Queen is dead.

"Rose the bishop from his kneeling,
Ceased the priest from his appealing
To the Holy Rood,
Vain was Satan's thunderous levin,
To her failure pardon's given,
For Queen Anne has gone to heaven
On the old Queen's Road."

Polly is just at the age when young people think that the world hinges on its poetry, as perhaps it does. And at this point she asked if the history of the Queen's Road could all be told in ballads. For

her part, she believed that was the proper way to tell a story.

I could only give her, for her present comfort, the ballad of Anne Hutchinson, also from the pen of a local poet: —

ANN HUTCHINSON'S EXILE

"Home, home — where 's my baby's home?
Here we seek, there we seek, my baby's home to find.
Come, come, come, my baby, come!
We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

The baby clings, the mother sings, the pony stumbles on;
The father leads the beast along the tangled, muddy way;
The boys and girls trail on behind; the sun will soon be gone,
And starlight bright will take again the place of sunny day.
"Home, home — where 's my baby's home?
Here we seek, there we seek, my baby's home to find.
Come, come, come, my baby, come!
We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

The sun goes down behind the lake, the night fogs gather chill,
The children's clothes are torn, and the children's feet are sore.
"Keep on, my boys; keep on, my girls, till all have passed the hill,
Then ho, my girls, and ho, my boys, for fire and sleep once more!"

And all the time she sings to the baby on her breast:
"Home, my darling, sleep, my darling, find a place for rest;
Who gives the fox his burrow will give my bird a nest.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

He lifts the mother from the beast, the hemlock boughs they spread,
And make the baby's cradle sweet with fern leaves and with bays.
The baby and her mother are resting on their bed,
He strikes the flint, he blows the spark, and sets the twigs ablaze.
"Sleep, my child, sleep, my child!
Baby, find her rest,
Here beneath the gracious skies, upon her father's breast;
Who gives the fox his burrow will give my bird her rest.
Come, come, with her mother, come!
Home, home, find my baby's home!"

The guardian stars above the trees their loving vigil keep;
The cricket sings her lullaby, the whippoorwill his cheer.
The father knows his Father's arms are round them as they sleep;
The mother knows that in His arms her darling need not fear.
"Home, home, my baby's home is here.
With God we seek, with God we find the place for baby's rest.
Hist, my child, list, my child! angels guard us here.
The God of heaven is here to make and keep my birdie's nest.
Home, home, here's my baby's home!"

THE END

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